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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.



VOLUME XXV.

PART II., MAY, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXV.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898.

CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XXV.

	PAGE
ABOUT FATHERS. Verse.....	<i>Juliet Wilbor Tompkins</i> ... 595
ADJUTANT BIRD, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Gertrude E. Heath</i> 872
ADJUTANT, THE: HIS NAME. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Somerville</i> 632
AFTERNOON TEA. Picture, drawn by George Varian 928
AIR-LINE EXPRESS, AN. (Illustrated by E. Pollak)	<i>Fannie W. Marshall</i> 935
ALBUM VERSE. (Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws)	<i>Norman D. Gray</i> .. 843
ALL'S ILL THAT ENDS ILL. Verse	<i>Catharine Young Glen</i> ... 649
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY. Verse. (Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green)	<i>Margaret Seymour Hall</i> ... 961
APRIL JOKE, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 596
ART OF WHITTILING, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>B. L. Robinson</i> 684
AS EVERY LADDIE DOES. Verse	<i>C. Gibson</i> 897
AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME. Verse	<i>Elizabeth L. Gould</i> ... 732
AUCTION, THE. Verse.....	<i>Jane Ellis Joy</i> 584
BAROMETER, MY. Verse. (Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis).....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 1045
BATFISH AND THE CATFISH, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Gertrude E. Heath</i> 611
BATTLING WITH DERELICTS	<i>Gustav Kobbé</i> 1004
BEAR, A LITTLE BABY. (Illustrated by J. Carter Beard).....	<i>Louise H. Wall</i> 608
BECALMED. Picture, drawn by W. L. Jacobs 1048
BEPO LEARNING TO READ. Picture, drawn by Henry Ihlefeld 604
BIG GUNS AND ARMOR OF OUR NAVY. (Illustrated by George Varian and from photographs)	<i>E. B. Rogers, U. S. N.</i> ... 818
BILL OF FARE, HIS. Verse. (Illustrated by Olive Rush).....	<i>Charles H. Dorris</i> 873
BIRDS OF PARADISE, NEW. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. Carter Beard</i> 866
BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE, A. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Charles F. W. Mielatz</i> ... 994
BREADMAKER, THE LITTLE. Verse. (Illustrated by Olive Rush).....	<i>Benjamin Webster</i> 610
BRUSH WITH MALAY PIRATES, A. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>George I. Putnam</i> ... 904
BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES OF OUR COAST, THE. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> ... 549
	652, 711
BUMBLE-BEE, THE. (Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall).....	<i>Barney Hoskin Standish</i> ... 657
BUMBLE-BEE'S SONG, THE. Poem.	<i>Annie Willis McCullough</i> .. 659
BUTTERFLY GIRL, A. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 897
"CAPTAIN CRACKERS" AND THE MONITOR. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer)	<i>Ellicott McConnell</i> ... 780
CAUTIOUS CAPTAIN, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Rudolph F. Bunner</i> 962
CEREMONIES AND ETIQUETTE OF A MAN-OF-WAR.....	<i>Lieut. Philip Andrews, U.S.N.</i> 759
CHARADE. Verse	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i> ... 595
CHEERFULNESS. Verse	<i>Jennie B. Hartswick</i> 558

	PAGE
CHICAGO FIRE, A BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF THE GREAT. (Illustrated by the Author)	Charles F. W. Mielatz 994
CONFIDENTIAL. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	Margaret Johnson 696
CRADLE OF CYCLONES, THE. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn)	J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N. 849
CROSS FARMER, THE. Verse	D. S. Martin 903
CYCLONES, THE CRADLE OF. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn)	J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N. 849
DAFFODILS. Poem. (Illustrated by Rex Stovel)	Gertrude Baldwin 614
DAFFYDOWNDILLY. (Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis)	Albert Bigelow Paine 1046
DENISE AND NED TODDLES. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	Gabrielle E. Jackson 538
	624, 733, 830, 937, 1015
DIFFICULT QUESTION, A. Verse	Wallace E. Mather 604
DOG, THE GOAT AND THE CART, THE. Picture, drawn by George Varian	1051
DON MIGUEL'S ESCAPE. (Illustrated)	A. R. Hasson 950
DOROTHY'S PLAYMATES. Verse. (Illustrated by B. M. Waters)	Pauline Frances Camp 783
DUKE'S ARMORER, THE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Gerald Brennan 898
DURLEY, THE HIGHWAYMAN OF. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Virginia Woodward Cloud 813
DURLEY, THE SCRIBE OF. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Virginia Woodward Cloud 668
ENDLESS STORY, THE. (Illustrated by E. Pollak)	Frances Courtenay Baylor 825
FIRE! Verse	Albert Lee 818
FIRST GUN, MY. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	Major J. B. Pond 687
FLORENCE, IN OLD. (Illustrated by W. Van Schaick)	Rebecca Harding Davis 586
FLOWER CIRCUS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	Oliver Herford 1002
FLOWER-NAMES. (Illustrated)	Ella F. Mosby 650
FLYING SQUADRON, THE ORIGINAL. Picture, drawn by Howard F. Sprague	856
FOUR, A LITTLE RHYME OF. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	Margaret Johnson 641
"FOUR-FOUR" TRAIN, THE. Jingle	Carolyn Wells 1045
FOUR-IN-HAND IN FAIRYLAND, A. Picture, drawn by W. H. Cady	986
GIANT BABY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	Gelett Burgess 545
GIRL QUEEN, A. (Illustrated from a photograph)	Jeannette May Fisher 974
GIRLS' CRUSADE, THE. (Illustrated by Olive Rush)	Ada M. Trotter 929
"GLORY-PLANTS," HER. Poem	Edith M. Thomas 597
GOLDEN ROD. Poem. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	Martha Hartford 888
GRAND FINANCIAL BUBBLE, A. Verse	Catharine Young Glen 977
GRAY HELPER, OUR LITTLE	Myrta Lockett Avery 673
GREAT REPUBLICAN AT COURT, A. (Illustrated by the Author)	H. A. Ogden 774
GROWING OF THE PEACH, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall)	Mary Bradley 804
GUN-FOUNDRY AT WASHINGTON, THE. (Illustrated by Wm. A. Mackay, from photographs)	R. 920
GUNS AND ARMOR OF OUR NAVY, BIG. (Illustrated by George Varian and from photographs)	E. B. Rogers, U. S. N. 818
HIGHWAYMAN OF DURLEY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Virginia Woodward Cloud 813
HOW MATT BECAME A REPORTER. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill)	W. L. Riordan 694
HUNGRY GUEST, A. Picture, drawn by Henry Ihlefeld	1010
IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST SCARE-CROW. Picture, drawn by Maurice Clifford	943
IN THE ORCHARD. Verse. (Illustrated by Olive Rush)	Helen Standish Perkins 1050
"I OUGHT TO MUST N'T." Verse	Edith M. Thomas 1038
JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Picture, drawn by Maurice Clifford	1019
JACK'S POINT OF VIEW. Verse	Mary Bradley 642
JAGUAR AND THE CAYMANS, THE. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake)	Robert Wilson Fenn 584
JAPANESE AT HOME, THE LITTLE. (Illustrated)	Ida Tigner Hodnett 597
JINGLES	548, 595, 604, 611, 761, 762, 787, 829, 843, 844, 872, 949, 1045
JUANITO AND JEFF. (Illustrated by George Varian)	Charles B. Howard 838
JUDGMENT OF THE CADI, THE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Charles Love Benjamin 1033
JUNE EVENING, A. Picture, drawn by Bruce Horsfall	623
KINGDOM OF YVETOT, THE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Gerald Brennan 633
LACING SHOES. (Illustrated)	876
LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB, THE. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	Rupert Hughes 565
	660, 753, 806, 889, 986
LATIN OR ROMAN?	Joel Stacy 1001

	Page
LAWN TENNIS FOR SCHOOL BOYS. (Illustrated by Henry S. Watson)	<i>J. Parmly Paret</i> 857
LION AND THE MOUSE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	548
LITTLE BABY BEAR, A. (Illustrated by J. Carter Beard)	<i>Louise H. Wall</i> 608
LITTLE MOW CHEE AND THE CAMERA MAN. Verse. (Illustrated by photographs)	<i>DeWitt C. Lockwood</i> 960
'LONG COMES 'LIZA WITH THE BROOM. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Harriet Francine Crocker</i> 874
LOST GLASSES, THE. Verse	<i>Mary A. Gillette</i> 977
MAGIC RING, THE. Picture, drawn by Maurice Clifford.	829
MAN-OF-WAR, CEREMONIES AND ETIQUETTE OF A	<i>Lieut. Philip Andrews, U.S.N.</i> 759
MARGERY AND THE CAPTAIN. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Anna A. Rogers</i> 795
MARINE BAND, THE. Picture, drawn by E. G. Lutz	782
MAY, A SONG OF. Picture, drawn by Harry Allchin.	560
MAY COLLOQUY, A. Poem. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn)	<i>Mary A. Gillette</i> 537
MISTRESS PINCH'S HAPPY THOUGHT. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Virginia Woodward Cloud</i> 916
MUSICAL CRITIC OF "THE EVENING CROAK." Picture, drawn by Maurice Clifford	718
MUSIC HATH CHARMS. Picture, drawn by F. Y. Cory	1014
NAVY, SOME SHIPS OF OUR. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Benjamin Webster</i> 744
NEWSPAPER, THE. Verse	<i>Annie B. Jones</i> 762
OCEAN STORMS. (Illustrated)	<i>Lieut. Charles M. McCartney</i> 845
ON DECK. A Puzzle	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 698
"OREGON," THE VOYAGE OF THE. (Illustrated by Howard F. Sprague)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 883
OTHER HALF, THE. (Illustrated by Otto H. Bacher)	<i>W. M. Browne</i> 944, 1039
O-U-G-H; OR, THE CROSS FARMER. Verse.	<i>D. S. Martin</i> 903
OUR BEST THREE RIDERS. Picture, drawn by Henry Ihlefeld	574
OUR LITTLE GRAY HELPER	<i>Myrta Lockett Avery</i> 673
PARK, IN THE. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Annie E. Tynan</i> 910
PATIENT CALF, THE. Picture, drawn by Meredith Nugent.	631
PEACH, THE GROWING OF THE. Poem. (Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall)	<i>Mary Bradley</i> 804
PHOTOGRAPHER'S, AT THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 761
PHOTOGRAPHY: ITS MARVELS. (Illustrated by photographs)	<i>Elizabeth Flint Wade</i> 952
PICTURES	559, 560, 574, 604, 623, 631, 718, 762, 782, 786, 803, 856, 915, 928, 943, 986, 1010, 1014, 1019, 1032, 1048, 1051
PIPING CRICKET, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by W. H. Cady)	949
PIRATES, A BRUSH WITH MALAY. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>George I. Putnam</i> 904
PLAYING HOUSE. (Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis)	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i> 870
PORTRAIT-PAINTER, THE. Picture, drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan	915
POTIPHAR AND THE FAIRIES. (Illustrated by Rex Stovel)	<i>Ada Sewall</i> 690
PRINCE OF THE TOADSTOOL CITY, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>M. Bowley</i> 924
PRINCE TATTERS. Verse. (Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green)	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 607
P'S AND Q'S. Verse	<i>Elizabeth Carpenter</i> 1001
PUSSINELLA. (Illustrated)	<i>F. W. H.</i> 561
QUEER BOY, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Gertrude E. Heath</i> 787
RHYME OF FOUR, A LITTLE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 641
ROUNDING THE CURVE. Picture, drawn by B. M. Waters	559
ROWING RACE IN FAIRYLAND, A. Picture drawn by W. H. Cady.	803
SAILOR OF SEVEN, MY. Verse. (Illustrated by Olive Rush)	<i>Gerald Brennan</i> 1051
SCIENTIFIC GRANDPAPA, A. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 1024
SCRIBE OF DURLEY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Virginia Woodward Cloud</i> 608
SERIOUS QUESTION, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 963
SHIPS OF OUR NAVY, SOME. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Benjamin Webster</i> 744
SLEEP-FAIRY. Poem	<i>Annie E. Tynan</i> 609
SOME VAGABOND WORDS	<i>Eliza Frances Andrews</i> 913
SONG OF MAY, A. Picture, drawn by Harry Allchin.	560
SPRING LESSON, A. Verse.	<i>Antoinette A. Hawley</i> 594
SPRUCE HOME, A. Poem.	<i>Alice Philbrook</i> 683
STAMP-COLLECTOR BOX, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>David Walker Woods, Jr.</i> 772
STAMP-COLLECTOR'S EXPERIENCE, A. (Illustrated by Malcolm Fraser)	<i>Lawrence Tracy</i> 642
STREET-SWEEPER, THE	<i>Julie M. Lippmann</i> 842
SUMMER DREAM, A. Verse	<i>Anita Fitch</i> 915

	PAGE
SUMMER JOURNEY, A. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Pollak)	<i>Elsie Hill</i> 853
TACKLE IN TIME, A. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Charles Bryant Howard</i> 1011
TENNIS-PLAYERS, FOR. (Illustrated)	879
THAT'S A BIG ONE! Picture, drawn by Marie Girard	792
THEIR FLOWERS. Verse	<i>Agnes Lewis Mitchell</i> 1027
THREE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Harry Fenn</i> 1028
THREE BOYS IN ARMOR. (Illustrated by portraits by Van Dyck and Velasquez)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 531
TIME: A PARROT STORY. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Charlotte Bener</i> 728
TOMMY DE VIRE; OR, THE HOKKORS OF HERALDRY. Verses. (Illustrated by Rex Stovel)	<i>Frank Valentine</i> 605
TOO FAITHFUL DOG, THE. Pictures, drawn by Penrhyn Stanlaws	786
TRAGIC TALE OF TEA, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 844
TREASURE AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW, THE. (Illustrated by A. Rackham)	<i>A. E. Benser</i> 719
"TRITON'S" CHASE AFTER A DEKELIC, THE. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Kate Upson Clark</i> 1000
TWO BIDDICUT BOYS. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers)	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 574
	674, 793
TWO SCARES. Verse. (Illustrated by Olive Rush)	<i>Mary Bradley</i> 611
TWO WAYS OF DOING. Verse. (Illustrated by Olive Rush)	<i>Grace F. Pennypacker</i> 1049
ULTIMATUM, AN. Picture, drawn by Maurice Clifford	1032
UNCLE SAM'S "FARM" IN CANADA. (Illustrated)	<i>C. W. P. Banks</i> 742
UNDER THE SEA. (Illustrated by H. Reuterdahl and from photographs)	<i>James Cassidy</i> 978
UNWILLING BALLOONIST, AN. (Illustrated by J. F. Kaufman)	<i>Idah McEacham Strobbridge</i> 619
VALUABLE GIFT, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 933
VANES OF NANTUCKET, THE. (Illustrated by Walter F. Brown)	<i>Mary E. Starbuck</i> 707
VIKING SHIP, THE. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn)	<i>Edwin W. Foster</i> 864
VOYAGE OF THE "ORIGON," THE. (Illustrated by Howard F. Sprague)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 883
WARNING TO MOTHERS, A. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Elsie Hill</i> 1025
WHITE QUEEN CLUB, THE	<i>Ira Kenniston</i> 1020
WHITTLING, THE ART OF. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>B. L. Robinson</i> 684
WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Annie C. Knapp</i> 671
WISE CONCLUSION, A. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 785
WORDS, SOME VAGABOND.	<i>Frazer Frances Anderson</i> 913
YVETOT, THE KINGDOM OF. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Gerald Brenan</i> 633

FRONTISPIECES.

"The Princess Mary Stuart and William II. of Orange," from the painting by Van Dyck, page 530—"Work that is Play," by J. F. Kaufman, page 618—"The Lakerim Eight-oar Crew," by C. M. Relyea, page 707—"There stood little Margery, shaking hands gravely with the officers," by C. M. Relyea, page 704—"The 'Oregon' joining Admiral Sampson's squadron," by Howard F. Sprague, page 882—" 'Ahoy!' shouted Tom, waving a lantern. 'Ship ahoy!' " by George Varian, page 970.

DEPARTMENTS.

THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated)	612, 700, 788, 877, 964, 1052
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated)	615, 703, 791, 879, 907, 1055



THE PRINCESS MARY STUART AND WILLIAM II OF ORANGE.

THE ARTIST "JOHN VAN NELLE" 1672.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

MAY, 1898.

No. 7.

THREE BOYS IN ARMOR.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

UNTIL two years after Queen Victoria was crowned there never had been a photograph of the human face. In 1839 the first such photograph was taken by Professor John W. Draper, of New York City.

Before that date and until after 1750, those who wished portraits must pay an artist for a painting or drawing, and only a few could afford such a luxury. About 1759, silhouettes were in fashion; and some of you may not know that these black profiles were named after a French minister of finance. Because he was said to be stingy, it was considered a good joke to speak of cheap things as being *à la Silhouette*; and these black-paper portraits being cheap, they received the minister's name.

Since great artists charged very high prices, only the great and rich could be painted by the masters; and as their pictures were carefully preserved, the fine portraits of other days usually represent only the nobles and wealthy, such as kings, queens, princes, generals, and great statesmen.

It is natural, then, that the children whose faces have been made known to us by the distinguished painters should be little folks of high degree—or the sons and daughters of the artists, whose pictures were painted for nothing! These old-time boys and girls are dressed in garments like those their parents wore, for special fashions for children's wear came at a later time.

With this article are shown engravings made from three celebrated paintings, representing three boys, one English, one Dutch, and the other Spanish. They all lived at about the same period. Their names are Charles Stuart, who became Charles II., King of England—the “Merry Monarch”; William of Nassau, son of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange; and Carlos Balthazar, son of Philip IV., King of Spain. They were princes, all three, and the nations to which they belonged were rivals for supremacy upon the sea. First Spain's navy was the strongest, then the Dutch came to the fore, and finally England took the lead—and the British navy holds the supremacy to-day.

The Spanish Infante, or Prince, was painted by Velasquez; the English and Dutch boys by Van Dyck. These artists may fairly be ranked with the greatest portrait-painters of the world, so we should feel satisfied that the likenesses are good.

It will increase our interest in the pictures to see what history records about these little nobles. Two of them died comparatively young; the third, Charles Stuart, was king of England for quarter of a century; and many historians consider that it might have been better if he had not outlived the other two.

Let us first speak of the young Spaniard. Except for Velasquez's brush we should know little of this prince, who died in his seventeenth year. But Velasquez seemed to delight in picturing Carlos Balthazar, for, from the time

of the first portrait, showing the royal baby charging at a gallop, is thought by a number at the age of two, until the prince's death, of cities to be as wonderful a piece of painting there is a series of canvases showing the bright as Velasquez ever accomplished.



THE YOUNG CARLOS IN ARMOR, A COPY OF THE PORTRAIT BY VELASQUEZ IN THE MUSEUM, LAGUNA, CANTON, GUATEMALA.

REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM.

eyed boy in many poses. He is sometimes in civilian costume, as in the armor, now with his dog and every time on horse back. One large picture showing the young cavalier

There may have been other reasons why Velasquez painted Prince Carlos so often, besides fondness for the work. King Philip dearly loved the boy, and may have com-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HOLYER. OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, IN THE MUSEO
1805. CARLOS TERTIARIO, INFANTE OF SPAIN.

minuted the paintings. Or, when the question of finding a suitable bride for the prince was under consideration, a number of portraits may have been made to send to foreign courts—for such was the custom of the times, as any attentive student of fairy-tales would know; though, so far as I remember, school-books tell us nothing on the subject.

Carlos was born in 1629; and in Velasquez's portrait of him in his baby-days he is attended by a baby-page hardly older than himself. At six years, a painting shows him in hunting-dress with a gun and dogs; next we see him learning to ride, under the instruction of Duke Olivares, the most celebrated horseman in Spain.

The portrait given here was painted about 1638, when Carlos was nine. He holds in his hand a baton, or staff such as generals and marshals used to carry on the battlefield as a sign of military authority. But this is a play-thing,—like his armor,—for the Infante Don Carlos Balthazar never went to war; and, in fact, we are told by one authority that he was "a fat, jolly boy, not intelligent."

But this does not seem just, for certainly the portrait shows a boy who is neither fat nor stupid; and we know that his father had both affection for his son and pride in his accomplishments, especially in his riding. To Don Fernando, an uncle, the king often wrote in praise of the prince's daring and skill; where-upon the admiring uncle would send presents of armor, dogs, and other things that boys, even when princes, find useful.

Once the gift was a pony, described by Don Fernando as a little demon, but he added that the horse would "go like a little dog" after a few cuts with the whip.

In 1645 Don Carlos made a journey to Aragon and Navarre with his father, on business; and we know this because the boy appears in a royal group forming part of the picture "A View of Saragossa," painted by Mazo.

It is odd that artists during their lives are distinguished for painting great personages, but that after a few years these same personages are often remembered solely because they live in the masterpieces of the great artists.

In June, 1646, Don Carlos was betrothed to a daughter of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria;

but this proposed marriage must have been only a political alliance, for the little prince died in the same year, and Mariana, the same Austrian princess, afterward married the King of Spain himself.

Philip must have grieved sincerely over the loss of his son, for soon after the prince's death he wrote thus to one of his generals, the Marquis of Leganés:

MARQUIS — We must all of us yield to God's will, and I more than others. It has pleased him to take my son from me about an hour ago. Mine is such grief as you can conceive at such a loss, but also full of resignation in the hand of God.

Yet had Prince Carlos lived to ascend the throne he must have reigned in troublous times. Soon after his death Spain was compelled to give up her sovereignty over Portugal, and saw the Netherlands become foremost in power upon the seas. These were proud Spain's dark days, and the Infante Carlos missed little happiness by failing to wear the crown.

Prince William of Nassau, or Orange, was a more attractive young noble—as, indeed, we may judge from Van Dyck's painting; he was brave, energetic, and able, as befitted a kinsman of "William the Silent," whom the Dutch have not shrunk from comparing even with George Washington.

Miss Evelyn S. Foster writes for ST. NICHOLAS an account of the young prince, from which the following facts of his life are taken:

The young Dutch prince, born in 1626, inherited some of the best qualities of his distinguished family. He was attractive in person and manners, and his mind was bright. He no doubt often heard the wonderful story of the struggles of the gallant Dutch nation to win independence, and learned of the building and maintenance of the wonderful "dikes and ditches," of their value in peace and war, their importance, and the terrible desolation that would follow even a small defect in their structure. What fascinating stories were his inheritance!—stories to which he must have listened with all a clever boy's interest in adventure and excitement—incidents from the life of "good Father William," as the people fondly called him, tales of heroism that have never been surpassed.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, CLEMENT & CO. OF THE PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK, IN THE ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR CASTLE.
PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND, AFTERWARD KING CHARLES II.

When about sixteen, Prince William visited England; for his parents had arranged for his marriage with the Princess Mary, daughter of King Charles the First of England, and sister of Charles Stuart. The Prince found a warm and kindly welcome at the English court, and while there he made many sincere friends.

He was acquainted with several languages, and was mature beyond his years. The duties which his position demanded he performed with ability and grace.

Some one who lived at that time and heard him speak, wrote: "He has pronounced his little speeches with the best grace, and with

so much good will that he has acquired the love of every one who heard him. I will not say more, but that is not half the truth."

Prince William and Princess Mary were betrothed soon after the prince arrived.

The marriage ceremony at The Hague was performed several years afterward, and Princess Mary became Princess of Orange. The young couple passed some happy years together, and were evidently devoted to each other. When the Prince was stricken with smallpox, although he knew he was dying, he refused the comfort of his young wife's presence lest she also might take the disease.

Before she was twenty, the Princess was a widow; but a son was born to her, and this son of Prince William became king of England, and reigned for years as William III., with his wife Mary, niece of Charles the Second—that is, of the little prince whose portrait is the last of the engravings.

Van Dyck lived many years in England as court painter to Charles I., and the great artist died in London in 1641. He painted the portrait of Prince William before the boy's visit to England—which was, before the prince was sixteen years old. The portrait of Charles Stuart, also by Van Dyck, must have been painted after the coming of the Prince of Orange to England, since Charles was a baby at that time, and the picture shows the prince to be at least seven or eight years old.

Prince Charles was born in 1630, and his later life as Charles II. need not concern us in considering the charming picture Van Dyck painted of him in his boyhood. It will be enough to admit that his reign was one of those that Englishmen would willingly spare from their history. In comparing him with his brother, James II., it has been wittily said, "Charles could see things if he would, and James would if he could." The history of the Restoration may be left by younger readers for later study.

Of Charles's boyhood certain leading facts will enable us to judge. When eight years old

he was recognized as Prince of Wales, and provided with an establishment and attendants of his own; two years later he was allowed to take a seat in the House of Lords to learn to govern his future subjects—which, though he began so young, he never learned to do. At twelve we find him in command of part of the royal forces that were striving to put down the revolution. He narrowly escaped capture by the Roundheads at Edgehill, and besides undergoing the regular hardships of the campaign, had to undergo an attack from the measles during his retreat to Oxford.

When he was fourteen there were negotiations concerning his future marriage; but these came to nothing, as might have been expected, considering the state of things in England and the dismal prospects of the royal cause. His proposed bride was a sister of Prince William of Orange. Two years later, Prince Charles escaped from England, and by way of the Scilly Isles and Jersey made his way to France and Holland.

When Charles the First was beheaded, the young Prince, who was nineteen, was proclaimed king in Ireland and in Edinburgh; but, largely because of Oliver Cromwell and his friends, he did not ascend the throne for eleven years.

In the careers of these "Three Boys in Armor" there is much to pity, little to envy; all lived in times of trouble, anxiety, and distress. They were little else than puppets that danced when statesmen pulled the strings as the fortunes of Spain, Holland, and England seemed to require. One has a feeling of sympathy for these boys as he gazes into their frank young faces. Don Carlos has the happiest face—and, though not stupid, shows least signs of intellect.

It was pleasant to be painted into a masterpiece by Velasquez or Van Dyck: but, after all, one must admit that there are certain advantages in the obscurity of being one citizen of a great republic—even if you must depend on the home camera for immortality.





A May Colloquy

By MARY A. Gillette

ANDELION, Dandelion, you 're a gay and brilliant blossom,
But you make yourself so common—free to every passer-by.

"I 'm God's humble little star-flower, and He likes to see so many.
Are the stars above too common, scattered over all the sky?"

"Violet, blue Violet, you wear a lovely color;
Why, then, hide in lonely places, and why hang your pretty head?"

"In meek content I wear my blue, and should none else behold me,
The Loving One who made me sees me in my lowly bed."

"O fair Arbutus, you are sweet, but why do you go creeping
In piney woods? Our gardens would be proud of such a guest."

"I bide where Nature leads me: in your gardens I should perish
Of a homesick heart; for oh, I love my woodland haunts the best!"

"Buttercup, ah, Buttercup! all is n't gold that glitters;
Though you hold your head so proudly, you are nothing but a sham."

"I hold up my tiny cup to catch the sunshine and the showers,
And I know the little children love me just for what I am."

DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIEL E. JACKSON.

A Story of Childhood in the Middle West.

CHAPTER VII.

FARMER SUTTON.

SUCH a vacation was never known — never were skies so blue, breezes so balmy, or rainy days so conspicuous by their absence. No day seemed quite long enough to hold all that was planned for each; and indeed they must have been forty-eight hours long to have enabled the children to carry out all their wild schemes. Pokey soon got used to Ned, even though she could not quite overcome the idea that he knew she was afraid of him, whether he was harnessed or following Denise about the grounds, and that he would roll his eyes at her as he never rolled them at any one else. It really seemed as if both Ned and Tan realized her fear, for if animals ever have a sense of fun, they certainly had. It was a common thing to see Pokey go flying across the lawn with Tan or Ned, and often both, in hot pursuit.

The poor child would fly for her life and they would chase until they overtook her, and then pass by like a whirlwind; manes and tails straight up in the air, and blating or snorting like wild things. But they never offered to molest her in any way and seemed to consider her running a huge joke.

Pokey usually rushed to an old apple-tree which grew in one corner of the grounds, and, once safe in its low-hanging limbs, breathed a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Denise, choking with laughter, would call to her to stop running, assuring her that Ned and Tan would not hurt her, and would n't run if she did n't.

"It's all very well to say stop running, but I guess you'd run if you had a great pair of horns flying after you, and that little black villain who just *knows* he can frighten me nearly

to death! Why does n't he chase other people I'd like to know?" asked Pokey.

"It's just because you *do* run. He and Tan often play tag with me, and as soon as you start to run they think they must too; and you *do* look just too funny for anything, and I *can't* help laughing."

"Well, you may laugh all you want to, but I'm going to stay up in this tree, for I know they can't climb it even if they *do* put their feet on that low limb down there and try to. I think it is fine up here, and John was just splendid to fix all these little seats in it. I would rather stay up here and read, than have to run away from wild animals."

"All right," said Denise, "you stay there and read; but don't forget to lock the books in the box, please, when you've done, for John put it up there on purpose for them and covered it all over with oil-cloth so the rain could n't wet them. Now I can go up there and read and not have to carry them back to the house when I have done. I'd rather stay down here in the hammock, and then Ned and Tan can come and see me whenever they want to, and get their old noses rubbed." And Denise stretched herself out for a midsummer day's dream. She had not swung long when a patter of feet over the lawn told her that her mischievous "children" were near at hand, but hastily closing her eyes, she pretended to be sound asleep.

On they came, and slowly approaching the hammock thrust their warm noses very gently into her hands.

She kept perfectly still, and the little creatures stood motionless beside her, quite contented to be near and within reach of their little mistress's stroking fingers. It was a pretty picture, and one which Denise — who is now grown up and has a little Denise of her own — often recalls. She remembers the beautiful summer weather; the pretty house with its attractive grounds;

the old apple-trees on the lawn, with the hammock swinging beneath in their shade, and the little girl lying in it, with a great tan-colored goat at one side, and a little black pony on the other, with their heads in the hammock, and their soft noses within reach of her hand. Sailor and Beauty lay on the grass close by, and, perched in the tree overhead, the little friend in her bright gingham dress looked like some gay fairy. Rather too literary, however, for Pokey was a veritable book-worm, and never happier than when left absolutely alone to read.

Not long after Pokey's arrival, Papa and Mama went on a journey, leaving Denise and Pokey to the care of Aunt Helen, who came to stay during their absence. Denise loved her almost as dearly as she loved her father and mother, and was always delighted when she came, for Auntie indulged her little niece, and was always ready to enter into any plan for her pleasure. Denise used to say she liked "just to look at Aunt Helen; that it made her feel good because she was so pretty." And pretty she certainly was, with her great dark eyes, wavy black hair and pretty white teeth.

Such plans as were made when Aunt Helen was installed as mistress of ceremonies!—tea-parties in the Bird's Nest; long drives with Ned, and little picnics at the end; bathing-parties in the river, with Sailor to act as swimming-master, and Beauty to stand on the shore barking like mad.

But the old saying that "when the cat is away the mice will play" had still to be verified, and these two children would have been more than mortal, had they not entered into some mischief.

One morning Aunt Helen announced that she must run into the city for a few hours, but would surely return by the one-thirty train for luncheon.

"Now, Denise," said she, as she was about to start, "be very careful during my absence. If you need anything, go directly to Mary and she will attend to you. John will harness Ned at nine o'clock, and you and Pokey may take a nice drive. If you want an errand, you may go over the hill to Farmer Sutton's and tell him I am ready for the promised poultry. You will enjoy that, I know; but come directly home."

At nine o'clock Ned was put to the phaeton, and the small maids started.

"We will go over by the mountain road, and come back by the turnpike, so Ned will have all the hills at the start," announced Denise as they started.

"All right," said Pokey, who usually *did* say "all right" to any proposal of Denise's.

About an hour's drive brought them to Farmer Sutton's neat farm. His big, round face beamed with pleasure when he saw them drive into the barnyard; for Denise was a prime favorite of his, and the kind man was never so happy as when loading her phaeton with all the good things his farm would produce. So he hastened to welcome her and to bring forth his possessions, of which there was a bountiful supply; for he had a fine farm and took unusually good care of it. Soon she looked like a vender of fruits; and as for Ned he had eaten apples till he simply could hold no more.

Then the sleek cows had to be visited, the funny little pigs to be fed, and all the live stock inspected and talked about. All this, of course, took time; and just as Denise was beginning to think that Ned's nose should be turned homeward, Farmer Sutton said: "Now, you young ones, come right along o' me, and let Mrs. Sutton fetch up some cold milk out 'n the spring for ye. It 's proper good milk, I tell ye, an' ye 'll jist enj'y drinkin' on it"; and he led the way to the dairy.

Mrs. Sutton, a stout, pleasant woman, whose chief happiness lay in ministering to other's comforts, bustled about and soon had two glasses of icy cold milk on her dairy table.

"Now, jist you wait one little minute, dearie, whilst I fly into the butt'ry and git a bite for ye, cause ye must be starvin' after yer drive in the fresh air." And away she hurried, to return with a big blue dish piled high with cookies, crullers, doughnuts, and great slices of pound cake.

"Oh, Mrs. Sutton," cried Denise, "we can't eat *half* that. We should n't be able to stir one step if we did!"

"Never ye mind whether ye eat it all or not. That don't matter a mite. Ye jist tuck it away in your little go-cart out yander, and trot it

along home. Children is allers hungry, 'cordin' to *my* experience."

The children labored earnestly to make Ned's homeward load lighter, and certainly succeeded to a amazing degree, it stowing a large quantity in a small space could help matters. At any rate, the cake plate presented a far less generous appearance half an hour later.

"Now come along o' me, and let me show ye the cunningest live critter ye ever clapped yer brown an' blue eyes on," said their hostess, when she felt convinced that they really could not eat any more. She led the way to the wash-house yard, and as soon as she entered it she was greeted by a funny little bleating.

"Yes, yes, Molly, I be a-comin'," said she to a tiny lamb which was tied to a little tree in the middle of the yard.

Denise and Pokey ran across the grass to see the little snow-ball, for certainly "Molly" looked like nothing else. She was not more than five weeks old, and as happy and frisky as a kitten. It was funny to see her snuggle up to Mrs. Sutton, whom she seemed to consider as her mother. And, sure enough, the farmer's wife was the only mother the poor little thing had ever known, her own having been killed when she was only a few days old.

Mrs. Sutton produced a bottle of milk from her pocket, and little Miss Molly took her dinner as nicely as a baby might have done.

"Now, what do you think o' that? Ain't it a funny baby? Why, it 's almost as much care as a baby; but it was so little and helpless that I jist could n't let it die; and it took to its meals as nat'ral as ye please. How do ye think I keep her so clean? I wash her every Monday, and stand her in the tin oven ter dry. Jist poke her in head foremost, and let her stan' and warm till her wool is dry as a bone. She ain't got sense enough to turn round and come out, and we don't never let it get *too* warm. She follers me everywhere, an' if I did n't keep her tied up, she would git into mischief every minute."

Denise and Pokey patted and fondled the pretty little thing, and it seemed to see that they would not harm it; for it got into Pokey's lap as she sat on the grass beside it, and made itself comfortable as for a morning nap.

At last they realized that time was slipping by, and putting Molly on the grass, they bade Mrs. Sutton good-by.

But after their bountiful luncheon it was small wonder that their appetites failed to admonish them that noon was upon them, and they would barely have time to reach home before Aunt Helen's train was due.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INVITING LANE.

"LET 's go down this lane a little way," said Denise, when they were about half way home. "I 've never been down it and it always looks *so* inviting that I 've often wanted to go."

"Do you think there will be time?" asked Pokey. "You know Aunt Helen said we must be back by one o'clock."

"Oh, yes, I guess so. Let 's see what time it is, anyway. Why, where is my watch?" was the startled exclamation.

"You did n't put it on. I saw it on the bureau when I went back to get my pocket-handkerchief, just before we started."

"Oh, me! Now we *are* in a fix. But, anyway, I guess it can't be more than twelve o'clock, and we are more than half-way home now." And Denise turned Ned's head down the lane, much to that wise beast's disgust, for he had not found apples particularly sustaining, and his craving for something more substantial hinted the time of day more correctly than Denise's guessing.

By way of manifesting his disapproval, he wriggled from one side of the lane to the other, leaving a perfect snake-track behind him.

"Did you *ever* see anything act as he does?" demanded Denise. "He is too exasperating to be endured. Ned Toddles, *behave* yourself!" And the whip was cracked menacingly.

A fig cared Ned for the whip. It never had caused him much fear, and he did n't believe it was going to do any great amount of harm now. So, giving two or three tantalizing jumps of defiance, he rushed into a barnyard in which the lane suddenly terminated. Not a particularly attractive barnyard was this, either, for

it was littered with all sorts of farm paraphernalia, and simply alive with cows, chickens, ducks, dogs, and youngsters. The latter at once swarmed around the pony and carriage, and began to ask questions at the rate of forty a minute. Denise began to feel that following

"Hullo, Sis! Is this yer pony yours?"

"Yes."

"Where did yer git it?"

"Papa gave him to me."

"Where did he get him? What did he have to pay fur it? Lots er cash, I 'll bet."



"DENISE AND POKEY PETTED THE LITTLE LAMB."

an inviting lane was perhaps not the wisest thing she had ever done, and to wish most heartily that she had kept to the homeward road.

The eldest of the tribe, a girl of about eleven years, elected herself spokeswoman, and began to catechize the new arrivals most freely.

"I don't know what it cost," said poor Denise, trying to find some way out of the scrape and the barnyard. Turning Ned's head, she made the attempt, but "Griselda Goose" was not to be done out of her rare treat so soon.

"Here, hold on a minute. I don't want yer ter go yet," said she, holding Ned by the bridle, while brothers and sisters crowded almost into the carriage, one taking out the pretty whip, another tugging at the linen lap cover, another unrolling the curtain behind—in short, swarming over the whole thing like ants.

"Say, what 's yer name, anyway, and where do yer live?"

"My, don't I wish I had a little horse like that! Are yer rich? Guess yer must be, ter have such things."

Meanwhile, unhappy Pokey was growing more and more mis-

erable and at last turned to Denise and said desperately:

"Do for *mercy's* sake try to get away; they are just *awful* and besides, I *know* we shall be late!"

"You *must* let me go," said the distracted Denise. "We shall be late for luncheon."

"What 's that?" asked her tormentor.

"What is *what*?"

"Why, that thing yer just said — ludgen. Is it a train?"

"No, *dinner*," said Denise, trying politely to hide her laughter.

"Oh, is *that* what yer call it? Yes, I reckon it 's most dinner time, for Ma, she said we must all set to and git ours down right smart, for she had to go over to see Uncle Josh this afternoon. He 's been *awful* sick. See that barn down yander? Well, he 's *there*. He 's jist gittin' over smallpox. Ever had it?"

But Denise did not wait to inform her. With a slash of her whip which took Ned off all four feet and scattered the youngsters in every direction, she started out of that barnyard at a pace which defied pursuit, and reached the main road in much less time than it had taken her to reach the farm.

But her troubles were not yet ended, for about half a mile from home she was met by John mounted on "Flash," he having been despatched by Aunt Helen, who had arrived by the one-thirty train and was nearly distracted when she found that the children had not yet returned.

"Faith, wheriver have yes been to at all?" demanded he, lapsing into his richest brogue in his excitement. "It 's scared half dead yer Aunt is wid the freight ye 've put her in."

"Oh, John," cried Denise half in tears, "don't say one word, for we 've had an *awful* experience, and been near a man who has smallpox."

"Presarve us! Wheriver could ye have been at all?"

But Denise offered no explanation, and hurried home at a pace which would have scandalized her had she been less excited.

Aunt Helen's feelings can be more readily imagined than described, and no time was lost in sending John off for Dr. Swift. He soon calmed her fears, by assuring her that there could be no possible danger for the children, as both had been vaccinated that spring, and had such not been the case, no harm would have come of it, as the man was quite recovered. But the scare had done them good, he said; and the kind, jolly doctor threw back his head and laughed heartily.

But never again did Denise explore inviting

lanes. Public roads and broad highways were quite to her taste ever after. Nor did she leave her watch at home when going on a trip upon which it was necessary to know the difference between half-past twelve and half-past two o'clock, although it is true that she soon after got into an epidemic of scrapes which cast that one into the shade.

CHAPTER IX.

HOUSE-CLEANING AND MISCHIEF.

THINGS ran very smoothly for some time after Denise's exploring expedition, and the time for Mr. and Mrs. Lombard's return was near at hand.

Aunt Helen began to congratulate herself that a delightfully clear record could be reported when the commanders-in-chief should once more assume control, for, to tell the truth, she never felt quite certain as to what might turn up next, and much preferred visiting when the responsibility for the little girls rested with them instead of herself.

"I am so glad," said she to the children, as they sat at breakfast one morning, "that only one little scrape has to be reported when Papa and Mama come. It 's such a comfort to have had you behave so well, dearies, and I am going to put an extra lump of sugar in each cup just by way of reward," and she laughingly selected the biggest two she could find in the sugar-basin.

"Here comes John with the mail now!" cried Denise. "Maybe there is a letter from Papa to tell us when they are coming," and she flew out of the dining-room to get the letters. Whisking back again, she thrust the mail-bag into her aunt's hands, saying excitedly: "Open it quickly, Auntie, *prate de!*"

"Yes, here is one from Papa, and now let 's see what he has to tell us." After reading a few minutes, she said in a surprised tone:

"Why, he will be home to-night by the six-o'clock express, and will bring Captain Hamilton with him for a little visit."

"Won't Mama come too?" asked Denise in a disappointed tone.

"No, she will stay with Grandma a week, and when she returns will bring her too."

"Oh, goody, goody! Won't that be just splendid! Will she stay long?"

"Yes, a long time, I think—perhaps all winter. But now we must set about preparing for our visitors, and have everything put in spandy order."

Little did poor Auntie dream how much "putting in order" she was destined to do before sunset, or how easy it is to count one's chicks before they are out of the shell.

Turned loose for the morning, Pokey and Denise made straight for the Bird's Nest, and such a scouring and cleaning as was gone through with! Of course, upon so important an occasion, it had to be well swept and dusted from garret to ground floor. It was a wonder that the rugs had any fringe left on them, for Denise banged them so energetically that they flapped about like witches on a broom handle, and her dusting-cap flew wildly off, and roosted on a neighboring tree.

After the house was in order, the dolls had to be dressed, and I grieve to relate that in being carried from the dining-room, where they had sat around the table since the night before, to the bedroom above, poor Angenora Manuella slipped from Pokey's arms and rolled to the bottom of the stairs, cracking her crown and shattering an arm.

"Oh, you precious, precious child!" shrieked her mother. "I *know* you are killed! Pokey, fly for Dr. Glue this instant, and fetch him with you at once, while I heat some water. You know he always wants it first thing."

Pokey rushed off to the house for the bottle of glue which represented the doctor, and in a few minutes poor Angenora Manuella was undergoing a surgical operation.

The fortitude the dear child displayed was really beautiful to witness in one so delicately organized, for she never uttered a sound, and fell asleep the instant she was placed in her bed.

But at length the Nest was all in apple-pie order, and Pokey stood upon the threshold and breathed a sigh of relief.

"I used to think that I just hated to do any housework or to wash dishes," she observed soberly; "but I just believe I sha'n't ever mind it again. I'll shut my eyes and make

believe I'm out here with you, and then it will all be fun. Don't let 's touch a pin on that cushion, for they are all put in in little squares, and I believe it took me over an hour to do it."

"Now let 's go look after Ned," cried Ned's energetic mistress. "What color ribbon would you tie on the harness to-day?"

"Why don't you tie rose-color? You know that stands for happiness, and I guess you are glad that Mr. Papa is coming home, are n't you?"

"Just the thing. How do you ever get to know all those things, Pokey?" asked Denise, quite impressed with Pokey's deep learning.

"Oh! I don't know. I guess I read them somewhere, and they sort of stick in some part of my brain till something makes one hop out."

So fully another hour was passed in brushing Ned's mane and braiding into it a long rose-colored ribbon. John had taught Denise how to braid it in one long braid, which ran the whole length of his neck, and ended in a little pig-tail at the withers.

Then the fore-lock had to be parted and braided into two braids decked with ribbons, and as a suitable conclusion to his personal adornment, his tail was braided into three braids and looped up with a big bow.

"Faith, he looks like a monkey!" said John, laughing.

"No, John, he does n't either—do you, dear? It 's a hot day, and he is much more comfortable without all that hair flying about, I know."

"I hope he won't go and get all mussed up," said Pokey, as she surveyed him approvingly. "He is so black and shiny that those ribbons look just too sweet on him."

"Ned Toodles," said Denise, admonishingly, as she turned him into his day-stall and fastened the bars; "don't you go scrooching up against the sides of your stall and mussing even one end of a ribbon, or you sha'n't have any sugar for a week!"

Then the harness was decked, and when a bow was tied on the whip the effect was pronounced superb.

Noon hour struck before all was finished, and

Auntie, coming out to summon them to lunch, blessed the good fairy who had put the idea of the Bird's Nest into Papa's head, as it kept the children happy and out of the way of grown-up folk who had their hands full.

"John," said she, giving him a letter, "before you return from your dinner to-day, I wish

gittin' it, or there 's no tellin' what that young villain will be doin' at all!"

"Don't you call Ned a villain, John. He would n't do anything bad for all the oats in the bin."

"Now, don't you be too sure of that, thin. I 'd not thrust him out of me soight." And

with a good-natured laugh John left the grounds.

"Come in at once, children," said Auntie, as she returned to the house.

"We 're coming this very minute, for we 're half starved."

"Now, my little maids," said Auntie, when the famished children were sustained by a generous supply of luncheon, "you may amuse yourselves in any quiet way you choose, till it is three o'clock; and then come to me for your baths, and I 'll make you both as sweet as roses to meet Papa and Captain Hamilton."

Away went the children, and, taking Auntie at her word, chose a charming "quiet way" to amuse themselves on a hot summer's afternoon.

"Let 's make some taffy," said Denise.

"I have plenty of mo-

you would mail this letter for me. I want it to go out by the two o'clock mail, without fail, so you had better get home at once."

"Very good, miss. I 'll be going roight off. Shall I close Ned's stable-door, or will Miss Denise do it when she goes in?"

"I 'll shut it when I go," answered Denise.

"All roight thin; but don't be afther for-

lasses in the kitchen, and we can boil it in no time."

"It will *never* get hard on such a hot day as this is," answered Pokey.

"Why, yes it will, if we put it in cook's refrigerator," insisted Denise.

"I don't believe it, for it 's awful stuff in summer time," said skeptical Pokey.



A BIRD'S NEST. BY J. C. COLEMAN. IN THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"Well, we 'll try, any way"; and she soon had a fire sputtering in the stove and a pail of molasses bubbling on top.

"What *can* be the matter with Ned?" she exclaimed, when the smell of the boiling candy had filled the house and adjoining stable.

"He is stamping about at a great rate; I just believe he smells this candy."

"I dare say; he loves sweet things like a little bear," said Pokey.

"Do go into the stable and see what he 's up to," begged Denise. "I can't leave this candy now, or it will burn."

"Indeed I sha'n't," affirmed Pokey. "He 'd roll his eyes and bounce at me."

"Now, how *could* he bounce at you, when he is fast in his stall?" demanded Denise,

"I don't believe he *is* fast; he could n't walk round so much if he was."

"Why, how in the world could he get out? His bars are up, and I don't believe even *he* is wise enough to pull the pegs out. You stir this candy, and I 'll go see, if you are afraid to."

And Denise handed over a very sticky spoon to the willing Pokey and started for the door communicating with the stable. She opened it and gave a scream, for there in the middle of the floor, and in all his goodly array of rosy ribbons stood Master Ned, looking at her in the most tantalizing way, as though to say: "*Can't* I pull out the pegs with my teeth, and *can't* I jump over the lower bar, and *can't* I fly through this door which *you* forgot to shut after John told you to?" and with a rush and a clatter he tore out of the stable and over the lawn, flinging up his heels and tossing his head and making straight for the big gate, which unfortunately stood wide open.

Denise stood rooted to the spot for an instant and then screaming, "Pokey, Pokey, Ned has run away!" she tore out of the stable and made after him as though she had wings to her feet.

Aunt Helen heard the uproar and rushed out just in time to witness Ned's final kick up as he flew up the road with Denise in hot pursuit.

(To be continued.)

THE GIANT BABY.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

MISS ANN and Ella Sorrowtop were ladies sweet and kind;

They were charitable, wealthy, educated, and refined;

They were never known to turn away a beggar, with a frown;

And they lived a quiet life in an exclusive part of town.

Miss Ann was more indulgent, and the children loved her much—

She gave them chocolate lollipops, and sugar pills, and such.

Miss Ella was more practical, and saw about their clothes;

She attended to their mittens, and she darned their little hose;

For they had no children of their own, and oh, it made them sad,



And so they loved the little ones that other people had!
And whether they were naughty ones, or whether they were nice,
As long as they were children, that alone would quite suffice.

Well, one wild and wintry Wednesday, on returning from a call,
They found a basket on their steps, and heard a little bawl!
Miss Ann she nearly fainted, and she said, "What *can* it be?"
Miss Ella was more practical—she said, "I'll look and see!"
And what d'you s'pose the basket held? It held a baby boy!
Miss Ann and Ella Sorrowtop, they nearly died of joy!
They took him to the fireplace and got him good and warm,
For it is n't good for babies to be cradled in a storm.
It was a lusty young one, and it kicked and said, "Ah-goo!"
Which pleased the kind old ladies so they scarce knew what to do!
They decided to adopt him then and bring him up by hand;
And oh, the happy future that Miss Ann and Ella planned!
Miss Ann was bound to name him Guy St. Claire Philippe; but no—
Miss Ella was more practical, and so they called him Joe.

He grew and grew and grew and grew, out-growing all his frocks;
They squandered quite a fortune in his roundabouts and socks.



They made his clothes with many tucks, and let them
out each week;

For he was a monstrous infant when he just began to
speak.

The children loved to play with him at first; but as he
grew,

They got afraid to meet him, and I think that you
would, too;

For when he was but two years old he measured six
feet high.

He did n't mean to do it, but he made the children cry;
For when he fell upon them it would hurt a little bit,
And the children hated playing "tag" whenever Joe
was "it."

Miss Ann and Ella Sorrowtop still tended him with joy,
Although they saw at last he was a GIANT baby boy!
"If he only *would* stop growing up!" Miss Ann would
cry and fret;

But Miss Ella was more practical—she said, "He'll
save us yet!"

When Joe was very little he was fond of pussy-cats;
But as he grew enormous, kittens feared his baby pats.

So when he grew quite big enough for kilts (with pockets, too),
What do you think that giant baby went and tried to do?
He found a pretty old white horse, and broke his halter strap;
He took poor Dobbin's harness off, and held him in his lap!
Miss Ann she nearly died of fright for her adopted son;
Miss Ella was more practical—she only said "What fun!"



"HE TRIMMED THE SPIRES AND STEEPLES."

And so these ladies bought the horse, and let
him play with Joe.
It set the village people laughing at his antics
so!

Well, Joe was very good and kind, and *tried* to
be so good
That everybody loved him, when at last they
understood.
Miss Ann she feared his giant parents might
return some day.

Miss Ella was more practical — she said, "No,
sir, not they!
And if they do, what of it? They will pay us
for our care."

For his food *had* cost them something — he
had had the best of fare.

So the giant baby grew and grew, the town's
gigantic pet;

And they talk about his childish pranks with
shrieks of laughter yet:

How he tried to help them deck the town
upon the first of May,

And trimmed the spires and steeples in a
most amusing way;

How he stepped upon the court-house roof
and suddenly fell through,

And then got stuck inside the walls, and cried about it, too;
Of how he swept the streets with trees, and fell asleep one day,
And snored a little giant-snore that scared the
Mayor away!

But better yet they love to tell of
how Miss Ann, of all
Most dignified of ladies, tried to
please him as a doll!

For dolls are most expensive
when they have to be so
great.

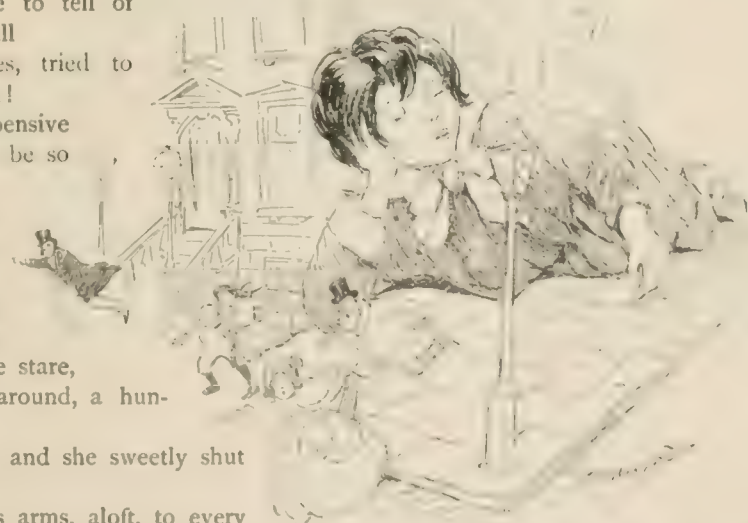
And Joe he wanted one
so much she could
not hesitate.

She dressed herself in
pink and white;
she gazed a doll-like stare,

She let him carry her around, a hun-
dred feet in air!

She ejaculated, "Papa!" and she sweetly shut
her eyes

When he held her in his arms, aloft, to every
one's surprise.



"A LITTLE GIANT-SNORE THAT SCARED THE MAYOR AWAY."

For she loved her darling Joe-boy, spite of all his giant pranks;
But Miss Ella was more practical—she only said, "No, thanks!"

Well, what this infant *would* have done, if he had only stayed,
I hardly dare to say myself,—what games he would have played.
But one stupid snowy Sunday, on returning from a call,
The Misses Sorrowtop they found he was n't there at all!
They hunted in the pasture, where he always used to play;
They hunted in the old red barn, and in his bed of hay;
They hunted in the woods around, and on the river shore;
But they never found their little giant baby any more!
But in their great front parlor, which was shabby now, and old,
Whatever do you s'pose they found, but heaps and heaps of gold!
They had spent a fortune on the child, and so they now were poor;
And this the giant parents left to pay them, to be sure!
Miss Ann she cried like everything, for she was sweet and kind;
Miss Ella was more practical—she said, "Oh, never mind!"



WHAT made this Lion quake and quail?
A mouse sat down on the monarch's tail!

THE BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

[*This series was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

EXIT BUCCANEER; ENTER PIRATE.

THE buccaneers had grown to be reckless freebooters. And when they became soldiers and marched in little armies, the patience of the civilized world began to weaken. Panama, for instance, was an important Spanish city; England was at peace with Spain; therefore, when a military force composed mainly of Englishmen, and led by a British subject, captured and sacked Panama, if England should not interfere with her buccaneers she would have a quarrel to settle with Spain.

So a new governor was sent to Jamaica with strict orders to put down the buccaneers and to break up their organization, and then it was he set a thief to catch thieves, and empowered the ex-pirate, Morgan, to execute his former comrades.

But methods of conciliation, as well as threats of punishment, were used to induce the buccaneers to give up their illegal calling, and liberal offers were made to them to settle in Jamaica and become law-abiding citizens.

But these offers did not tempt the Brothers of the Coast; from active pirates to retired pirates was too great a change, and though some of them returned to their original avocations of cattle butchering and beef drying, some, it is said, chose rather to live among the wild Indians and share their independent lives, than to bind themselves to any form of honest industry.

The French also had been active in suppressing the operations of their buccaneers, and soon the Brethren of the Coast, considered as an organization for preying upon the commerce and settlers of Spain, might be said to have ceased to exist. But it must not be supposed

that because buccaneering had died out that piracy was dead.

Driven from Jamaica, from San Domingo, and even from Tortuga, they retained a resting place only at New Providence, an island in the Bahamas, and this they did not maintain very long. Then they spread themselves all over the watery world. They were no longer buccaneers, they were no longer "Brothers" of any sort, they no longer set out merely against Spaniards, but their attacks were made upon people of every nation. They confined themselves to attacks upon peaceable merchant vessels, often robbing them and then scuttling them, delighted with the spectacle of a ship, with all its crew, sinking hopelessly into the sea.

The scene of piratical operations in America was now very much changed. The successors of the Brothers of the Coast, no longer united by any bonds of fellowship, but each pirate captain acting independently in his own wicked way, were coming up from the West Indies to afflict the more northern sea coast.

The old buccaneers knew all about our southern coast, for they were among the very first white men who ever set foot on the shores of North and South Carolina. The old buccaneers often used its bays and harbors as convenient ports of refuge. It was natural enough that when the Spanish-hating buccaneer became the independent pirate, who preyed upon ships of every nation, he should feel very much at home on the Carolina coasts.

As the country was settled and Charles Town, now Charleston, grew to be a port of considerable importance, the pirates felt as much at home in this region as when it was inhabited merely by Indians. They frequently touched at little seaside settlements and boldly sailed into the harbor of Charles Town. The American colonists were not frightened when they saw a pirate ship anchored in their har-

bars, for they knew its crew did not come as enemies, but as friendly traders.

A pirate ship was a welcome visitor in Charles Town harbor. She was generally loaded with goods, which, being stolen, her captain could afford to sell cheaply, and as Spanish gold was plenty on board, her crew were not apt to haggle in regard to the price of the spirits, the groceries, or the provisions which they bought from the merchants of the town. This friendly commerce between the pirates and the Carolinians grew to be so extensive that at one time most of the coin in circulation in those colonies consisted of Spanish gold-pieces, which had been brought in by the pirates.

But a pirate is very seldom a person of discretion, who knows when to leave well enough alone, and so, instead of contenting themselves with robbing and capturing the vessels belonging to people whom their Charles Town friends and customers would look upon as foreigners, they became so enterprising in their illegal trading that the English government took vigorous measures, not only to break up piracy, but to punish all colonists who should encourage the freebooters by commercial dealings with them. At these laws the pirates laughed and the colonists winced, and there were many people in Charles Town who vowed that if the king wanted them to help him put down piracy, he must show them some other way of getting imported goods at reasonable prices. So the pirates went on capturing merchantmen whenever they had a chance, and the Carolinians continued to look forward with interest to the "bargain days," which always followed the arrival of a pirate ship. But the time came when the people of Charles Town experienced a change of mind. The planters were now growing large quantities of rice, and this crop became so valuable that the prosperity of the colonies greatly increased. And now the pirates also became very much interested in the rice crops, and when they had captured four or five vessels sailing out of Charles Town heavily laden with rice, the people of that town suddenly became aware of the true character of a pirate. He was now in their eyes an unmitigated scoundrel who actually stole *their* goods—their precious rice which they were sending to England.

The indignant citizens of Charles Town took a bold stand, and when part of a crew of pirates, put ashore by their comrades on account of a quarrel, made their way to the town, thinking they could tell a tale of shipwreck, and rely upon the friendship of their old customers, they were taken into custody and seven were hanged.

The occasional repetition of such acts as this, and the exhibition of dangling pirates, hung up like scarecrows at the entrance to the harbors, dampened the ardor of the freebooters, and for some years they kept away from the harbor of Charles Town, which had once been to them such a good market and friendly port.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT "BLACKBEARD" COMES UPON THE STAGE.

So long as the people of the Carolinas were prosperous and able to capture and execute pirates who interfered with their trade, the Atlantic sea-robbers kept away from their ports; but this prosperity did not last. Indian wars broke out, and in the course of time the colonies became very much weakened and impoverished, and then it was that the harbor of Charles Town began again to be interesting to the pirates.

About this time one of the most famous of sea-robbers was harassing the Atlantic coast of North America, and from New England to the West Indies he was known as the great pirate "Blackbeard." This man, whose real name was Teach, was a terrible fellow in appearance as well as acts. He wore a long, heavy black beard, which it was his fancy to separate into tails, each one tied with a colored ribbon, and often tucked behind his ears. Some of the writers of that day declared that the sight of this beard would create more terror in any port of the American seaboard than would the sudden appearance of a fiery comet. Across his brawny breast he carried a sort of sling, in which hung not less than three pairs of pistols in leathern holsters, and these, in addition to his cutlass and a knife or two in his belt, made him a most formidable-looking fellow.

In the early part of the eighteenth century

Blackbeard made his headquarters in one of the inlets on the North Carolina coast, and there he ruled as absolute king, for the settlers in the vicinity seemed to be as anxious to oblige him as the captains of the merchantmen were anxious to keep out of his way. On one of his voyages Blackbeard went down the coast as far as Honduras, where he took a good many prizes, and, as some of the crews of the captured vessels enlisted under him, he sailed north with a stronger force than ever before, having a large ship of forty guns, three smaller vessels, and four hundred men. With this little fleet Blackbeard made for the coast of South Carolina, and anchored outside the harbor of Charles Town. He well understood the present condition of the place, and was not in the least afraid that the citizens would hang him up on the shores of the bay.

Blackbeard began work without delay. Several well-laden ships sailing out to sea were surprised and were immediately captured. One of these carried not only a valuable cargo but a number of important passengers on their way to England. One of these was a Mr. Wragg, who was a member of the Council of the Province. Blackbeard was a trader as well as a plunderer, and he therefore determined to put an assorted lot of highly respectable passengers upon the market and see what he could get for them. He was not in need of money or provisions, but his men were in want of medicines, so he decided to trade off his prisoners for apothecary's supplies.

He put three of his pirates in a boat and with them one of the passengers, a Mr. Marks, who was commissioned as Blackbeard's special agent, with orders to inform the governor that if he did not send the medicines required, and if he did not allow the pirate crew of the boat to return in safety, every one of the prisoners would be hanged from the yard-arms of his ship.

The boat rowed away to the distant town, and Blackbeard waited two days for its return, and then he grew very angry, for he believed that his messengers had been taken into custody and he came near hanging Mr. Wragg and all his companions. But before he began to satisfy his vengeance news came from the boat. It had been upset in the bay and had been de-

layed in getting to Charles Town. Blackbeard now waited a day or two longer, but as no news came from Mr. Marks he vowed he would not be trifled with by the impudent people of Charles Town, and threatened that every man, woman, and child among the prisoners should be hanged.

Of course the unfortunate prisoners on the pirate ship were in a terrible state of mind during the absence of Mr. Marks. They trembled and quaked by day and by night, and at last every particle of courage left them, and they proposed to Blackbeard that if he would spare their lives, and that if it should turn out that their fellow citizens had decided to sacrifice them for the sake of a few paltry drugs they would show Blackbeard the best way to sail into the harbor and would join with him and his men in attacking the city and punishing the inhabitants.

This proposition pleased Blackbeard immensely; it would have been like a new game to take Mr. Wragg to the town and make him fight his fellow members of the Council of the Province; and so he rescinded his order for a general execution and bade his prisoners prepare to join with his pirates when he should give the word for an assault upon their city.

In the meantime there was a terrible stir in Charles Town. If there had been any way of going out to sea to rescue their unhappy fellow citizens every able-bodied man in the town would have enlisted. But they had no vessels of war and were not even in a position to arm any of the merchantmen in the harbor. It seemed to the governor and his council that there was nothing for them to do but to submit to the demands of Blackbeard, for they very well knew that he was a scoundrel who would keep his word, and also, that whatever they did must be done quickly, for there were the three swaggering pirates in the town, strutting about the streets as if they owned the place. If this continued much longer it would be impossible to keep the infuriated citizens from falling upon these blustering rascals and bringing their impertinence to a summary end. Then not only would Mr. Wragg and his companions be put to death but the pirates would undoubtedly attack the town, which was entirely defenseless.

Consequently the drugs were collected with all possible haste, and Mr. Marks and the pirates were sent with them to Blackbeard. He accepted the ransom, and having rifled the ships he had captured, and having stripped his prisoners of the greater part of their clothing, he set them on shore to walk to Charles Town as well as they could. They had a terribly difficult time, making their way through the woods and marshes, for there were women and children among them who were scarcely equal to the journey.

One of these children was a son of Mr. Wragg, a little boy who afterward became a very prominent man in the colonies. He rose to such a high position, not only among his countrymen, but in the opinion of the English government, that when he died, about the beginning of the Revolution, a tablet to his memory was placed in Westminster Abbey, which is, perhaps, the earliest instance of such an honor being paid to an American.

Blackbeard sailed back to his North Carolina haunts and took a long vacation, during which time he managed to put himself on very good terms with the governor and officials of the country. He had plenty of money and was willing to spend it, and so he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased, provided he kept his purse open, and did not steal from his neighbors.

But Blackbeard became tired of playing the part of a make-believe respectable citizen, and he fitted out a small vessel, and took out regular papers for a port in the West Indies, and sailed away, as if he had been a mild-mannered New England mariner going to catch codfish.

After a moderate absence he returned to Bath, bringing with him a large French merchant vessel, with no people on board, but loaded with a valuable cargo of sugar and other goods. This vessel he declared he had found deserted at sea, and he therefore claimed it as a legitimate prize. It may seem surprising that the officials of Bath appeared to have no doubt of the truth of Blackbeard's simple story of his good luck.

But people who consort with pirates cannot be expected to have very tender consciences,

and no one in the town interfered with the thrifty Blackbeard or caused any public suspicion to fall upon the propriety of his actions.

CHAPTER XXII.

A TRUE-HEARTED SAILOR DRAWS HIS SWORD.

FEELING that he could do what he pleased on shore as well as at sea, Blackbeard sailed up and down the coast and took a prize or two to keep the pot boiling for himself and his men.

On one of these expeditions he visited Philadelphia, but the governor of the colony quickly arranged to let him know that the "Quaker City" allowed no pirate to promenade the streets, and promptly issued a warrant for the sea-robber's arrest. But Blackbeard was too old a criminal to be caught in that way, and left the city.

The people along the coast of North Carolina became very tired of Blackbeard and his men. To have this busy pirate for a neighbor was like taking a pickpocket on a picnic, and the North Carolina settlers greatly longed to get rid of him.

Not knowing, or not caring for the strong feeling against him, Blackbeard kept on in his wicked ways till the North Carolinians vowed they would stand him no longer, and, knowing their own governor would not aid them, applied to Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, and asked his aid in putting down the pirates. The Virginians were very willing to do what they could for their unfortunate neighbors. The legislature offered a reward for the capture of Blackbeard or any of his men, but the governor, feeling that this was not enough, determined to do something on his own responsibility, for he knew very well that the time might come when the pirate vessels might begin to haunt Virginia waters.

There happened to be at that time two small British men-of-war in Hampton Roads, and although the governor had no authority to send these after the pirates he fitted out two sloops at his own expense and manned them with the best fighting men from the war-vessels. One of the sloops he put under Captain Brand and the other under Lieutenant Maynard, both brave

and experienced naval officers. All preparations were made with the greatest secrecy; for if Blackbeard had heard of what was going on he probably would have decamped; and then the

but Brand and Maynard were courageous men and did not hesitate to undertake it.

The Virginians had been informed that the pirate captain and his men were on a vessel in



THE PIRATE "BLACKBEARD" SLAIN BY LIEUTENANT MAYNARD.

two sloops went out to sea with a commission from the governor to capture Blackbeard, and bring him back dead or alive.

This certainly promised to be no light task,

VOL. XXV.—70.

Ocracoke Inlet, and when they arrived they found to their delight that Blackbeard was there. When the pirates saw the two armed vessels sailing into the inlet they knew very well

that they were about to be attacked, and it did not take them long to get ready for a fight, nor did they wait to see what their enemy was about to do. As soon as the sloops were near enough, Blackbeard, without waiting for any preliminary exercises, such as a demand for surrender or any nonsense of that sort, let drive at the intruders with eight heavily loaded cannon.

Now the curtain had been rung up and the play began, and a very lively play it was. The guns of the Virginians blazed away at the pirate ship, and they would have sent boats to board her had not Blackbeard done so first. Boarding was always a favorite method of fighting with the pirates. They did not often carry heavy cannon, and even when they did, they had but little fancy for battles at long distances; what they liked was to meet their foes face to face and cut them down on their own decks. In such combats they felt at home, and were almost always successful, for there were few marines or sailors, even in the British navy, who could stand against these brawny fellows.

Blackbeard had had enough cannonading, and he did not wait to be boarded. Springing into a boat with about twenty of his men he rowed to the vessel commanded by Maynard, and in a few minutes he and his pirates surged on board of her.

Then there followed on the decks of that sloop one of the most fearful hand-to-hand combats known to naval history. Pirates had often attacked vessels where they met with strong resistance, but never had a gang of sea-robbers fallen in with such bold and skilled antagonists as those who now confronted Blackbeard and his crew.

At it they went fiercely, cut, fire, slash, bang, howl, and shout. Steel clashed, pistols blazed, smoke went up, and it was hard, in the confusion, for a man to tell friend from foe. Blackbeard was everywhere, bounding from side to side as he swung his cutlass high and low, and many a shot was fired at him, many a rush was made in his direction, and every now and then a sailor went down beneath his whirling blade.

But the great pirate had not boarded that ship to fight with common men. He was look-

ing for Maynard, the commander. Soon he met him, and for the first time in his life the old pirate met his match.

Lieutenant Maynard was a practised swordsman, and no matter how hard and how swiftly came down the cutlass of the pirate his strokes were always evaded and the sword and the Virginian played more dangerously near him.

At last Blackbeard finding he could not cut down his enemy, drew a pistol and was about to empty its barrels into the very face of his opponent, when Maynard sent his sword-blade into the throat of the furious pirate, and the great Blackbeard went down upon his back on the deck, and — the next moment Maynard put an end to his nefarious career.

Their leader dead, the few pirates who were left alive gave up the fight and sprang overboard hoping to be able to swim ashore. The victory of the Virginians was complete.*

The strength, toughness, and extraordinary vitality of those catlike human beings who were known as pirates, was astonishing. Their suntanned and hairy bodies seemed to be made of something like wire, leather, and India rubber, upon which the most tremendous exertions, and even the infliction of severe wounds, came to make but little impression. Before Blackbeard fell he received from Lieutenant Maynard and others no less than twenty-five wounds, and yet he fought fearlessly to the last, and when the panting officer could at last sheathe his sword, he felt that he had performed a most signal deed of valor.

When they had broken up the pirate nest in Ocracoke Inlet the two sloops sailed to Bath, where they compelled some of the unscrupulous town officials to surrender the cargo which had been stolen from the French vessel and stored in the town by Blackbeard; and then they sailed proudly back to Hampton Roads, with the head of the dreaded Blackbeard dangling from the end of the bowsprit of the vessel he had boarded, and on whose deck it had been proved that a well-trained, honest man can fight better than the most reckless cutthroat who ever decked his beard with ribbons, and swaggered about in enmity to all things good.

*Our readers will remember that Blackbeard the pirate was a prominent character in Howard Pyle's story "Jack Bachelor's Fortune," which began in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1894, and ended in September, 1895.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GREENHORN UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

EARLY in the eighteenth century there lived at Bridgetown, in the island of Barbados, a very pleasant, middle-aged gentleman named Major Stele Bonnet. He was a man in comfortable circumstances and had been an officer in the British army. He had retired from military service, and had bought an estate at Bridgetown, where he lived in comfort and was respected by his neighbors.

But for some reason or other this quiet and reputable gentleman got it into his head that he should like to be a pirate. But besides the general reasons why Major Bonnet should not become a pirate, and which applied to all men as well as to himself, there was a special reason against his adoption of the profession of a sea-robber—he was an out-and-out landsman and knew nothing whatever of nautical matters. He was fond of history and well read in the literature of the day. He was accustomed to the habits of good society, and knew a good deal about farming and horses and cows and poultry.

But notwithstanding his absolute unfitness for such a life, Major Bonnet was determined to become a pirate, and he became one. He had money enough to buy a ship and to fit her out and man her, and this he quietly did at Bridgetown, nobody supposing that he was going to do anything more than start off on some commercial cruise. When everything was ready his vessel slipped out of the harbor one night, and after he was sailing safely on the rolling sea he stood upon the quarter-deck and proclaimed himself a pirate. He ran up the black flag, girded on a great cutlass, and folding his arms he ordered his mate to steer the vessel to the coast of Virginia.

Bonnet's men were practised seamen, and so when this "green hand" came into the waters of Virginia he actually took two or three vessels and robbed them of their cargoes, burning the ships and sending the crews ashore.

This had grown to be a common custom among the pirates, who though cruel and hard-hearted, had not the inducements of the old buccaneers to torture and murder the crews

of the vessels which they captured. It was called "marooning," and was somewhat less heartless than the old methods.

As Bonnet wished to adopt the customs of the society in which he placed himself, when he found himself too far from land to put the captured crew on shore he did not hesitate to make them walk the plank, a favorite device of pirates whenever they had no convenient way of disposing of their prisoners.

In one branch of his new profession Bonnet rapidly advanced. He soon became a greedy robber and a cruel conqueror. He captured merchant vessels all along the coast as far north as New England.

Bonnet's vessel was named the "Revenge," which was about as ill-suited to the vessel as her commander was ill-fitted to sail her, for Bonnet had nobody to revenge himself upon. But many pirate ships were then called the *Revenge*, and Bonnet was bound to follow the fashion.

Soon after he had proclaimed himself a pirate, his men discovered that he knew no more about sailing than he knew about painting portraits, and the crew conceived a great contempt for a landsman captain. Many of the men would have been glad to throw Bonnet overboard and take the ship into their own hands. But when any symptoms of mutiny showed themselves the pirates found that, although not a sailor, Bonnet was a determined and relentless master. At the slightest sign of insubordination, his grumbling men were put in chains or flogged; and it was Bonnet's habit at such times to strut about the deck with loaded pistols, threatening to shoot any man who dared to disobey him.

Bonnet now pointed the bow of the *Revenge* southward,—that is, he requested somebody else to see that it was done,—and sailed to the Bay of Honduras, a favorite resort of pirates. And here he first met Captain Blackbeard. The amateur pirate was glad to meet this well-known professional, and they became friendly. Blackbeard was organizing an expedition, and proposed that Bonnet should join it. This invitation was gladly accepted by the new-comer, and the two pirate captains started out on a cruise together.

Now the old reprobate, Blackbeard, knew everything about ships, and was a good navigator, and it was not long before he discovered that his new partner was as green as grass in regard to all nautical affairs. Consequently, he made up his mind that Bonnet was not fit to command a fine vessel, and as pirates make their own laws, and perhaps do not obey them if they happen not to feel like it, Blackbeard sent for Bonnet to come on board his ship, and told him he was not fit to be a pirate captain, that he must remain on Blackbeard's vessel, while somebody else took charge of the *Revenge*.

This was a fall indeed, and Bonnet was almost stunned by it! An hour before he had been proudly strutting about on the deck of a vessel which belonged to him, and in which he had captured many valuable prizes, and now he was told he must stay on Blackbeard's ship and make himself useful in keeping the logbook, or in doing any other easy thing which he might happen to understand! The green pirate ground his teeth and raged inwardly, but he said nothing openly; on Blackbeard's ship Blackbeard's decisions were not to be questioned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BONNET AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

BONNET accompanied his pirate chief on various cruises, among which was that famous expedition to the harbor of Charles Town where Blackbeard traded Mr. Wragg and his companions for medicines.

Having a fine fleet Blackbeard did a successful business for some time, but feeling that he had earned enough for the present and deserved a vacation, he put into an inlet in North Carolina, where he disbanded and dismissed his crew.

So long as Blackbeard remained on shore he did not want a lot of men about him who would look to him for support when they had spent their portion of the spoils. Having no further use for Bonnet, he dismissed him also; and did not object to his resuming possession of his own vessel. If the green pirate chose to go to sea again, and perhaps drown himself

and his crew, it was a matter of no concern to Blackbeard.

But Stede Bonnet proceeded to prove that in some branches of the piratical business he was second to none of his fellow practitioners. He wished to go pirating again, and he saw a way he thought far superior to any of the common methods. King George of England, desirous of breaking up piracy, issued a proclamation in which he promised pardon to any pirate who would renounce his evil practices, and take an oath of allegiance. Soon after this proclamation had been issued England went to war with Spain. Bonnet saw in this state of affairs a very good chance for him to play the "wolf in sheep's clothing," and he began his new piratical career by pretending to give up piracy.

Leaving the *Revenge* in the Inlet, he journeyed overland to Bath, where he signed pledges, took oaths, and did everything necessary to make himself seem a respectable commander of a British privateer. Then he took out regular clearance papers for St. Thomas, a British naval station, to which he declared he was going in order to obtain a commission as a privateer.

Now the wily Bonnet had everything he wanted except a crew. Of course it would not do for him to go about enlisting pirates; but at this point fortune again favored him. He knew of a desert island not very far away where Blackbeard, at the end of his last cruise, had marooned a large party of his men. Bonnet went over to this island, and offered to take them to St. Thomas if they would agree to work the ship to port. They joyfully accepted, and thus the *Revenge* was manned with a complete crew of competent desperadoes.

These operations took time; and, at last, when everything was ready for Bonnet to start out on his piratical cruise, he heard news that caused him to change his mind and to set forth on another errand. He had supposed that Blackbeard, whom he had never forgiven, was still on shore enjoying himself; but he was told by the captain of a small trading-vessel that the old pirate was preparing for another cruise, and that he was then in Ocracoke Inlet. Now Bonnet folded his arms and stamped his

feet upon the quarterdeck. The time had come for him to show that the name of his vessel meant something. He would revenge himself upon Blackbeard!

The infuriated Bonnet sailed out to sea in a truly warlike frame of mind. He was not

relieved the world of one or both atrocious villains; and Lieutenant Maynard would have been deprived of the honor of having slain the most famous pirate of the day.

But Bonnet never overtook Blackbeard; so the great combat between the rival pirates did



STEED BONNET, THE "LANDSMAN PIRATE," IS FORCED TO REMAIN ON BLACKBEARD'S SHIP AND TO GIVE UP HIS OWN VESSEL.

going forth to prey upon the unresisting merchantmen. He was on his way to punish the treachery of a black-hearted pirate.

When Bonnet reached Ocracoke Inlet he was deeply disappointed to find that Blackbeard had left that harbor; but he did not give up the pursuit. He made hot chase after the vessel of his pirate enemy, and kept a sharp lookout for him.

If the enraged Bonnet could only have met the ferocious Blackbeard face to face there might have been a combat which would have

not take place. The first thing he did was to change the name of his vessel. If he could not be revenged he would not sail in the *Revenge*. Casting about in his mind for a good name, he decided to call her the "*Royal James*," the name assumed by the son of James the Second, who was a pretender to the throne, and was then in France plotting against the English government.

The next thing he did was to change his own name; for he thought this would make matters better for him if he should be captured after

entering upon his new criminal career. So he called himself "Captain Thomas."

When these preliminaries had been arranged, he gathered his crew together and announced that instead of going to St. Thomas to get a commission as a privateer, he had determined to keep on in his old manner of life, and that he wished them to understand that not only was he a pirate captain, but that they were a pirate crew. Many of the men were very much surprised; but the crew's opinion of the green-hand captain had been considerably changed. In his various cruises he had learned a good deal about navigation, and could now give very fair orders; and his furious pursuit of Blackbeard had also given him a reputation for reckless bravery which he had not enjoyed before.

Besides it would not be very pleasant either to try to persuade him to give up his piratical intention, or to decline to join him; so the whole of the crew, minor officers and men, changed their minds about going to St. Thomas, and agreed to hoist the skull and cross bones, and to follow Captain Bonnet wherever he might lead.

The blustering captain soon after captured two valuable sloops, and, wishing to take them along with him without the trouble of transferring their cargoes to his own vessel, he left their crews on board and ordered them to

follow him. Some days after that, when one of the vessels seemed to be edging off, Bonnet sent her a message that if she did not keep closer to the Royal James he would sink her.

After a time Bonnet put into a North Carolina port in order to repair the Royal James, and seeing no easy and lawful way of getting planks and beams enough with which to make the necessary repairs, he captured a small sloop belonging in the neighborhood, and broke it up in order to get the material he needed to make his own vessel seaworthy.

Now the people of the North Carolina coast very seldom interfered with pirates, and it is likely that Bonnet might have stayed in port as long as he pleased, and repaired and refitted his vessel without molestation if he had bought and paid for the planks and timber he required. But when it came to boldly seizing on their property, it was too much even for the people of that region, and complaints of Bonnet's behavior spread from settlement to settlement, and it very soon became known all down the coast that there was a pirate in North Carolina who was committing depredations there, and was preparing to set out on a fresh cruise.

When these tidings came to Charles Town the citizens were thrown into great agitation. There was no naval force in the harbor, but Mr. William Rhett, a private gentleman, offered to fit out an expedition at his own expense.

(*To be continued.*)

CHEERFULNESS.

BY JENNIE B. HARTSWICK.

ONCE there was a little bee, a busy, buzzing fellow,
Who roamed among the flowers, thro' all the livelong day.
He very, very happy was,
And so, you see, he had to buzz;
Because the sun was shining, and because the month was May.

ONCE there was a little bird, a tiny, feathered songster;
Who twittered in the tree-top the sunny morning through.
Oh! he was glad to see the spring!
And, so you see, he had to sing—
To warble forth his happiness, as all the robins do.

Once there was a little flower, a-growing in a garden,
And from among its dewy leaves it raised its dainty head.
A little breeze came blowing by,
The air was soft, and blue the sky —
“Oh, I am glad to be awake!” the little blossom said.

Once there was a little child, who all the time was laughing;
He filled the house with merriment from morning until night.
He was *so* happy all the while,
And so, you see, he had to smile,
He found the world so beautiful, so wonderful, and bright.



ROUNDING THE CURVE.



A SONG OF MAY

PUSSINELLA.

By F. W. H.

As no animal, however intelligent, can write letters, is it not only right and just that some one should speak for them, in a language which their best friends, the children, can understand? It seems so to me, as it does to the little mistress of the petted favorite whose pretty Italian name you see above. "Pussinella" is only a big, white Angora cat; and yet she has a good claim to our notice, for she is great and beautiful, and of wonderful intellect. The parents of "Pussinella" had been brought from Bagdad by the Prince of Naples to his mother, the good and beautiful Queen Marguerite of Italy. And a most original gift it was; for these two cats, though very beautiful, were as wild and ferocious as young tigers, and not at all disposed to take kindly to captivity, though their prison was a royal palace, and their keeper the gentlest and loveliest of women. When the cage in which they had traveled so far was opened, they were nothing daunted at finding themselves at court and right in the presence of royalty, but hissed and raised their backs, and showed their displeasure in the most decided way. The king and queen and many of the ladies even got down on their knees and made all sorts of overtures of peace; but it was of no use; the strangers were not to be cajoled into even a semblance of good-will, and at last were carried off, still growling and protesting, to the queen's own apartments, which were for the future to be their home.

Now you might certainly think they would be well content! but not so; they longed for the freedom of their native wilds. Perhaps there they were king and queen themselves, and had ruled right royally over a mighty kingdom. Who knows?

In time they became accustomed to the queen, and submitted without protest to her presence. It is seldom that kindness and gen-

tleness do not overcome the wildest heart. But with the king they were ever the same as at first. They always growled and snarled, and raised quite a rebellion against his coming into any room where they might be.

After a while two little kittens came to make them feel more at home. Pussinella was one of these, and, as you see, first opened her eyes in the queen's own bedroom, surrounded by every mark of respect and royalty. Is it strange that her heart swelled with pride and coldness toward the less favored world; that the majestic wave of her tail showed a consciousness of superiority; that she demanded and accepted as simply her right the best to be had? Remember, she is only a cat; might not many a little boy or girl act in a way that was quite as unreasonable?

Pussinella was the prettier of the two kittens: a little, soft, pure white ball, with long, silky hair, beautiful, big gray eyes, and a tail not like any ordinary cat—no, indeed! Pussinella's tail is as big as the end of a boa, and of a soft dove-color; and she has also one spot of the same pretty gray right in the middle of her back. This is now about the size of a fifty-cent piece, but when she was little of course the spot was little, and a source of great annoyance to vain Pussinella, who spent much time licking and licking and licking with her little pink tongue, trying to wash off what she thought a blemish upon her beautiful white coat; but it stayed nevertheless, and it is a very pretty spot, indeed.

When Miss Pussy was old enough to leave her mother, the queen sent her one day as a gift to the little daughter of one of the aides-de-camp of the king, her husband. This little girl had everything that heart could desire, and was much like the little prince that history tells us of, whose nurse found him one day crying "because he wanted to *want* something!" But such a gift as this was quite novel; and when

the pretty basket, with its top of blue satin like a bonbonniere, was opened and showed the dear little pussy-occupant nestled within, you can imagine the keen delight of this happy little girl.

Here was a plaything truly worth having, a real live one, and her joy was unbounded. But,



alas for Pussinella! — she could not share this pleasure. She had been taken away from her mother, and, in spite of caresses and dainties, for many days she did nothing but cry piteously and refuse all comfort. It is a cat's nature, however, to accommodate itself to circumstances; and before very long she seemed to forget her home in the Quirinal, and the softest cushions, and handsomest chairs, and warmest corners in her new quarters seemed to compensate her for the loss of her former grandeur.

At first, of course, she was too young to eat anything, and would not lap the milk from a saucer as do other kittens; so she had to be fed like a baby, with a spoonful of milk at a time poured into her wee pink mouth. For this she had her own little spoon and little silver cup. This latter had belonged to the mother of her little mistress when she was a baby, and Pussinella grew so fond of it that she took it as her own especial property, and for several years, long after her milk-days were over, would never touch a drop of water given her in anything else, but would turn from glass or saucer and cry and mew until the chosen silver cup was brought.

While still very young, Pussinella traveled all the way from Rome to Genoa; for the father of her little mistress is a general, and Pussinella now found that she had entered upon a military life with all of its inconveniences as well as its pleasures. Poor little kitty, this first journey was a great trial to her, as indeed it was to every one else who went with her; for, what with

fright and discomfort, and general rage at thus being hurried off against her will, she cried lustily all night, neither sleeping herself nor allowing any one else to do so. In time even this was forgotten, and Pussinella settled down to a very pleasant, contented existence, having everything her own way, and ruling the whole household with such imperiousness that she soon gained for herself the amusing title of "*Padrona della Casa*," which means Mistress of the House.

Notwithstanding the fact that Pussinella was born in captivity, and brought up with the most tender loving care, she inherited a wild fierce nature which nothing seems able to tame or domesticate. So far as any one can contribute to her comfort, so far she permits their presence; but she allows not the slightest familiarity; a touch, or in fact a steady look, is always met with glaring eyes, tail upraised and waving like a plume, and such savage growls that the stoutest heart might well quail.

Only one exception she makes, and this is for her *padronchina*, or little mistress, whom she loves with a passion and complete absorption as strong as her nature is wild. Never have I seen such devotion, even in a dog, for it is all centered on just one person, to the exclusion of the whole world, and resembles more the love of a baby for its mother, than that of an animal for its master. At night she always sleeps very quietly on the bed of her *padronchina*, until seven in the morning, when she gets up, cries for some one to open the door, and then goes out on the terrace, which in Genoa is always on top of the house.

Here she stays in the warm, bright sunshine until her mistress appears. Then they usually have a gay romp together, for Pussinella is very fond of play and will spend hours dancing round on tiptoe with her shadow, or a leaf, or perhaps a little lizard, that she will catch in the cracks of the walls, and pat and paw and play with as if it were a mouse.

Sometimes, however, she wants more amusement than can be found by herself, and then she will run up to her *padronchina* with a peculiar coaxing purr, and, having attracted her attention, will dance off sideways in a graceful fashion. She repeats this over and over, until

the little girl lays down book or doll or sewing and joins in the sport. When her little mistress goes out, Pussinella seats herself in the antechamber and there waits her return, with all the

round the neck with her soft paws, purring all the while in a perfect ecstasy of content that her beloved companion is at home again.

On one occasion she was left at home while her padronchina went away on a visit of some weeks.

Pussinella was inconsolable, and would not allow any one to come near her; she forsook her sunny terrace, sat all day under a chair in a dark corner, and never washed herself once during all this time. Her grief was indeed great, and when the little girl returned it was a sad, forlorn pussy that flew to meet her, with her "feathers," as her little mistress always called the long silky fur, all ruffled and dirty, and a general unkempt appearance that would have rendered her scarcely recognizable had it not been for the fervent affection of her greeting.

Pussinella's every whim and humor are considered, and she has many, especially about her eating; no princess was ever half so fastidious or exacting, or gave so much trouble by her capricious appetite.

One day she will have only cooked meat, another only raw, still another none at all, but only fowl or birds. In Genoa, she had her own particular corner in the dining-room, with a little carpet on which her plate was set; but she did not always eat there — no, indeed! If the day was bright and sunny, she preferred the terrace, or the drawing-room, as her mood might be. She would walk ahead, looking back to see if



PUSSINELLA'S WELCOME HOME.

impatience of a child; and when she hears her step on the stone stairs, or the roll of the carriage to the door, she begins an excited cry, which does not cease until she is clasped in the arms of her dear mistress, whom she holds tight

she were being followed, until she got to the spot where she wished her meal, and there she would stop. She was always obeyed as respectfully as any royal queen, for her commands were usually enforced by such frantic cries or ominous

growls, that all feared to gainsay her, or preferred to keep the peace.

The kitchen was in the upper story of the house, and when Pussinella wished anything extra to eat, she would go upstairs to the door, put her head in and mew, and then turn and walk down, while the cook followed with the food. The kitchen was no place for so noble a lady to take her meals! I have seen five plates of different meats brought one after another, before she could find what suited her taste. I often wondered that the cook was so good and patient, but he admired her beauty and he feared her claws, so the result was complete obedience to her every whim.

One pretty habit of hers is always to cover anything left on her plate with an end of her carpet or anything at hand; she will scratch and scratch until she gets an end over the meat, and then walk contentedly away, though to what purpose no one can tell, as she never will eat anything once left. Many pages could be written about her tricks and her bright intelligence; how she opens doors for herself, recognizes her mistress's voice and step, even in another room, and scratches at the door, like a dog, for admittance, or, if she is not allowed to enter, sits quietly before it and never moves until

the one she loves so much comes out. She is full of curiosity, and will never allow even a paper parcel to come into the house, but she must run and smell and scratch, to see what it is; and, if she cannot find out herself, she will cry and cry until some one comes and opens it to let her look in. And most remarkable is her intense jealousy of all children, at whom she will hiss and snarl whenever they come to share her little lady's play.

But I am sure I have said enough to convince you that Pussinella is a very remarkable cat, and though she has many faults, you must, as I said, remember she is only a cat and has no mother to tell her what to do, and no brothers and sisters with whom to share her cake or chicken.

Then, too, she has always been petted and pampered and allowed to have her own way, and this, I am sure you will agree with me, is not very good, even for a cat.

She and her little mistress have now traveled again far to the south of beautiful Italy, and here, I fear, Pussinella will soon grow very fat and lazy in the warm, bright sunshine, and perhaps forget how to dance and catch lizards; though I am sure she will never forget to kiss and pat and love her dear padronchina.



THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[*This story was begun in the December number.*]

VIII.

STILL Quiz went on without slackening speed. It might ruin both tire and wheel-rim, but nothing should give him pause.

He urged his trembling wheel on until he felt himself near the banks of the creek that meandered round the Hawk's Nest. But he heard an angry roar instead of the gentle ripple he was used to. He knew that it was the time of spring freshets, and that the brook had doubled its width when he had ridden to his relay station the day before. But now a sudden flash of lightning that ripped the heavens barely saved him from pushing headlong into the wreck of the little wooden bridge that had carried the road across the harmless brook for years.

The snows melting in the far-away mountains, and the rains that had opened the flood-gates of the skies, had made a torrent of this peaceful stream. At the very brink of it Quiz leaped from his wheel.

And Lakerim only a mile away!

There was nothing to do now but take the railroad bridge, which crossed the brook on a high trestle a furlong away. Through the meadow he hastened, carrying his wheel on his shoulder and running as best he could.

He climbed the embankment that led to the single track, and started across, rolling his wheel along on the ties. When he left the solid earth and picked his way across the gaps in the trestle, it was a fearsome sight to look down at the boiling rapids far below. Still he screwed his courage to the sticking-point, and picked his way, measuring each step until he was well in the middle of the trestle.

His eyes had been busy with the gloom, try-

ing to find a foothold for his feet. Suddenly they were attracted by a light appearing ahead in the dark. It seemed that a star had bloomed, then it blossomed to a planet, and from that quickly to a moon. And then he knew it to be the dragon's eye of the 11:30 express sweeping down upon him! The trestle carried only a single track, and there was not room for him and his wheel at the outside edges of it.

There are far better places for a boy to be at midnight than the middle of a lofty railroad-trestle; especially when a lightning express, at full speed, is about to dispute possession with him.

The sight of the headlight that startled Quiz was followed at once by the increasing roar of the train as it swept upon him. After an instant of bewilderment he looked about for means of escape. "Maud S.," the champion trotter, could not have reached the end of the bridge in time to save herself, and for this boy, dismounted and trundling a bicycle with one tire punctured, there could be no escape that way. One glance at the turbid stream below showed that if he made a leap for life he would lose what he had leaped to save.

On the first impulse, Quiz was about to throw his wheel overboard and shift for himself. But the thought of the packet slung round his shoulders, and of his responsibility for its delivery in good time, dismissed that impulse.

There was but one thing to do—but one chance to take; and as he had been taking desperate chances from the beginning of his ride, he felt that he must take this one also. He stepped to the edge of the trestle, and knelt just outside the rails. Taking his bicycle by the crossbar he lowered it carefully over the side. It was a light racing-wheel and its

weight did not drag him after it. Grasping one of the ties with his left hand he cowered in a heap. He dared not look down at the rushing brook, for it made him dizzy. One glance at the express-train looming upon him like a fiery dragon was all he could endure. He closed his eyes; huddled himself together; waited.

Now he felt the fierce glare of the headlight upon him. Now there was a sharp shriek from the whistle. It almost sent him over into the stream. The fireman had seen him and had whistled: "Down brakes!" The engineer reversed the lever, and there was a great hissing of steam, a jangling of the bell, and a grinding of wheels on sand. But no power could have stopped the train in time.

Then on Quiz's ears the roar grew to a clatter of thunderbolts; the steam enveloped him; the scream of the brakes upon the wheels deafened him, and a sudden gale of wind almost swept him from the trestle.

But he hung to the wet ties, and hung to his bicycle.

And — after one dreadful moment — the express had shot past him and he was safe! He lost no time in wondering what the crew of the train would think when they brought the express to a halt and came back to search for him. But he gathered himself together at once, more frightened after the danger was past, than in his face; and set off along the track as fast as his trembling legs could carry him upon his course.

Near the end of the trestle, a road crossed the railway and ran down a hill into the town of Lakerim. Here Quiz bounded upon his wheel and coasted, caught the pedals at the very beginning of the level, and struck out for Lakerim.

At the outskirts of the town several of the Dozen met him and rode in with him, cheering him and marveling at his progress with lantern out, front tire punctured, and handle-bars askew. But Quiz had no breath to waste in answering idle questions. He bent far over and pumped away at the pedals with every pound of steam he could command.

And so he reached the square, where the next relay began. Here the champion of the

State awaited him and honored him for his noble work with the two words:

"Good boy!"

Well might he squander that much praise, for Quiz had made up all the time that was lost before him, and had brought in the packet five minutes ahead of his schedule. The next rider had no such obstacles before him, but a hard, level pike clear to the edge of the State, which promised still more gains upon the time-table.

Quiz, having surrendered the packet, fell from his wheel into the arms of his friends — and also into the arms of several reporters, who demanded what breath he had left to reply to their questions. They telegraphed all over the continent long stories of his magnificent ride. And Quiz woke up the next morning to find himself famous under his other name, Clarence Randolph, — for at least a day.

The next morning he also woke up to find himself summoned to an important meeting of the Lakerim Athletic Club. The Dozen met by appointment in the office of Mr. Clinton Mills, a young lawyer who had just "hung out his shingle," and had more time to spare than he knew what to do with. He had taken a great interest in the actions of the Dozen, and had invited them to talk over their club-house scheme.

When the meeting had been called to order by President Tug, and Mr. Mills had taken the floor of his own office, he said:

"Boys, — I mean Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Lakerim Athletic Club, — ahem! ahum! Your President has been kind enough to permit me to interfere in your affairs. I understand you are looking forward to having a club-house of your own. As I understand it, you are trying to earn money enough by your games to build this. I do not know whether or not you have thought how expensive a proper club-house will be; how much the land will cost, and all the gymnastic and other furnishings. I don't know whether you have thought how long a time it is going to take you to earn all this money.

"But if you have thought, you must know that it will be at least three years before you will have money enough laid up to start work."

At this point twelve faces lengthened dis-

mally, and twenty-four eyes looked at one another in dismay. The boys had never stopped to think all these things through.

"Besides, fellows—er—gentlemen," Mr. Mills went on, "when you have all your money together it takes a great amount of time to have plans drawn up and contracts let and building under way. And then it takes months and months to get the work done. Now, I suppose you have all been taught that running into debt is a very wrong and unwise thing to do?"

Twelve heads nodded solemnly.

"On the contrary," Mr. Mills said with equal solemnity, "it may sometimes be bad policy and very unwise not to run into debt. It all depends upon the reason for your borrowing. If you borrow something to spend on things you do not need, you are doing a thing both foolish and wicked. It is doubly hard to be deprived of necessities in the future to pay for needless luxuries of the past, and you will soon believe that all money borrowed foolishly is paid twice.

"But debts wisely contracted are the foundation of all wealth. Ninety per cent. of the business of the world is done on a credit basis, and only ten per cent. on a cash basis. Now, there is a way for this club to start the building of its club-house immediately, and to build a house costing thousands of dollars, in spite of the fact that you have in your treasury only—how much is there in your treasury?"

"Five hundred and fifty-two dollars," said Punk.

"You have earned, then, about \$550 in five months. A completely equipped club-house will cost you something like \$3500, and take months or years to raise. Now, the thing I would advise you to do, gentlemen, is this: Make some arrangement with your architects and builders by which they will take liens and mortgages on your building for security. What money you have can go as a first payment for land, and you can start work at once. By very active exertions you ought to have your club-house under roof before the first snow flies. I shall be very glad if the club will accept my services to draw up all the legal papers free of charge, and to do anything else I can."

When Mr. Mills sat down, History proposed a vote of thanks, but Jumbo leaped up and

moved three cheers, which the whole club seconded, and thirded, with yells. When order was restored it was soon voted to place the legal affairs of the club in the hands of Mr. Mills, who was to act as trustee, since all the boys were minors and could not own property.

Sawed-Off rose to say that as his father was an architect he felt sure he could get the plans drawn up for nothing, or next to nothing, and Jumbo suggested that his father having a lumber-yard would undoubtedly sell the club timber at the lowest possible rate. Other boys had fathers in other businesses where discounts would be of advantage, and Mr. Mills capped the climax of enthusiasm by remarking that the city was not using a certain tract of land on which had stood a school-house, now discarded for a newer and better building in another part of the town, and he thought it not impossible that the city officials could be persuaded to deed this to the club for its purposes. Or perhaps, the association of business men seeing the advantage to the town of having such a club-house, would buy the site from the city.

With this, the meeting broke up in high glee. Every member promised to do what he could at once.

A few days later another meeting was called to consider an invitation from the Greenville Academy to take part in a tournament of field and track athletics. Charleston and Greenville had been defeated so often by Lakerim that they were in favor of admitting Lakerim to the Tri-State Interscholastic League. But the rest of the academies, as I have said before, objected to admitting a mere high school into their circle.

The field-day of the League was not far off, and every academy was holding preliminary trials for the selection of a team to represent it.

Greenville was courteous enough to invite the poor frozen-out Lakerim Club to join them in a special tourney. For the Dozen to contest with a whole academy looked rash, but they had a mettle for everything in the line of sport; and they were not yet ready to take in any other Lakerim boys. So they determined to make what showing they could.

Every moment of liberty they could take from their school-hours they spent in practice. The

runners raced to school with an eagerness and a speed that might have led their teachers to think they were just a little bit fonder of their studies than they actually were. They raced home from school with a delight that did not exaggerate their gladness to be out.

The jumpers bounced around town like kangaroos. The hurdlers had many a bruise from trying to leap fences that were too high. The walkers went about the streets like badly jointed puppets. The hammer-throwers broke more than one fence, and bruised more than one shin. The shot putters displaced all the big boulders in town. The bicyclists made the stout villagers "humph" themselves, as Mr. Kipling says, at each the street crossings.

The Dozen ran, jumped, threw and whizzed till long after dark, and so strictly kept training that the town of Lakerim never saw so few pies consumed.

On a fine spring Saturday, behold a merry crew from Lakerim threatening the peace of the town of Greenville. The quarter-mile track in the academy grounds was rolled and sprinkled. The grand stand was gay with ribbons and flags to which were attached beaming men and women, boys and girls. Inside the quarter-circle there were all sorts of traps and contrivances, not to mention umpires and referees, feeling almost as big as their badges.

Most important of all was a human calliope, who announced the results of the contests in a voice that began like a trumpet and ended like a kazoo.

The first affair was the Mile Walk. Next to the motion of a one-legged hen or a dog with a sore foot, a walking match is probably the most ungraceful thing ever seen on earth. So the Greenville people put it first, that they might have it over with. There were three Greenville men and three Lakerim men entered for the walk, and the only good thing that can be said of it was that it was awkward enough to be funny. Otherwise the four laps would have put the audience to sleep or driven them home. Around the track the six hunched and crawled, doing more work for less speed than anything but a man on a treadmill.

A long legged Greenville man, who struggled along as if he were lifting his feet out of soft

tar at every step, got away with the rest from the start. Punk labored after him, but lost ground constantly, and in the last quarter had the pleasure of seeing another Greenville man crawl past him for second place.

This gave Greenville eight points to Lakerim's one; the first man scoring, of course, five points, the second man three, and the last man, one point, throughout the contests.

The second event of the Greenville program — which, for several reasons, was not according to the usual order — was the Mile Run. Reddy and Heady had entered for it, and also Tug. The twins got away together, and, then caps being soon blown off, they looked like the flaming brands of one of the ancient torch-races. Tug followed close after them, and three Greenville men were bunched at his heels. Greenville allowed the twins to set the pace for the first lap, and then one of their three shook himself out and came to the fore. This sprint was too much for Tug, who had trained for the Quarter-mile Race, and who felt it wisest to drop it and save himself for that event.

Reddy and Heady alternately pushed ahead of Greenville, and alternately fell back. After see-sawing thus into the home stretch they went at the track hammer and tongs, but the Greenville man drew ahead of both with ease, and the only thing for them to do was to fight it out between themselves for second place: for they had the other Greenvillians well distanced. The Greenville champion reached the wire first without difficulty, and after him Reddy and Heady flew, each vowing that the other should not beat him. Which one won is doubtful, for human eye could not see the difference between their noses. But there was no need of a decision, for whichever was second, the other was third. Score: Greenville, 13; Lakerim, 5.

And now came a Hundred yard Dash. There were no preliminary heats to be run off, and all depended on this one fraction of a minute. Lakerim had its hopes bent upon Pretty, and he crouched over the line like a lynx, but his ears were so quick that he heard the shot before it was fired. He gave a great lunge and was down the track like the wind. He did not heed the yells that greeted his mistake, but flew



on till Sawed-Off ran out and headed him off at the fifty-yard mark. But he had spent his first strength, and when the pistol was actually fired, he was late in that all-important thing, the start.

It was beautiful to see him running. Wavering neither to the right nor to the left, he sped like an arrow straight for the bull's-eye.

The Greenville sprinter, however, had too good a start, and bravely as Pretty gained on him, it was a Greenville breast that carried away the string. Bobbles was a poor third, and



Putting the Shot



Half-mile Run

Lakerim had to content itself with four points where it had felt sure it would win at least first place. Score: Greenville, 18; Lakerim, 9.

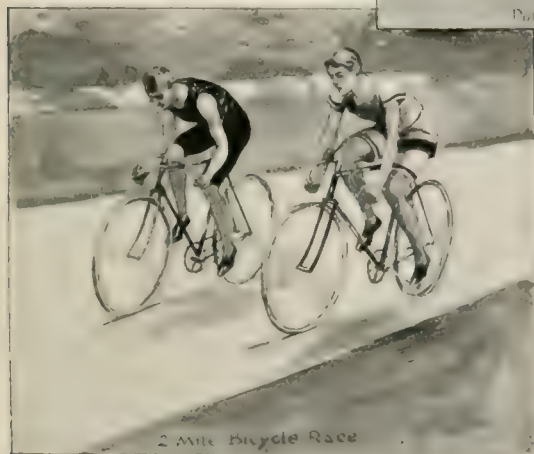
"They 've got us beaten," said Sleepy, dolefully.

"Never say die," said Tug, grimly.

"They 're easy," said Miggs of Greenville, Class of '00.

"Too easy to make it interesting," said Boggs of Greenville, '01.

The fourth contest was a Half-mile Run. Sawed-Off, who was the best all-round athlete of the Dozen, could run like a stag, for all his height and weight, and was the chief hope of Lakerim. Just to prove his right to a position in an athletic club, the diminutive History had actually entered the race, to the secret amusement of the Twelve, and the open merri-



2 Mile Bicycle Race

FOUR EVENTS FROM THE FIFTH CONTEST

ment of the audience when he took his place at the starting point, and assumed a violent posture that made him look like a pocket athlete.

"He 's slower than molasses in January," said Jumbo to Quiz.

"Still, I don't know," said Quiz. "He may get around once while the others are making it twice, and come in to the home stretch with the best of 'em."

He was more of a prophet than he knew. For History, having read somewhere of the wisdom of starting slowly on a long run, began at a gait just about fifty per cent. slower than that of the other runners. Furthermore he lost his spectacles, and had to grope around in the dust for them, and after that a shoe-lace broke and he must needs halt, make a knot in it and tie it up again. He was almost run over by the five sprinters, who had circled the course once and caught up with him when he was not halfway around his first lap.

History had a vague idea of making a bold dash when he had finished the first lap, and he set off again after the disappearing runners at an easy jog. Then a sharp stitch in the side caused him some trouble and he rested a moment. To his intense surprise, when he looked round before starting away again, he saw a Greenville man leading a thin line of runners straight for him to the home stretch. It dawned upon History that he would have to be an express train to get within the possibility of winning the race.

Then a great idea came to him. In his Latin class he had been much impressed with the story of Nisus and Euryalus as Virgil tells it. He saw Sawed-Off laboring along close after the Greenville man, but too far behind to stand much chance of winning the first place. History had an inspiration, as he called it, for proving that American friendship is as strong as Greek.

Just as the Greenville man reached his side, History pretended to slip; he lurched over against Sawed-Off's victorious rival, and brought him to the ground, falling heavily with him. The Greenville man was as wrathful as he was amazed, and kicked out wildly, landing one foot in History's stomach, and

scraping off those all-important spectacles with the other.

A yell of rage went up from the Greenville audience at the downfall of their champion. They were not near enough to see that it was all a contemptible trick, or History might not have got off with so little damage as the loss of breath and spectacles.

When Sawed-Off reached the scene of the downfall, he was too magnanimous to go on and take the prize that was now so easily in his grasp. He stopped and helped the disgusted Greenviller to his feet. The other contestants also stopped as they came up, and the race was evidently to be run over. As History saw the outcome of his plot he began to see how despicable such tactics are, and how little profit they bring. So he went back to his books, a sadder and a wiser boy.

The fifth contest was a Two-mile Bicycle race. When Quiz seated himself upon his wheel, which Tug held for him, Lakerim thought of his fame and plucked up a little courage. Then the Greenville bicyclist took his place, and he was so much longer of leg, and rode a wheel so much larger, and towered over Quiz so threateningly, and had such a record of victories, that Lakerim's heart fell again. Punk was the only other representative of the Dozen.

At the signal the five men rode out quite leisurely. The champion Greenville bicyclist soon turned into the pole and took the lead. He set a space meant to be heart-breaking, but Quiz hung to him like a tender. He spurted a stretch. But Quiz always held his position just at his back, and after him came Punk.

So they went around the track four times, until the first mile was done. And then the Greenville man was tired of being pace-maker, and slowed up to let Lakerim take the lead. But the two from Lakerim slackened their speed and declined to move up ahead. The Greenville wheelman tried to force them to pass him, but they modeled their speed on his, and for two laps more the bicyclists fairly crawled around the track until the audience roared in disgust.

Now the Greenville rider felt that he had

regained his breath; he put "spurs to his steed." With increasing velocity he then wheeled away until all the seventh lap was passed, and half of the next one. And then—there is no telling exactly how he did it—Quiz was suddenly out from his place and alongside his rival—was ahead of him and, swerving to the inner side of the track, had taken the pole!

The Greenville accepted the challenge, and came alongside in his turn, and away they flew like two stormy petrels skimming the sea. Around the curve they churned at a fearful slant. Neck and neck they dashed toward the wire, evenly placed, as if their wheels were locked side by side. But somewhere in his lungs and legs Quiz found a pound of reserve strength; and with a furious heart he drove it hard into his pedals, and crossed the wire half a foot in the lead!

Several yards later Punk crossed the wire, and the Lakerimmers let loose the cheers that they had packed away in their breasts. The score looked much better for them now as 21 to 15.

It looked better still when the tedious Broad Jump, after many narrow escapes, went to B. J., who, on his third trial managed to leap one eighth of an inch farther than the best distance the Greenville men could make.

Lakerim won the third prize also, thanks to the violent efforts of Punk. Score: Greenville, 24; Lakerim, 21.

The seventh event was the 120-yard Hurdle. Pretty and Jumbo were Lakerim's only entries in this event, and long practice had trained them just to take the cream off a hurdle, as it were, without touching it. But there was one Greenville man who had the same art. At the snap of the pistol Pretty and he got away together. The first yards before the first hurdle they ran at exactly even speed, and over the obstacle they went as one. Then Pretty proved best on the recovery, and reached the next hurdle first and took it alone. The third and the others also were his, and he soared over them like a greyhound on the hunt.

But the last obstacle he misjudged, and struck it with his toe, not hard enough to overturn it, yet hard enough to disconcert him, and to retard him for that fatal fraction of a sec-

ond, which means everything in a short dash; and when he entered the clear space he found the Greenville man at his side. Then there was a struggle that stirred the heart. Shoulder to shoulder the two boys sped, and when both made a desperate leap at the line, each faction of the spectators thought its man had won.

All Greenville howled with delight, and all Lakerim yelled in triumph. Those of the audience that were not partisans of either side found themselves screaming for both. No one had noted that Jumbo was the next man home; but every one crowded about the judges, gesticulating and demanding a decision for the favored man.

The decision was a victory for the Lakerim contingent; and when the judges, after consultation, unanimously agreed that Pretty had been a hair's breadth ahead of his rival, their joy knew no restraint. Elderly citizens slapped one another on the shoulder, and grew purple in the face, and the white-haired banker winked at the gray-bearded principal of the High School. The mothers of Lakerim were waving their handkerchiefs, and the girls were screaming almost as loud as the boys.

27 to 27!

There is a beautiful balance about such a score that appeals to every artistic mind.

But hope received a shock when the next contest, also a Hurdle Race, of 220 yards, gave Greenville 8 points to Lakerim's 1; for Bobbles could not make better than third place, and neither Reddy nor Heady could beat out the other Greenville man.

With the score at 35 to 28 it was evident that the contest was to be again a stern-chase, which, as every one knows, is a long chase.

On the Pole Vault B. J. showed a knack for playing monkey on a stick to such an extent that the Greenville ape could not squeeze himself over the crossbar where B. J. left it, though twice he broke a bar in the attempt.

Punk proved the importance of winning even third place, and in his steady, cautious way added one point to the Lakerim count on the pole vault.

The score now stood 38 to 34.

And Lakerim looked to Sawed-Off and his strong triceps for further gain.

In putting the shot straight from the shoulder the boy shoved the heavy cannon-ball out into space with a vim that should have driven it into the middle of next week. It hardly went that far, but, on the last put, it thudded the ground at a point out of all reach by Greenville muscles.

One of the Academy men was a bad second, and Tug was a fair third.

When Lakerim saw the Greenville score once more within sight, it sent up three whole-souled cheers for Sawed-Off. Score: Greenville, 41; Lakerim, 40.

The High Jump was unfortunately placed too close to the Pole Vault, but since the Dozen had to appear in more than a proper number of events, to eke out their small numbers in the face of the larger numbers the Academy had to offer, there was nothing to do but set the weary but plucky B. J. to work again.

Leap as he would, he could not wriggle over the mark reached by Greenville, and after three vain trials had to rest content with second place. And there was no Lakerim man to take the third. Score: 47 to 43.

But in the 440-yards Run Tug acquitted himself nobly, and took his place among the ranks of 5-point winners.

Sleepy, realizing that he was of little value in a spurt, set the pace at a high rate, which left all but two of the contestants behind, so that when Tug and the Greenville man by a score of feet. There was nothing further passed him on the home stretch he won third to say, except to grumble at the hammer.

place at an easy trot. The score now stood: 5 to 49.

In the 220-yard Dash Pretty's rival had his revenge, and beat the Lakerim men handily, but since Jumbo was a good third, his victory was not fatal to Lakerim hopes. The Dozen still saw in the score of 55 to 53 some reason to believe that the steady Sawed-Off could win the day.

While Pretty was meeting defeat upon the track, Sawed-

Off was bringing dismay to the hearts of all the Academy hammer-throwers. Sawed-Off had taken a hint from a Western school-boy, who had seen



fit to make a variation on the old style of hammer; instead of the stiff rod he used a flexible wire for a handle, and got much advantage from it. He whirled this about his head with terrific force, and sent the hammer flying out into space in a beautiful arc. Beginning gradually he passed the successive marks of the Greenville men, until one superb throw caused the man who ran out with the tape-measure to look twice and gasp with astonishment, for Sawed-Off's throw had hurled the hammer 155 feet 3 1/4 inches, which broke all the records of the League

Sawed-Off maintained that his hammer came within the rules, and was a proper improvement on the rigid handles previously used. The judges could find nothing in the laws against it, but there was so much grumbling in Greenville that Sawed-Off seized the hammer used by their champion, and, ordering the crowd to flee for their lives, waved it about his head and sent it into space from the catapult of his whole body.

It went so much farther than the best Greenville record that there was no more wrangling.

But Punk, in whom Greenville had placed hope for at least third place, had failed to equal even his practice record, and Lakerim's heart sank at the score — 59 to 58.

Then they were beaten after all!

But suddenly one of the judges remembered that the postponed half-mile race had not yet been run over. Sawed-Off was the only man Lakerim could count on for a good place in this run. For Tug, in leaping high in air to celebrate Sawed-Off's great hammer-throwing, had come down with his ankle awry, and strained it so badly that he must needs be helped off the field.

Here Lakerim was in a fine plight with its first runner worn out and its second disabled. Sawed-Off, however, insisted on going into the race, and while Jumbo was diplomatically engaging the judges in a discussion that delayed the start to the last possible moment, Sawed-Off was screwing his courage to the sticking point.

The Greenville man, who had shown himself Sawed-Off's superior in the first trial, had run recently in the 220-yard dash, and he was too short-winded to be at his best. Sawed-Off on the other hand, was one of those natural athletes that thrive on exercise and grow stronger after a hard struggle. He set so tight a pace that the Greenville man was dizzy before the first lap was over, and in the last quarter was so breathless that he fell out in spite of the wild encouragement and protests

of his coaches. While Bobbles was winning an exciting race for second position with a Greenville man, Sawed-Off crossed the line at a walk.

And the final score stood Lakerim, 64; Greenville, 60.

It will need no affidavit from me to convince you that the Lakerim Athletic Club misbehaved itself in a most undignified manner and felt itself inhumanly happy at the discomfiture of its rivals. Home they went in the Lakerim carryall, their voices reduced to mere husks from their much yelling, and their muscles almost wearier with cavortings than with athletic labors.

Sawed-Off was placed upon the seat with the driver — the nearest thing to a throne the boys could find.

So home they drove, the two horses tugging and straining at the bits in their eagerness to be in their stalls again, and the driver too sleepy to give them proper attention. The carryall took one or two curves on two side wheels.

Of course the crisis came just at the top of a steep hill. A sudden bolt of the horses snapped the lines out of the hand of the driver, and he wakened from a doze to see his uncheckable steeds taking the long hill down which Jumbo had coasted into fame, at a furious gait that meant a certain smash-up if they could not be checked before a sharp turn at the foot of the incline. Immediately the cowardly driver yelled to the Dozen to save themselves; and jumped.

The boys in the carryall, hearing the driver's cry of terror, craned their necks to see the danger that threatened them. Sawed-Off's quick backward glance showed him that the driver, as he struck, must have broken some bones if not his neck.

The boy found himself alone on the driver's box, the reins dangling out of reach, and eleven of his friends dependent upon him for their safety, perhaps for their lives.

(To be continued.)



OUR FIRST THREE GALS.

TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.

BY J. F. TROWBRIDGE.

Illustrated by the Author.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT WAS HIDDEN IN THE MANGER.

THE last trick of the trick dog had surprised Cliff at a moment when he was so full of trouble that in his despair he had exclaimed, "Let him

go!" and cared little if he never beheld Sparkler again. What disappointments, what fatigues, that wily and treacherous animal had caused him!—and now had come this acme of the boy's woes, this horrible uncertainty as to what had befallen his faithful friend Quint. Nevertheless, even in his wretched state of mind, it was a matter of interest that Sparkler had gone

back in the direction from which they had come—the way Cliff must now return.

He called again; he explored the ground all about, under the trees and on the corners of the intersecting roads; he looked in every direction in the vain hope of seeing a human figure start out from the shadows; then with a heavy heart he turned back toward the shed.

He had but a flickering hope of finding that Quint had reached there, and it died within him before he had fairly passed beneath the roof. He called Quint's name and kicked the heap of straw; for although Cliff's friend was foremost in his thoughts, he also remembered the bare possibility of Sparkler's having gone back again to that comfortable bed. But then neither the dog nor his friend made sound or sign in that solitary shelter.

He stood gazing up and down the road, when he perceived a light. It was evidently in motion; it was approaching in the middle of the highway. The moon's beams reduced its rays to a feeble glimmer

and soon revealed a man carrying it: a stocky man, in a buttoned frock coat, and wearing a round-topped hat.

Cliff watched his approach and drew back

into the shed to wait, filled with a fearful hope that the coming of the man with the lantern somehow concerned him and Quint.

Arrived at the shed, the man turned into it, and holding up the lantern where Cliff stood in the shadow, cast its light upon both their faces. His own was that of a ruddy, Americanized Irishman—our friend Terry, in short.

"Are you the boy from Biddicut?" he inquired, peering at Cliff curiously.

Cliff had already noticed that the stocky man wore the uniform of a police officer.



"I'LL HOLD YOU THIS TIME, IF I LIVE!" CLIFF EXCLAIMED JUBILANTLY.

"The other Biddicut boy sent you?" he answered eagerly. "Where is he?"

"Down at the police station," the officer replied. "He has had a rough time. He was

troubled about you, and so I offered to come and find out about you.

Cliff anxiously inquired of the officer what had happened to the other boy from Biddout.

"Nothing very serious," Terry answered. "Only he caught your dog-seller, and had a set-to with him. But he stuck to him, and brought him to the station."

"Oh, Quint! — he 's great!" cried Cliff, rejoicing too quickly.

"'T was a fine piece of strategy," Terry admitted. "But at the last moment the rogue turned the tables on him by a cunning trick and got away."

"Oh! — how could he?" Cliff wailed.

"I 'll tell you on the way back. We 've made your friend pretty comfortable, and he wants you to join him. You have his hat? I was to look for that, as well as for you."

"To think," exclaimed Cliff, "that he should have caught Winslow and I should have caught the dog, and that both should have got away!"

He was explaining how Sparkler had found him on the straw there, when he paused in amazement at sight of an object revealed by the rays of Terry's lantern. It was a piece of most familiar-looking cord, hanging over the side of the manger. He sprang to seize it.

"The lantern! hold the lantern!" he cried, leaping forward and carefully doing the cord toward some object to which it was attached.

Terry lifted the lantern, and exposed to view,

curled up in the bottom of the manger and pretending to be fast asleep, but doubtless as wide-awake as any four-footed creature could be, the thrice-lost Sparkler! — Sparkler, wisest of dogs.



"AFTER HAVING SEARCHED, AND BEING THE LUCKY HOUND, HEAN TO THE END." (THE END OF THE STORY.)

yet not wise enough to know it was a short-sighted and ostrich-like policy, in hiding, to leave the piece of cord trailing at length behind him.

"I'll hold you this time, if I live!" Cliff exclaimed jubilantly. He fastened the cord about his wrist.

Sparkler seemed reluctant to leave the manger, but Cliff forced him to take the leap.

"What 's this, do you believe? He was guarding something," said Terry, lowering his lantern so as to shed its light into the vacated manger.

Sparkler, seizing the officer's coat-tail, tugged at it with a menacing snarl.

"Sparkler!—behave!" Cliff commanded. "See what it is. I'll hold him."

Terry thereupon fished up a curiously-shaped roll, which fell open in his hand, and assumed the shape of a flat, empty bag; Sparkler growling, and springing to get at him.

"That 's Winslow's!" cried Cliff, in high excitement. "It 's his gray linen grip-sack! I understand the whole business now!"

As the officer was mystified, the boy briefly explained.

"He followed Winslow as long as he carried that. It might be a roll he could put into his pocket, or it might be a bag with his duster in it. But if he left it anywhere, then the dog knew he was to meet Winslow at that place, or wait for him there. He had come back to stay with the bag when he found me here."

"If that was the scheme," observed Terry, "then your man will return here. Leave the bag just as we found it."

"It must have been covered with straw; I got all of this litter out of the manger," said Cliff. "Now let 's have it all back, and put out the light, and leave everything till my partner and I can come in the morning and waylay the crafty Mr. Winslow."

XXV.

WHAT CLIFF CARRIED IN HIS POCKET.

SPARKLER had become quiet after the bag was returned to its place; and he followed readily when Cliff led him from the shed and set off, guided by Terry, down the road.

"What time is it?" Cliff inquired.

The officer pulled out his watch and turned its white countenance up to the moon.

"Twenty minutes to nine."

VOL. XXV.—73.

"No later?" exclaimed Cliff. "Will any stores be open in the village?"

He explained his purpose, and on entering the village Terry took him to a store where small articles of hardware were retailed. He laid Quint's hat on the counter and inquired:

"Have you any copper wire?" Some samples being shown, he selected one that was sufficiently light and flexible, and said, "Cut me off three yards of this."

The piece obtained, he made one end fast to the dog's collar; then passed the rest in a long spiral around the entire cord, including the loop at his wrist. The two men watched him with interest, giving him such assistance as he required; but Sparkler looked sleepy and indifferent.

"He may gnaw the cord, but I defy him to bite off the wire! How much is to pay?"

As he said this he thrust his free hand into his pocket, and drew it out again with something that might have been silver or nickel, but was n't money.

"What 's this?" he muttered; and it was a moment before he recognized the shining object he had picked up near the spot where he found Quint's hat. He had not since given it a thought; indeed, he had hardly been conscious of slipping it into his pocket in the moment of surprise when Sparkler got away from him. Examined in the lamplight, it resembled less the part of a knife-handle, which he had at first taken it for. It was in shape a long oval, about three inches in length by nearly three quarters of an inch in width; thin and slightly curved; on the innermost surface were two short rivets. The outer surface was brightly polished, with rounded edges, and it bore an engraved inscription.

Cliff held it up to the light and read the lettering, with a face betraying the utmost astonishment, his eyes staring and his lips forming an inaudible exclamation. Then he flung himself upon Sparkler, as if with intent to throttle that unconcerned and impassive quadruped.

His immediate business, however, was not so much with the dog as with the dog's collar, a strap of maroon-colored leather, starred with nickel studs about an inch and a half apart,

except in one place where two studs seemed to be missing.

With hands trembling in their eagerness, Cliff applied his metal plate to the space thus left, and found that it not only fitted, but that the rivets corresponded exactly with the two rivet-holes in the collar.

He sprang to his feet, unwilling to tell any one of his discovery until he had imparted the tremendous secret to his friend. "What will Quint say," was the thought uppermost in his mind, as he accompanied Terry to the station.

The door was wide open, and within sat Quint with his back to the stove, and his coat and vest hanging near it on the office railing. On the stove were two bowls containing hot chocolate, and on a stool beside him was a tray containing a comfortable repast for two,—boiled eggs, as white as the saucer that held them, a loaf of bread, butter and salt, knives and spoons and plates. The air of the room was warm, despite the open door, and humid from the vapor of steaming garments.

This banquet set before him must have been tempting to the tired and hungry boy, now quite recovered from his faintness. But Quint was unwilling to taste food until his friend could partake of it with him.

The appearance of Cliff at the door, with Sparkler capering before him, very nearly proved disastrous to the contents of the tray, which Quint's knee knocked in his sudden attempt to rise. Fortunately he caught it, and steadied it on the stool.

"The dog?" he cried, his face lighting up joyfully. "Cliff, you've beaten me! I'm glad one of us has had some luck!"

"Don't say luck till I tell you," replied Cliff, in gleeful agitation. "Whether it's luck or not, I don't know. But it's great!" And he held out the metal plate.

No common adjective seemed strong enough to express Quint's astonishment as he read the inscription; but the famous words of Brutus, which he had so often spouted, broke from his lips with a force of feeling he had never put into them before:

"Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolt!" How did you come by that?"

"See how it fits," said Cliff, pulling Spark-

ler forward, parting his curls, and showing the place in the collar, which the plate and the rivets fitted. "I found it near your hat, up there in the woods. I feel certain Winslow must have lost it."

"And I know just how he lost it," exclaimed Quint.

"May I see?" asked the Chief.

"Yes, you can see it," said Cliff, passing the name-plate over to the chief, who read the inscription with delighted curiosity.

"*'P. T. Barnum!'*" he exclaimed. "*'Bridgeport, Conn. License 373.'*" Thunderation, young fellows, that 's Barnum's celebrated circus dog! He 's worth a thousand dollars!"

Cliff stroked the spaniel's head affectionately.

"If he belongs to Barnum, Barnum must have him back again, I suppose. I only wish he was mine! Now tell about your tussle with Winslow, Quint."

"Begin your supper, boys," counseled the chief, "and tell your stories over your eggs and chocolate."

"That 's judgmatical," observed Quint.

XXVI.

HOW THE BOYS FOUND SUPPER AND LODGING.

"SUPPER? our supper?" said Cliff, eying the contents of the bowl and tray with an interest which the more exciting question of the moment could not wholly eclipse. "How is that?"

"We sometimes have to feed a prisoner, and your friend here came so near to being one, that I thought we owed him a treat. He'll tell you about it; or perhaps Terry would prefer to. Eh, Terry? Well, lay to, boys, before the supper gets any colder."

He placed a second chair for Cliff, opposite Quint's, with the tray on the stool between them, and handed them the chocolate. Hungry, happy, grateful, they cracked their eggs and told their stories, while Terry, kneeling before the open stove-door, toasted slices of bread for them on a fork.

Quint in his narrative cast no blame upon the officer, but called it a "very natural mistake," and took his slice of crisp toast from the friendly hands that prepared it, ate it with im-

mense relish, declaring they "would have Winslow yet."

"He will certainly go back to the shed for the dog and his bag," he said; "and we must be there to nab him, very early in the morning, if we don't go to-night. I am getting dry, and rested. How is it with you, partner?"

"My little nap in the shed was almost as good as a night's sleep," Cliff replied. "Then there was a good deal of the right kind of medicine in catching the dog, finding you all right—and such a supper as this! I could start for home, if there was any hope of reaching it in three or four hours."

As that was out of the question, the chief offered to find lodgings for them in a house near by, where their supper had been ordered.

"You are kindness itself!" said Cliff. "But we can turn in for only a little while; and I must n't be parted from this dog."

"Then allow me to make a suggestion," said the chief, between puffs of his cigar. "We've got a couple of cells downstairs, and they open into an airy room. Unoccupied—no bedding—straw mattresses—rather thin, but clean. You won't find 'em bad to sleep on; and you can keep the dog with you."

Cliff shrugged and lifted his eyebrows at Quint. Quint smiled his drollest smile and looked quizzically at Cliff over the devastated tray.

"It will be enough for me to brag that I've had on a pair of iron wristbands," he remarked. "If it should get to the boys in Biddicut that I'd slept in a police-station I would n't answer for the result. I'm afraid some of 'em would die of envy."

The chief laughed as he knocked the ashes off his cigar, while Terry stood by and grinned.

"If we could get into a barn somewhere and put in three or four hours' sleep on the hay," said Cliff, "that would be better than going back to the shed before daylight."

"That would suit me," said Quint. "I've more than once slept in a barn in summer, just for fun. I'm getting dry enough."

He put on his vest, but held his coat to the fire for a turn or two, while Cliff offered the fragments of their repast to Sparkler. At first the dog had declined food, and he now winked

at it somewhat contemptuously as he lay curled up by the stove.

"If you had spoken about the barn a little earlier I might have managed it," said Terry. "Deacon Payson's barn," with a consulting glance at the chief. "May be I can now. The deacon is usually up later than this."

As the boys welcomed this suggestion, Terry, with the chief's approval, went out to see what arrangements could be made. In his absence the boys talked over their affairs with the chief and got his advice as to what they should do if they found Winslow, and what if they did n't, and as to their best course in regard to the dog that had in so strange a manner come into their possession.

Then Terry returned and said, "It's all right. Deacon Payson's haymow will accommodate you."

He relighted his lantern, Quint put on his coat and shoes, and Cliff, with a pull of the wire-wound cord, woke up Sparkler, who had been dozing by the stove. Then the boys shook hands with the chief, who wished them luck, and promised them further assistance, if they should require it; and they departed, preceded by Terry carrying his lantern, and followed by the dispirited spaniel.

A little way up the street, Terry knocked at a door, which was opened by an old gentleman in shirt sleeves.

"I've brought my young chaps, Mr. Payson," said the officer, stepping aside and holding his lantern so that his "young chaps" could be seen.

The old gentleman looked them over and fixed his eyes on Quint.

"I thought so," he remarked. "I've seen one of 'em before. Have n't I?"

"You were in the crowd around the hot box this afternoon when I was inquiring for a man and a dog," Quint replied, glad to recognize the kindly face.

"Terry tells me that you want to sleep in my barn," said the old gentleman. "I'll be with you in a second."

He stepped back into the room, and reappeared putting on his coat, then he led the way along a path lighted by the mingled rays of the moon and of Terry's lantern. Having

unlocked a stable door, he took the lantern from Terry's hand and preceded the others, past a stall in which there was a horse lying down, into a well-filled barn beyond.

"Here 's hay right here on the floor," he said, "and I can get you blankets."

"If it was my case," said Terry, "I should get up on this load of hay. Here 's a ladder a-purpose. Then you 'll be out of the way of rats."

Quint surveyed the premises with satisfaction, and said he was n't afraid of rats.

"Particularly with the dog to watch us," Cliff added, laughing. "He 's good for almost everything else; he ought to be death on rats! I believe he smells 'em now."

Sparkler was, in fact, sniffing about excitedly, putting his nose in the littered hay, whining, and finally setting his forefeet on a round of the ladder, with a wistful upward look, as if he understood and approved Terry's suggestion.

"The dog votes for the top of the load," said Quint; "and I 'm not so sure but that will be the best place for us. It may be the safest for him, if he is going to try any more of his tricks."

"You mean, if he gets away from me!" said Cliff. "He is n't going to do that, I tell you! But if he should, he 'd find his way down from that load quicker than you or I could!"

"I guess the best place is right here on the floor," Quint concluded. "'T won't do any harm to pull down a little more hay, will it?"

"None at all," Mr. Payson replied. "And here are some carriage cushions."

"Quint, this is luxury!" said Cliff.

"Cliff, this is judgmatical!" replied Quint. "We would n't ask anything more comfortable, if we had our choice of lodgings."

"I wish our folks could know!" said Cliff.

"How are we to get out in the morning?"

"I shall have to lock you in," Mr. Payson answered; "but if you are stirring before my man comes round, you can open this big front door from the inside; I 'll show you how the swivel-bar works. Or you can unbolt the door in the rear. Unless you start too early in the morning, my folks can give you some breakfast."

"If you want any help from us, you 'll find the station open," said Terry, "I 'll post the night-officer, so there 'll be no more mistakes at our end of the line."

The boys had made their bed between the side of the load and the front door, and were preparing to lie down in their clothes after kicking off their shoes.

"Come here now!" Cliff commanded, making Sparkler lie down by his side. "He heard us talk of rats, and can't forget it." He took the precaution to make a couple of turns with the leash about his arm in addition to the loop at his wrist. "Even if he should get loose, I don't suppose he can get out of the barn."

"Not before the doors are opened," Mr. Payson replied, regarding his guests with amused satisfaction. "I should say that you are pretty cozy."

With an exchange of good-nights, the men went out with the lantern; and the boys found themselves alone on the floor of the great, shadowy, moon-visited barn.

"I don't know how to thank folks," said Cliff. "Somehow, when anybody has been good to you, any words about it sound foolish."

"We have had more kindness shown to us than anything else on this trip," Quint replied, "even putting Winslow and the old cook into the opposite scale."

"I 'm thinking," said Cliff, "we 'd better let Winslow slide. Now that we have the dog, we can make enough out of him to pay for the trouble."

"I 'm rather surprised at you, Cliff," Quint answered, after a moment's silence. "Just after we started on this expedition, and it was growing a little mite interesting, you 'd have given it up two or three times, if it had n't been for me."

"I 've wished we had given it up more times than that," Cliff confessed. "Think of what you have gone through! Such a wetting as you got, and the trouble the rascal gave you, up there in the woods—let alone his turning you over to the police! It makes me laugh, though, to think of that!"

"We 'll laugh at the whole thing when we 're safe through it," said Quint. "May be we sha'n't get much satisfaction out of Algermon, in

one way, even if we catch him. But as I owe him for the wetting, *and* the broken head, *and* the cold wrist-bands, not to mention other small items, I want to pay him in a lump, and get his receipt in full. In short, I mean to get even with Algernon K. if it takes another day to do it."

Cliff made no reply to this declaration, which suggested such possibilities of still further hardships and disappointments. Quint waited a minute, then went on in a tone which betrayed how deeply hurt he was by his friend's silence:

"You have the dog, and now you naturally want to hurry away with him. That's all right, Cliff; that's the important thing to you. The important thing to me is the bear-hug I am saving up for Winslow. This may be a weakness on my part; and I've no doubt the course you propose is the wisest. But if I don't get in that squeeze, I shall feel a want, as if I had missed something useful and agreeable, all the rest of my life."

"I feel just so too," Cliff replied. "Although we've secured the dog, I never shall feel quite happy about it unless we get Winslow. But I'm doubting whether the chance of catching him is worth what it will cost."

"We can find that out only by making the trial. Just give me a little help in the morning," said Quint; "then if we don't scoop him in, and if I should feel like sticking to his trail a little longer, I'll go ahead on my own account, and let you start for home without me."

Cliff reached over and gave Quint's arm an affectionate grip.

"See here, Quint," he said; "don't misunderstand me. Remember what Cassius says — 'A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.' I've played that part to your Brutus too many times, to have a disagreement with you in earnest."

"Oh, it's no disagreement!" Quint protested.

"The fact is," said Cliff, "I was used up too soon on this tramp. I have n't anything of your tremendous 'stick-to-it-iveness'; and I — but no matter!" choking a little. "You've been such a friend to me — you've helped me to get the dog, which is your dog now just as much as he is mine; and now I'm going to

help you overhaul Winslow again, no matter how long it takes; and you won't hear me say another word about turning back as long as you want to follow him."

"Cliff! you're the pluckiest fellow I ever saw!" Quint exclaimed; and the boys' two hands were clasped in a hearty pressure. "Pluckier than I am!"

"Don't be absurd!" Cliff remonstrated.

"I mean it!" said Quint. "You have stuck to this business when you've seen it would be wiser to give it up. I am a little more obstinate than you are, that's all. And now you offer to give up your wisdom to my obstinacy. Well, I think we've a good chance of trapping Winslow in the morning. We must stop talking now and get some sleep."

"I forgot you did n't have a nap, as I had," said Cliff. "I feel as if I could talk all night. Is n't it pleasant in here! — the moonlight slanting in at that window, and striking down over the stalls! Sparkler is sleeping, as quiet and contented as the most honest dog in the world."

Quint made no reply, and his heavy breathing soon showed that he was asleep. Nor was it long before Cliff succumbed to blissful drowsiness, and slept soundly on their bed of hay, between his friend and the dog.

The moonbeams mounted higher and higher over the stalls, and sent their radiance through the racks, as the great, slow, solemn, starry wheel of night rolled on. The last fading yesterday joined the countless yesterdays of the past, and another untried morrow was at hand.

Then a dark figure crept to the edge of the load of hay, put one foot after the other on the rounds of the ladder, and slowly and with the utmost caution began to descend.

The dog gave a whine and a start, tightening the cord about the arm at his side. Cliff roused instantly, put out his hand, felt the dog's head, and patting it, told him to lie still. His eyes opened enough to see that only a few feeble flecks of moonlight rested high up on the partition, and that all was quiet in the deepening gloom of the barn. Then he slept again.

During this slight disturbance, and for some minutes afterward, the figure on the ladder remained perfectly motionless against the side of the load. Then it put out a hand in the direc-

tion of the dog, and waved it with an expressive downward gesture. From that time Sparkler made neither sound nor movement; the wary feet felt their way down the ladder, and Algeron K. Winslow stood upon the barn floor.

XXVII.

"WHAT MAN-TRAP IS THAT?"

STANDING so close to the load of hay that he might have been taken for a part of it, the dog-seller contemplated the situation. He had slipped into the barn when the owner was bedding down his horses the evening before, found a lodging on top of the load, and had been, no doubt, highly edified by the conversation of the two boys on the floor below. Now the time had come for him to anticipate their well-laid plans by some shrewd action.

Quint's prominent features were distinctly visible in the dim, diffused light. His face was pale, and the shut eyelids with the discolored bruise on his temple gave it a sad and stern expression even in sleep. He lay on his back, with one relaxed arm on his breast, the other outstretched on the blanket, and with his shoes and hat beside him on the floor.

Nearer the silent standing figure lay Cliff, turned over on the arm to which the cord was attached, with his face toward Sparkler, curled up close by on the hay. Cliff's hat and shoes were under the corner of the load, at Winslow's very feet. All this the keen eye of the observer took in, even to the slender, serpent-like coil of gray cord about the dark sleeve.

He looked at the great door, then down at the legs in his way, and the eyes that would open, if they opened at all, upon any object moving in that direction. Thanks to overhearing Mr. Payson's explanations, he had knowledge of another door in the rear of the barn. He stooped to give Sparkler a quieting caress, and to look into his slyly blinking eyes, then glided away to make discoveries.

With movements so furtive that if they had been heard, nothing more than the presence of mice on the littered floor would have been suspected, he passed the load of hay, groped his way around the carriage beyond, and found the door he sought. He had no difficulty in slip-

ping the bolt without noise, and in opening the door a little space, to see that his way of escape was clear. It was bright starlight without; the moon was near its setting, if not already set.

Leaving the door open a good arm's-breadth, he stole back toward the front of the barn, observing every turn, and every obstacle to be avoided in any precipitate retreat. Within half a yard of Cliff's head, he got down upon his hands and knees, under the corner of the load of hay. It was darker now, and the faces of the sleepers were indistinct in shadow, but their steady breathing reassured him. He advanced his hand until he felt the cord.

He took out his knife intending to cut it, but something harder than hemp stayed his blade. Wire!—a long flexible piece encircling the cord, and extending from a small loop at the dog's collar to a larger one at the boy's wrist.

Upon making this discovery he was minded to cut the collar, but the boy was sleeping so heavily that he decided to unbuckle it. This he did without difficulty, and having freed it from both cord and wire he put it into his pocket.

He was now ready to depart and to take the dog with him; but he must first devise some means of delaying pursuit. He crept by the cushions that pillowed the boys' heads, and reached until his groping hand touched Quint's shoes. These he took, with the hat, and creeping back, placed them beside Cliff's hat and shoes. He was now ready for his last most ingenious device, which he could n't think of, even at that critical moment, without a chuckle of delight.

"Since he 's so determined to hold something, I 'll oblige him," he whispered facetiously to himself, as he carried the released end of the cord toward one of the wagon-wheels, meaning to make it fast to the rim. "He sha'n't wake up and feel he has been wasting his time!"

But that very large substitute for the dog's collar was too far away to permit a turn of the cord to be taken about it, without a coil or two from Cliff's arm: which could be had only at the risk of disturbing his slumber. Winslow

thereupon produced from his pocket another piece of cord, which he had not found it necessary to part with, and was about to cut off enough for his purpose, when another happy thought struck him.

"No use being mean about a little string." His position, kneeling on the barn-floor, was becoming irksome; and having knotted his cord to the end of Cliff's, he rose to his feet. Then, instead of tying it to the wagon-wheel, he put it through the wheel, and made the end fast to the ladder, quite at his leisure. "To make things lively for 'em, if they start off in a hurry!" was his amiable intention.

So far all was well, from his own point of view; although our boys, if they had been awake to the situation, might have regarded it differently. He was prepared to resume his career in a gullible world, and only one other slight precaution remained to be taken.

He would have stolen their clothes if that had been possible. As it was, he could make free only with their hats and shoes.

The hats, one after another, he tossed up on the load of hay, where they lodged noiselessly. All this time the dog had lain as still as the sleeping boys; but now, at a signal from his master, he crouched on his paws, alert and intelligent, awaiting orders. Then in one hand Winslow gathered all the shoes except one; this he gave to Sparkler to carry, and with that too faithful accomplice, stole away, as silent as the shadows amid which they passed.

And still the tired Biddicut boys slept on.

At this juncture an astonishing thing occurred.

As Winslow approached the door, which he had left unlatched and slightly ajar, he was startled to see it swing all at once wide open, as if moved by an unseen hand. He stopped, half expecting a human form to appear in the square of star-lit space suddenly confronting him. But all was strangely quiet, and it seemed for a moment as if the door had opened magically, of its own accord, to let him pass.

The mystery was quickly solved; a wind was rising, and it had carried the outward-

swinging door around on its hinges. He foresaw what might happen next, and hastened forward to prevent it. But he was too late. A counter-gust swung the door again, shutting it with a loud, rattling bang.

An indescribable hubbub ensued. The boys started up with cries of amazement, demanding of each other what had happened.

"It was a door that slammed!" exclaimed Quint.

"Somebody has been in the barn!" cried Cliff, feeling hurriedly for the dog.

"Where in thunder are my shoes?" Quint roared.

"The dog! the dog is gone!" said Cliff, in wild consternation. "He 's here, though!"

He was on his feet, following up the cord, which was certainly attached to something, but which seemed to be miraculously lengthened, as if it had grown in the night.

"Jehu! — what 's all this?"

His hand encountered the wired knot that had clasped Sparkler's collar; but instead of the collar he found more cord — more cord!

"The old Harry has been here!" he wailed, in mad bewilderment.

"It 's the old Winslow!" said Quint. In springing up he had struck his head a stunning blow against the projecting frame of the hay-wagon. But without heeding the hurt, or waiting to find his shoes, he started for the door that had made the bang, and which was now slowly swinging open again.

In his headlong rush he passed between his friend and the load of hay.

"Look out!" Cliff implored. But Quint kept on, plunging over the cord, dragging Cliff after him, and bringing the ladder down upon both their shoulders. If Winslow had remained to witness the unqualified success of his scheme for "making things lively" in the deacon's barn, he would have had no cause to complain of the result.

"What man-trap is that?" muttered Quint, as he scrambled off, freeing his legs from the cord and his back from the encumbrance of the ladder, and made for the open door.

(To be continued.)

THE AUCTION.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

"WHO 'll bid for a sneer?"

Said the auctioneer.

"It gives to the lips a fanciful curl,

Is equally suited to boy or girl.

How much? Twenty-five?

Twenty-five, do I hear?

Good folks, be alive!

'T is a genuine sneer."

But it brought only five.

"Here 's a frown of high grade,"

Said the auctioneer now;

"The best thing ever made

For contracting the brow.

It darkens a face as bright as a rose,

And wrinkles the forehead above the nose.

Nineteen? Nothing more?

Do I hear twenty-four?

Going, gone — at a score."

A sweet little smile,

Like sunshine in May,

Started after a while

At ten, then away

Into hundreds it mounted; nine hundred
and two;

Then into the thousands the swift bidding
flew.

"Do I hear? Do I hear?"

Bawled the hoarse auctioneer;

"Going, gone!" And it went to dear little
Annette,

And it proved so becoming she 's wearing
it yet.

THE JAGUAR AND THE CAYMANS.

BY ROBERT WILSON FENN.

AMONG the curious doings of animals I have seen, none interested me more than that observed by me one night on the banks of the upper Magdalena River in Colombia, South America. We were camped on the margin of a little creek not far from where its waters mingled with those of the river, and at a point far from any villages or houses.

We had finished our evening meal, and I was enjoying my customary smoke under the *toldilla*, or netting, and chatting with my Indian companions, when, suddenly, the most awful series of catcalls that I had ever heard disturbed our peace and the night air. A prolonged yowl, like the united voices of all the cats on all the roofs of a large town, made the cold chills creep up and down my spine and gooseflesh to run all over me.

"What is it?" I asked one of the men. "*El tigre, señor!*" (The tiger, sir!) he re-

plied; "*va a pasar el río*" (he is going to cross the river). "Let him cross if he wants to," said I; "but why does he want to upset my supper and spoil my after-dinner smoke with his hideous noise?" "Come and see, señor," he replied, and, taking up his gun, motioned me to follow him. Softly we crept along the margin of the creek toward the river, and making our way through the spines of the overhanging bamboos, came out upon the narrow beach near the mouth of the creek.

Sure enough, by crawling cautiously along in the shadow of the bluff, we saw our musical friend squatted on his haunches, with head thrown back and mouth open, emitting the most blood-curdling serenade one could expect to hear, and looking for all the world like a gigantic tabby cat. But what connection such a noise could have with his passage of the river I failed to see.

"Anastasio," I said in a whisper, "does n't the foolish fellow know that he will draw all the alligators together, and when he gets into the water he will swim off in sections?" "Leave him alone," chuckled the Indian; "he knows how to get across." So, crouching down in the bushes on the bank of the river, we waited for his next move. I think we must have been there about twenty minutes or half an hour, and I was becoming almost worn out with the attacks of the mosquitos, when the concert suddenly ceased. At the same moment the

over their eyes, but all ready for their expected prey.

But they were to be disappointed this time; for the jaguar, immediately upon the conclusion of his serenade, started off up-stream as hard as he could run along the bank of the river, and when he had gone about five hundred yards dropped softly into the water and swam safely across, while his baffled enemies were unable to make fast enough time up-stream against the swift current to get him.

I had been so interested in watching this



THE JAGUAR'S CLEVER TRICK TO DECEIVE THE CAYMANS.

moon came out clear and bright from behind a cloud, and Anastasio, nudging my arm, pointed to the surface of the water in front of the jaguar. At first I thought there were a number of sticks in the water, but as the current was swift and they were motionless in their places, I was for a moment puzzled. "*Caymanes*" (alligators), whispered the Indian, and I saw that his eyes were better than mine. There were the ugly snouts of half a dozen of the big fellows, some well out of water, and some just showing their nostrils and the bumps

little performance that my chance for a shot was gone; but, in fact, I hardly begrudged a whole skin to such a clever trickster.

What I cannot yet understand is how the jaguar learned his part. Did he reason it out, or did his mother teach it to him as she had learned it by seeing some relative dragged down by the hungry jaws of the saurians? I subsequently learned that it was quite a common trick with the jaguars, although it is but seldom one has so good an opportunity to see it as was given to Anastasio and myself.



IN OLD FLORENCE

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Just after Tom Ross was graduated at the Freetown Academy he had the grippe, and instead of going to college was ordered to shut his books for a year and rest. His father sent him to some cousins in Italy, who promised that he should live cheaply there and "learn some things which books could not teach him."

Tom, when he sailed, remembered this as a funny idea. What could an American possibly learn from the "Dagos," or any "worn-out race in Europe?" Young as he was, he hoped to teach them something, for Americans, of course, were ahead of all nations in civilization, and surely Freetown had all the newest American ideas.

Hence Tom arrived in Florence in quite a glow of missionary zeal.

But after a few days in that ancient city he forgot that he had come to Americanize it. He found himself in an odd state of mind. It was something like the daze which he would steal in the morning at home after he had been called, when he could hear the noises in the house and smell the coffee, and yet would go on talking to the quiet people in the quieter country of his dream.

Now, as he strolled with his cousins to the

shops or chaffed the cabmen or ordered muffins at the English bakery, the narrow street between him and the cabmen would seem to fill with a crowd of fighting Guelphs and Ghibellines, in the armor of the dark ages; and Lorenzo the Magnificent and Michelangelo passed him in the shadow of the grim, gray fortresses that darkened the daylight overhead. Here was Dante's poor little house, and the stern poet himself climbing with tired steps the narrow stairway. Yonder in the great Plaza a wisp of smoke rose. Tom thought of Savonarola burning at the stake.

"I can't rid myself of old times here," he said to his cousin. "Now, in Freetown, nothing goes back of thirty years. There is a tavern out on the pike where they say Washington slept once. It is a hundred and forty years old, but Freetown is brand new."

"Tell me about Freetown," said Hugo eagerly. Hugo was always eager about anything that interested Tom. He was half Italian and had his mother's dancing dark eyes and gurgling laugh and soft voice. "Cousin Hugo," Tom wrote in one of his first letters to his family, "is a boy not as big as I am, but he is as gentle and polite to beggars as to women. He has what you call the manners of the Old

School. It must have been a fearful job to drill them into a boy."

It was no drill that gave Hugo this manner, but the Tuscan blood in him, friendly and sympathetic. The boys, as they talked, were walking slowly along the broad Corso on the bank of the Arno. On one side was a line of stately old dwellings, while on the other the dull green stream crept lazily by, under ancient bridges, past the Medicean palaces and the gray, mossy towers, where once Boccaccio sang and Galileo watched the heavens. Tom looked at the river with cold disapproval. Where were the steamboats, the coal scows, the mills on the banks?

"Lots of water-power there going to waste," he said at last. "Seems to me your river is n't of much use."

"Why, it carries the snows of the Apennines to the sea," said Hugo.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I do see the chimney of one factory yonder."

"Yes," Hugo sighed, and shuddered. "But you need n't look at it. Keep your eyes on

You will find that odor nowhere but in Florence."

"He values a smell more than a factory!" Tom thought, bewildered. But certainly the fragrance was delicious and the flowers—

"I never saw flowers before!" he exclaimed.

The flowers were everywhere; heaped along the stone foundations of the old houses; heaped in baskets, on carts, on the steps of the churches; masses of white lilies, of great crimson roses, of lilacs, of golden acacias.

"The town has been called the 'City of Flowers' since Julius Cæsar's time," said Hugo.

It was late in the afternoon and the air was full of a soft golden haze. A long procession of carriages and horsemen passed along the Corso, going to the Cascine. The boys halted under the shadow of the Corsini palace, Hugo bowing and smiling to his friends as they passed while Tom sharply inspected the horses, the liveries and the crests on the panels of fine carriages.

"Who are all these people?" he asked.



"BEHIND HER WAS A MASS OF RED ROSES." (SEE PAGE 585.)

this shore. Do you notice a strange, oily fragrance in the air to-day? It comes from the olive-trees and grapevines on the hills yonder.

"Oh, every kind and all kind," said Hugo. "That stout man is a French artist. He is known all over Europe; that pale young

man driving the four-in-hand is the Prince of Naples: some day he will be our king; that handsome boy on the pony is the last of the ancient Venetian family of the Foscari. You remember the doges of that race?"

"But, oh, look!" cried Tom, interrupting him with a cry of delight.

A light landau drawn by white horses came near. In it was a beautiful woman in a soft creamy gown, and behind her on the top of the carriage was a mass of red roses making a frame for her lovely smiling face.

"It is Cinderella going to the ball!" cried Tom; "such an odd, daring thing to do!"

"It is an every-day custom here," said his cousin. "Look!" Many landaus and basket-wagons passed, their pretty tenants made picturesque by this background of flowers. The prettiest of all was one filled with soft-eyed Italian children in their white airy dresses, and their *bonne* in

val," said Tom. "And you have it every day!"

"How many people smile and bow to me, Hugo!" he said presently. "I don't know them."

"Oh, I should have told you!" said Hugo. "Our etiquette is different from yours. Every cabman who has once driven you, every tradesman who sells you a paper or a cigar, every *portier* who has opened the door of a friend's house for you, is always afterward your acquaintance. You are thought ill-bred if you do not return his bow and his *buon giorno* when you meet."

"We would not do it in America. And yet you are not 'born equal' in Florence."

"No," said Hugo shyly. "We are born friends."

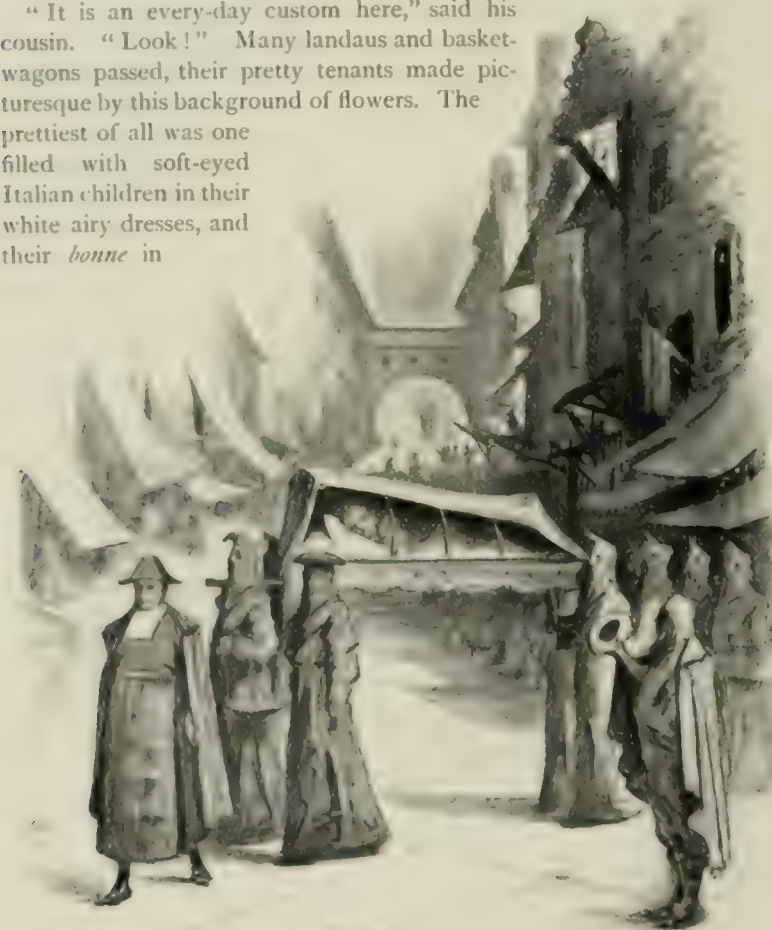
"What did that beggar say just now when I told him to clear out?" said Tom uneasily. "I did n't mean to be rough with the fellow."

"He said 'I thank you, Signor. Another day, perhaps.'"

"Even your beggars are courtly," said Tom. "Folks here take time to be kind and gay."

"But are folks not kind and gay in America?" asked Hugo in surprise.

"Oh, they feel all right, but they have n't time for ceremony and fuss. We're a busy people," Tom said with an air of importance. "There's lots of money to be made over there in America."



THE CHILDREN OF THE ITALIAN CAPITAL.

yellow satin jacket and cap, the group fenced in with golden roses. "It is like a Flower Festi-

They were passing, as he spoke, the entrance of the Ponte Vecchio, a bridge, gray with age,

ship's side, and trays heaped with cheap rings, or jewels worth a king's ransom, line the sidewalks.

Just as they reached it a sudden startling silence fell upon the crowd. Across the bridge came a noiseless procession of men in black gowns and cowls. The cowls covered their faces, two holes being cut for their eyes to look through. They carried a sick man upon a bier and passed through the sunshine silently as shadows. All traffic stopped to make way for the procession; many of the Italians muttered a prayer for the poor burden, crossing themselves.

When they were gone, Tom felt that it was time for some missionary work and said:

"Now at home we've no time for that sort of foolery. The idea of those men dressing up like mummers to carry their relatives to a hospital!"



CARRYING THE SACRED FIRE FROM THE DUOMO TO THE HOME OF THE FAMILI.

which spans the Arno. Rows of goldsmiths' shops cling along its edges like barnacles to a quickly. "They are not his relatives," said Hugo. "It is not mumming. You don't

understand. It was a boy, like us, who started the work six hundred years ago. He said every Christian man should be ready to help every other man—to nurse the sick or bury the dead, without reward or praise. He and his companions were called the Brothers of Pity, and the Order has been at work here in Florence ever since. All kinds of men belong. They never talk of it, but they are ready at a moment's call. They wear the black gown and hood that nobody may know them or praise them for their charity. Those men who passed just now may have been laborers or great Florentine nobles. Only God knows them."

"How are they paid?"

"Paid? They are never paid. They can take nothing from those they serve but a drink of cold water."

"And that thing has been going on for six centuries!" said Tom. "He tire of things in six years! Besides, an American pays taxes to support an almshouse for paupers. He does not nurse and bury them himself."

"No," said Hugo, gently; "the methods are different. I suppose we seem like children compared to the wide-awake Americans. But these old customs were invented to teach us great truths before we could read or write, just as you show a child pictures to teach him things. We keep them still. Now, to-morrow you can see the queerest of them all—the Flight of the Dove."

"What dove?"

"It is an old story. I know only bits of it." The boys were strolling home through the narrow dark streets.

"You ought to have electric lights here," said Tom stumbling. "You should see Broadway at night."

"In the old time they had only torches," said Hugo. "Those stone rings on the walls of the Strozzi palace yonder held torches. Only nobles have them on their walls. The higher his rank, the more light a man had to furnish to his neighbors. I wish I had been a Florentine then!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I'd have been a prince in one of these palaces with torches blazing on my walls, and long lines of retainers always standing armed, ready for battle, and great poets and artists

like Tasso and Michelangelo in my court. Fights every night, and processions every day, when I brought home a picture or statue. All of the great princes brought back treasures then to Florence. The best things in the world were not good enough for their dear city."

"But you forget the dove," suggested Tom.

"No. That is the story of the bringing back of a treasure—the best. A crusader from Florence saw the light in the Holy Sepulchre, and vowed that he would carry the sacred flame home to his own city. Three times he set off with the torch. The wild beasts fought him, and the storms beat on him, and the winds blew against him. Three times it was put out, and he had to turn back. At last he hid it in his bosom, and rode backward on his horse and so protected it. The people thought he was mad seeing the ridiculous figure facing the horse's tail, and called out, "Pazzo, pazzo!" (Fool, fool!) But he did not care. He carried the holy light home to the high altar of the Duomo, and there it still burns to-day. His family have been known ever since as the Pazzi."

"That 's a good story," said Tom after a pause. "A sort of allegory, I suppose. But there 's no dove in it."

"Oh, the dove? Well, every year on Holy Saturday a dove, typical of the Holy Spirit, flies with a spark of sacred fire from the high altar of the Duomo to the Baptistery. The flame is then given to the Pazzi family, who carry it to their own little church. There is an old superstition, which many of the *contadini* or peasants still believe, that if the light goes out in its passage the crops will fail; so they crowd into the city from all Tuscany, to pray for the dove while it is on its way."

Tom heard that evening on all sides so much talk of *Lo Scoppio del Carro* (the flight of the dove) that he felt it was high time to begin his lessons. He would give these people some good, sound common sense to-morrow!

But ten o'clock the next morning found him with Hugo struggling madly through the masses of people in the plaza up the steps of the great cathedral.

It was a cold bright day. Since dawn the peasants from the neighboring provinces had been pouring into the city. Few of the higher

class of Italians were to be seen, but many Americans and English tourists, laughing and talking loudly, were crowding into the foremost

wearing gay handkerchiefs or black mantillas over their gray hair. They muttered prayers incessantly, their eyes uplifted, their fingers



THE FLIGHT OF THE DOVE. A FLORENTINE CEREMONY

places. Close to these amused spectators in their London-made coats and gowns, pressed pale old women from the Apennine Mountains,

plaiting away at the straw braid wound in a ball which hung and joggled like a live thing in front of them. There were smart Italian

soldiers in the crowd in black and bright blue uniforms and the Bersighieri—their three-cornered chapeaux hidden by floating cock's-feathers—and contadini from the valleys of the Arno, some in long saffron-colored woolen smocks with collars and cuffs of wolves' pelts, and others clad in huge sheepskin cloaks and hoods. Countless processions of the "sodalities," or societies, marched into the Duomo, marshaled by priests in their black cassocks;

Duomo, who for centuries have sat pondering, gazing at the work they left on the earth.

"I never saw so great a crowd so silent and grave," said Tom.

"This is not a show," Hugo replied. "It is a religious ceremony. It has a solemn and sacred meaning to these people."

"Those rude tourists should be put out of the church," muttered Tom, frowning at a group of people who were talking and laughing.



"HUGO—WOMAN—MUTTER TOM'S LONY, ASKING FIVE TIMES THE REGULAR FEE." (SEE PAGE 504)

processions of men with badges and staffs; of boys; of young girls, candidates for their first communion, in shimmering draperies of mauve or yellow, and airy floating veils; of little children with a white ribbon bearing a cross bound around their foreheads; of black-robed Dominicans; and bare-footed Franciscans in their coarse brown frocks.

When the great cathedral was full the vast crowd elbowed and flowed outside against the walls, beneath the Campanile, the great bell tower which shot up into the blue heaven like an airy shaft of carved ivory and gems, around the gigantic figures of the builders of the

"No matter!" whispered Hugo. "Watch now."

The music and chanting suddenly stopped. The people rose from their knees and stood gazing breathlessly up into the dome of the cathedral, in which the red sunset lights were fading into darkness. On the altar, high in the shadow, appeared a flickering spark. It wavered, brightened, almost died out. Then a white dove, scattering showers of sparks, darted from the altar, crossed the Duomo high over the up-turned faces, and passed through the open doors across the square to the church of San Giovanni.

"It is there safely!" gasped Hugo. "If it

only comes back without going out the crops are sure for this year!"

The Duomo with its multitudes waited in silence. The peasants stood with strained eyes fixed on the door. Tom held his breath.

There was a flash of light at the door, again a shower of sparks overhead, and the dove fluttered back to the altar. With a great sigh of relief the entire crowd of people rushed to the doors.

When the boys reached the square Hugo dragged Tom up on to the base of Brunelleschi's statue.

"You can look over the heads of the people here," he said. "Do you see that great car hung with flowers, with a tower in the middle? That is a caroccio, an ancient Etruscan war-chariot. It, and the six white oxen you see without a spot or stain, belong to the Pazzi. Neither car nor oxen are used throughout the year except to-day, to carry the sacred light from the altar to the private chapel of the family. Ah! they have started! They are coming!"

The snow-white, stately animals marched slowly past, each led by a man in the Pazzi liveries.

The mass of people followed the car. Hugo and Tom turned into a narrow street, which opened into a quiet plaza.

One spring evening a few weeks later, Hugo, as he bade Tom good-night said: "If you can be up before dawn to-morrow, I will show you another curious old custom of Florence."

"What family does that belong to?"

"Oh, it is far older than any Florentine family—older than Florence itself. There are pictures on the walls of Pompeii which show that the custom was observed there. Nobody knows when the Pagans originated it; but we keep it up."

"Why should you keep up a Pagan custom?"

"Well, it has a pretty good Christian meaning," Hugo said, laughing. "The idea is that just as we are kind or cruel to animals so God will treat us. You take a grillo, one of the humblest of living things, a kind of field-cricket, and you put it in a cage, and feed and take care of it. The common people believe that the longer it lives the better will be your share of

good fortune in the world. Get up early enough to-morrow, and you will see."

"All right," said Tom, yawning as he lighted his candle.

Dawn was breaking the next morning, as the boys mounted their horses, and rode out to the Cascine. The night still gathered over the somber palaces and red roofs of the town; but the river creeping through it glanced here and there with sudden sparkles, and shafts of white brilliance struck across the grayish green hills beyond, covered with olive groves and vineyards, to the snow-clad peaks of the Apennines that walled the horizon.

Early as it was the broad Corso Vittorio Emanuele was filled with a long procession of carriages, carts, horsemen, and crowds of men and women and children on foot. Even the babies were carried out to try their luck. All Florence, chattering and laughing gaily, was pouring itself into the Cascine, a beautiful park which lies on the bank of the Arno. Its roads are divided by green walls of trimmed trees, which break now and then, and through the breaks you see exquisite bits of landscape garden, or wild depths of forest, or wonderful glimpses of far valleys and mountains.

Nobody this morning, however, stopped to look at woods or gardens. The road was lined with countless stalls covered with tiny reed cages, painted red or blue. The venders held them up to the passers-by, shouting:

"Behold! The grilli! Only a lire! Buy while the dew is on them, if you would have good fortune!"

They swarmed about Tom's pony, asking the American, as usual, five times the regular price. Hugo hurried up.

"Choose a stout, healthy cricket, Tom," he said anxiously, "with the dew on it. It is all nonsense, of course, but one may as well have every chance. Put more green leaves in the Signor's cage, Luigi. Here is your money—no; no more—that is enough."

Luigi grinned. The crowd watched Tom put his cage in his pocket, as eagerly as if only that one cricket had been sold that morning, instead of thousands. Hugo lifted his hat as he rode away; and men and women called "Good luck!" to the young signori, one or two run-

ring offer them to charge them anxiously to give water to the crickets twice a day.

The boys rode out along the river-road. When they turned back the sun was up. The Angelus was ringing in all of the church-towers of the city, and the air was filled with the soft clanging. The people were seated in groups on the grass, now drinking their *café-au-lait*, all eager, laughing and gesticulating vehemently.

"They make more of a feast out of a roll and a cup of black coffee than an American would of a dinner of ten courses," said Tom. "I suppose the reason is that the American is usually planning a bigger dinner for to-morrow."

"It must be tiresome to be forever planning for to-morrow," said Hugo. "For me, I always find enough to content me in the good things of to-day or yesterday."

Tom said nothing. Had the Florentine boy

after all some reason on his side? Was this tranquil content one of the things to be learned there by an American, which books did not teach him?

A hoarse croak startled him. He took the cage out of his pocket. The bulging eyes of the hideous black insect looked at him reproachfully.

"Oh, look here, you grillo," he said, opening the cage; "be off with you. Go home. I'm not going to earn good luck by shutting up a cricket."

Hugo smiled feebly, and opened the door of his cage reluctantly. "It is the kindest way, after all, I suppose," he said.

The crickets hopped away, chirping loudly, into the woods; and the boys rode back gaily over the dewy grass and through the sun-lighted haze into the most beautiful city in the world.

A SPRING LESSON.

BY ANTOINETTE A. HAWLEY.

Did you see the Robin-redbreast
As you came to school,
Weaving threads and twigs and mosses
By the same old rule?
Blithe and busy,
Blithe and busy,
What a cheery bird is he!
Building such a cozy nest
For the one he loves the best.

Did you hear the Robin-redbreast
Singing at his work,
Laughing at the very notion
That a bird could shirk?
Blithe and busy,
Blithe and busy,
What a happy fellow he!
While the nest grows round and strong
As the notes of Robin's song.

Little folks know more than robins.
Try the robin's plan;
Every day, in storm or sunshine,
Do the best you can.
Blithe and busy,
Blithe and busy,
What bright children we should see,
If you all began to-day
Working Robin-redbreast's way!

CHARADE.

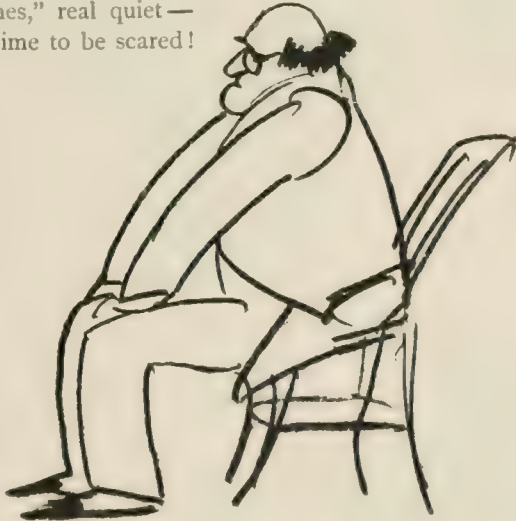
BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I PICKED up my second—'t was hammered with care
By a smith who had muscle enough and to spare—
And shall take it to-day to my first (if I dare),
With whom I am fain my good fortune to share;
But I feel that the moments by ages are reckoned
Until she has made it my first my second.
My whole, who never lives in town, is found there as a rule;
But first a man must drop a line to fetch him from his school.

ABOUT FATHERS.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

WHEN fathers jump up and they holler,
"Here, Jim! you rascal, you scamp!"
And hustle you round by the collar,
And waggle their canes and stamp,
You can laugh right out at the riot—
They like to be sassed and dared;
But when they say, "James," real quiet—
Oo—oo—that 's the time to be scared!



Oliver Rufford

AN APRIL JOKE.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

Oh, it was a merry, gladsome day,
When the April Fool met the Queen of May;
She had roguish eyes and golden hair,
And they were a mischief-making pair.
They planned the funniest kind of joke
On the poor, long-suffering mortal folk;
And a few mysterious
words he said,
His fool's-cap close to her
flower-crowned head.



Then he laughed till he made his cap-bells ring,
At the thought of the topsy-turvy Spring
"T is a fair exchange," he said, with a wink —
"It is!" she said. And what do you think?
The flowers that should bloom in the month of May,
Every one of them came on an April day!
And they looked for April showers in vain,
But all through May it did nothing but rain!

HER "GLORY-PLANTS."



MADE a garden for my pet —
A little garden all her own;
With seeds of pink, and mignonette,
And morning-glory, it was sown.

Dear heart! she has one name for all —
Her "glory-plants" she tends with care;
And no one knows how big and tall
Her fancy sees them growing there!

The earth she waters from her cup
(I fear the seeds are drowned below);
A wistful little face looks up:
"My glory-plants—I wis' they 'd grow!"

The long May-days are fine and bright,
The buried seeds are all too slow;
She murmurs,—half asleep at night,—
"I wis' my glory-plants would grow!"

Edith M. Thomas.

THE LITTLE JAPANESE AT HOME.

BY IDA TIGNER HODNETT.

II. THE LITTLE JAPANESE AT SCHOOL.



JAPANESE children used to sit upon their heels in the school-room, grouped round their master on the soft matting, chanting together their Iroha, or read-

ing in concert the wise maxims from their readers which have been the mental food of countless generations of their race. A change has come, and now they sit on benches before desks in Western fashion, though they do not think this method of sitting very comfortable, and are glad on returning home to indulge in the usual squat. But they still recite in con-

cert, in a monotonous sort of chant, the Iroha (ee-ro-hah), which corresponds to our alphabet.

Under the former system of schooling, all Japanese children learned to read and write the Hiragana characters, and to calculate; and it was an unheard-of thing for a grown person to be unable at least to read and write, and do simple calculation. They were seldom sent to school before the age of seven, and were not hard pressed in their studies. In learning to write, they were acquiring the dexterity of finger and wrist needful in drawing, and without doubt their method of writing is one of the traits which have tended to make the Japanese a nation of artistic tendencies. A soft paper is used, and a brush instead of a pen. Care and exactness are necessary, owing to the nature of the materials, and it is impossible to use the hand in a cramped or stiff position; hence freedom and grace of movement result. The

child holds the paper in one hand and the brush in the other; the whole arm works, motion coming from the shoulder, elbow, and wrist as well as from the finger muscles. The

and foreigners, hearing the children's recitations, even though not understanding their speech, recognize that the young Japanese are getting some good results of modern civilization.



JAPANESE CHILDREN IN ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOLS.

paper, as soon as touched, absorbs the Indian ink with which he writes. The child thus finds it is necessary to touch with precision and care, and acquires insensibly a certain power of drawing in this precise touch and in the exercise of the arm and hand muscles.

Western principles in education as well as Western school furniture have been adopted in the Sunrise Kingdom. The Arabic numerals, 1, 2, 3, etc., are used; for the Japanese at once recognized the advantage of these signs for numbers instead of their own cumbersome ones. Maps, charts, diagrams, are seen on the school room walls, objects-lessons are given,

three quilts; so between the torturing beds by night, and the uncomfortable, because unusual, position of sitting by day, the poor students had a hard time of it. It was not wonderful that they thought the foreigners' ways absurd and barbarous!

In some country villages the children are summoned to school by the beat of a drum as early as 7 A. M. in the summer. As these villages consist of only one long street, on each side of which the houses are placed, the children are soon assembled at the master's dwelling, which is the school-house as well, to be dismissed to their homes at twelve o'clock.

In the government colleges the students eat food prepared in Western style, using knives and forks and spoons instead of chopsticks, and sleep on beds instead of on the matting. When beds were first introduced, in a few cases they were not supplied with mattresses, and the officials, ignorant that these articles were a necessity, required their unfortunate students to sleep on the hard wooden slats covered only by two or

JAPANESE GIRL LIFE AND SPORTS.

THE tenderness of Japanese parents is by no means confined to their boys. Girls receive an equal share of love and caresses, and have a joyous and happy childhood. The Japanese are seldom angry, and regard violent exhibitions of passion as degrading. In the management of cattle whipping is not employed, and they do not find it necessary to have "Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

The girl is named by her parents in the same manner as her brother. Family names have been in use for centuries, and these remain unchanged, but are used chiefly in the signing of writings, and not in the ordinary course of every-day life. The individual name chosen for a little girl is frequently that of some beautiful flower or other object in nature denoting grace and loveliness, or something of good omen. *Kiku* means "Chrysanthemum"; *Haru*, "Spring"; *Tsuru*, "Crane"; *Kana*, "Blossom."

At the family festival following her presentation in the temple, a number of presents are given to the little queen of the hour, and among them is a package of flax-thread, signifying wishes for a long life. The latter is given to the baby boy as well, and has no reference to needlework as a feminine accomplishment.

The head of the infant, like that of her brother, is at first shaved all over, until on the eleventh day of the eleventh month another festival is held, after which it is shaved

in only a few places, and the hair is allowed to grow in tufts. At the age of five years the shaving ceases entirely, and the hair grows long. Any other color than black is detested, and the greatest pains is taken to make the hair as deep and glossy a black as possible. It is naturally somewhat stiff, and a rich oil made from the seeds of the camellia is used to make it more manageable and to improve the gloss. When long enough the hair is braided, or arranged in a chignon, with narrow strips of scarlet or other bright-colored crêpe intertwined for festal occasions. The fashion of wearing the hair varies with the age of the girl, so that it is comparatively easy to tell ages by glancing at the style of hair-dressing. Long and highly ornamented pins of silver and shell are used by the older girls; and when married their coiffure undergoes a still further change, and becomes fixed. The maids of honor in a prince's household dress their hair in a fanlike coiffure.

The title of respect for a girl is the prefix *O*,



BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLE-OCK AS PLAYED BY JAPANESE GIRLS.

with the suffix *san*; thus, *O-Kiku-san* means "Miss Chrysanthemum." A married lady is

addressed as O-Ku-sama or O-Kusan, which is probably very nearly like our word "madam"; or as the mistress of the house, she is called *O-Ka-mi-san*. This means "the honorable mistress." The wife is not addressed by her husband's name, but, when spoken of, is mentioned as the wife of So-and-so.

The dress of the little girl is the kimono, made like that of her mother, both differing from the father's and brother's in being longer and fuller. In cold weather a jacket and pair of trousers of cotton cloth are worn underneath, and the kimono is sometimes thickly wadded. Among the nobles and gentry these additional garments are always worn, and are made of silk. The trousers, made quite full and long, are called *hakama*, and are worn by little girls of the higher classes. Besides these, a garment called the *haori* is on some occasions worn over the kimono by both sexes. It has a cut similar to the kimono, but is shorter, and is not confined by the girdle. All Japanese garments are usually fastened with strings or cords, generally of silk — buttons, buckles, hooks and eyes being found mainly on Western garments.

The child's *obi*, or girdle, is at first narrower than her mother's, but is made wider and longer as she grows older. Sometimes it is a foot broad. There are factories devoted exclusively to obi-weaving, and masterpieces of beauty and elegance are produced. It is wound around the waist and made into a large butterfly bow in the back, the loops of which are, for state occasions, fastened up to the shoulders, while the wide ends float gracefully over the hips.

The sleeves of the girl's kimono are much longer than her brother's, sometimes even touching the ground; but this extreme length is displayed among only the fashionables, and in robes of ceremony. When at work, the sleeves are tied up to the armpits, so as to be out of the way. The lower ends are sewed up, and serve as bags or pockets in which various articles may be stowed away.

There is no special head-covering in the native costume for girls. Indeed, the mode of dressing the hair would not admit of hats and bonnets such as ours. There is rivalry among

Japanese girls as to whose hair shall be most becomingly and artistically arranged, whose girdle be most gracefully tied, and whose robe show the most harmonious effects; and they are quite equal to their Western sisters in the taste for personal adornment. The Japanese parasol is used as a shelter from the sun, and the European umbrella is gaining favor. For going out in the rain there are rain-coats and rain-hats made of oiled paper.

Tabi (tah-bee), socks of blue or white cotton cloth, are worn on the little feet. They are made like mittens, with a place for the great toe separate from the others, so as to allow the strap which fastens on the clogs to pass between. The clogs are made of wood, and have two little wooden pegs under the soles, high or low, according to the taste of the wearer, but in either case capable of making a great clatter on wood, stone, or pebbles; fortunately it is not the custom to wear any foot-gear besides the socks in the house. The single strap divides into two parts, which pass on each side of the foot and fasten to the clog. These straps, or thongs, on little girls' clogs are sometimes gaily colored. With but one fastening, it is an easy matter to take off the clogs when entering a house, and leave them on the veranda, and the custom is certainly conducive to tidiness. It is a necessary custom, for the clogs would be ruinous to the fine soft mats covering the floor.

Complexion is another important and interesting point to the Japanese girl, as well as to her American and European sisters.

The fans carried by little girls and among all classes are the open, flat fans called *uchiwa* (oo-chee-wah), while those carried by boys and men are the folded ones called *ogi* (ô-gee, g hard). The *ogi* are used even by policemen, who scatter crowds by striking right and left with this folded fan, certainly a more merciful weapon than the club. In national costume, the gentleman carries the *ogi* in his girdle or in some part of his dress, at all seasons except winter, while the lady carries the *uchiwa*. It is considered to be a breach of etiquette for a gentleman to appear with an *uchiwa*, or a lady with an *ogi*.

Girls share in many of the games which have been already mentioned in "Japanese Boy Life,"

the card games, puzzles, checkers, and such indoor games playing a prominent part; but in addition they occasionally take part in some of the outdoor sports, among which is kite-flying. In the game, played with kites, called the Genji (g hard) and Heiki (ha-kee) fight, young men and maidens contend, and then there is always a crowd of spectators to watch the com-

dren become very skilful in making these balls themselves. Sometimes the ball is merely bounced by the child as she kneels before it; sometimes she stands, and, striking it to the ground, whirls quickly around in time to strike it again as it rises. Battledore and shuttlecock is played in the streets not only by girls in twos and threes and in circles, but also by a whole



A JAPANESE LABORER'S SUN SHADE FOR HIS OX.

bat. If the young girl with dexterous skill succeeds in bringing her opponent's kite to the ground, the applause is sure to be hearty and enthusiastic.

There are some games which belong to certain seasons of the year, and are played only during those seasons. Playing ball and battledore and shuttlecock, as well as kite-flying, belong especially to the first of the year. The balls for little girls are made of cotton cord covered with strands of bright-colored silk, and the chil-

family. Father, mother, sisters and brothers, all join in the game, knocking the shuttlecock from one to another; and if one fails to hit it in time to keep it from the ground, all the other players rush to give that one a light blow with the bat. Sometimes the punishment for failure is having a circle drawn round the eyes, or the face otherwise marked. The bat is of wood with one side plain, the other ornamented with the picture of some well-known character of history or romance, or of a singing-girl. The

shuttlecock consists of a small, round center-piece, painted or gilded, stuck round with feathers, as petals are ranged round the center of a flower.

The little girls, of course, enjoy playing at scenes in real life, and imitate successfully weddings, funerals, dinners of ceremony, visiting, etc. Like our little people, they sometimes "play doctor," and they can mimic pompousness

tened with scarlet thongs in order to receive her guests at the top of the steps, where she bows very low to each, but does not shake hands. All are conducted to the reception-room, which is usually in the rear, overlooking the pretty garden, the little clogs being first taken off on the veranda.

Each wears a silk kimono with sleeves touching the ground; a handsome obi, woven in rich



FIGURE 1. THE JAPANESE AT HOME.

and peculiarities of all kinds. They have children's parties too, for which the young lady of the house sends out invitations in her own name. Children, as well as grown persons have seals, and these invitations are sealed with the young lady's own seal in vermilion. The parties are given in the afternoon, and the guests begin to arrive about three o'clock, sometimes accompanied by servants. The young hostess puts on her lacquered clogs, fas-

tened with scarlet thongs in order to receive her guests at the top of the steps, where she bows very low to each, but does not shake hands. All are conducted to the reception-room, which is usually in the rear, overlooking the pretty garden, the little clogs being first taken off on the veranda. Each wears a silk kimono with sleeves touching the ground; a handsome obi, woven in rich designs, is tied in a butterfly bow, and gleams of scarlet or blue crêpe are seen in the elaborate chignons. The girdles are gay, but the dresses quiet and harmonious in color. The guests are arranged according to well-known rules of precedence and etiquette, the place of honor being next to the raised dais at the end of the room; and all sit with knees bent under so as to rest the body on the heels. The little hostess, aided by an elder sister, or perhaps her



A JAPANESE ORCHID.

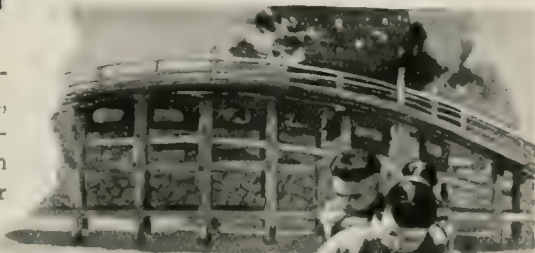
mother, at once serves her guests with refreshments; and these consist of the invariable tea, sliced sponge-cake, and various sweet confections, and are placed before each guest on lacquer trays, or little wooden stands about four inches high. Refreshments finished, they begin to play at quiet little games, always addressing each other with titles of respect, never lapsing into noisy play.

"What a stupid old party!" some little American may exclaim. Perhaps you would not think so if you saw them, yourself unseen, and could understand what they were saying. They play with spirit, and have a sense of humor, quiet as they seem.

As the Feast of Flags is the great day of the year for boys, so is the Feast of Dolls for girls. It comes on the third day of the third month, and is sometimes called by foreigners the "Festival of Peach Flowers," but the Japanese name is the "Hina matsuri" (hee-nah mat-soo-ree). The shops display for many days previous a fine assortment of toys suited to the occasion.

The mother adorns the chief room of the house with peach blossoms, which are in bloom at this season; the father buys toys for his little daughters. If the little girls are old enough, they prepare eatables themselves for the dolls, and give a feast in the evening to which the family friends are invited.

Another festival in which little girls take part is that of the Lanterns. They go together in a procession through the streets in the evening, swinging beautiful paper lanterns and singing as they go. Other people also form processions, and as the soft-tinted lights sway hither and thither, some showing beautiful transparencies of fanciful shapes, the whole makes a fairy-like scene. This is a "wishing evening," and whoever sees the meeting of two stars at a certain point near the Milky Way will obtain his wish in one year or three.



TWO TRULY JEES.

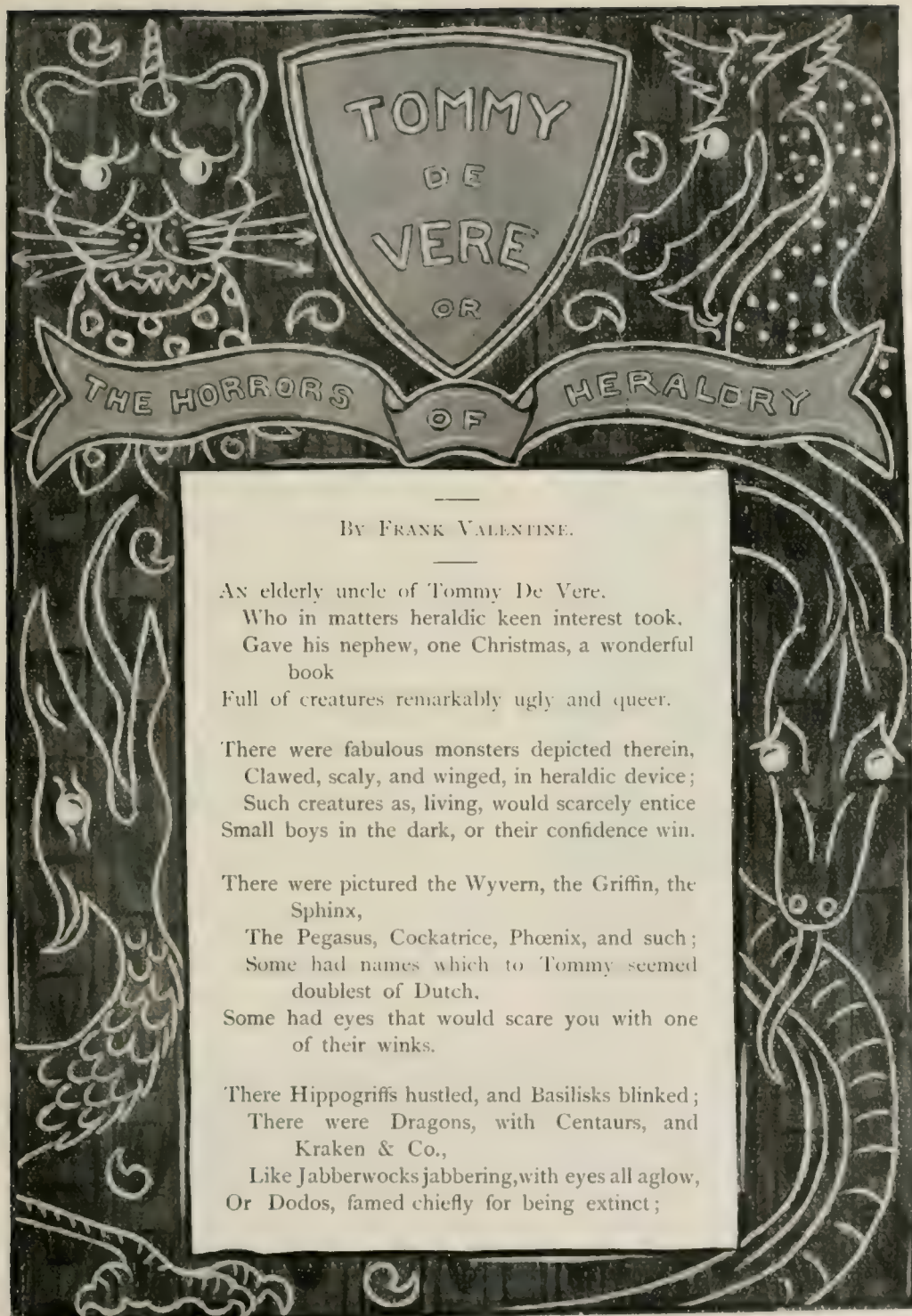
There are no fairy-tales such as ours, but many simple story-books, nursery and childish rhymes, very different from ours, however, in spirit and style. Stories of animals, especially of the fox and the badger, abound.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

BY WALLACE L. MATHER.

He passed his plate. "Oh, Teddy!" said I,
"How many times have you had 'more pie?'"
He thought an instant, then gravely spoke:
"I 'm sure I can't tell. My pieelometer 's broke."





BY FRANK VALENTINE.

AN elderly uncle of Tommy De Vere,
Who in matters heraldic keen interest took,
Gave his nephew, one Christmas, a wonderful
book
Full of creatures remarkably ugly and queer.

There were fabulous monsters depicted therein,
Clawed, scaly, and winged, in heraldic device;
Such creatures as, living, would scarcely entice
Small boys in the dark, or their confidence win.

There were pictured the Wyvern, the Griffin, the
Sphinx,
The Pegasus, Cockatrice, Phoenix, and such;
Some had names which to Tommy seemed
doublest of Dutch,
Some had eyes that would scare you with one
of their winks.

There Hippogriffs hustled, and Basilisks blinked;
There were Dragons, with Centaurs, and
Kraken & Co.,
Like Jabberwocks jabbering, with eyes all aglow,
Or Dodos, famed chiefly for being extinct;



Such were some of the things Tommy saw in his book
 As he sat in his room after supper alone,
 Little guessing how many the hours that had flown,
 Till at last at the clock Tommy happened to look.

'T was so late that he hurried to jump into bed,
 But curious notions so mixed with his doze,
 That in visions around him strange animals rose,
 E'en stranger than any of which he had read.

For dreams, with their usual exuberant sport,
 Running riot bewildered and bothered his brain,
 Poor Tommy, he puzzled, but puzzled in vain,
 To distinguish the shape and the size and the sort.

Like the "frumious Bandersnatch" there was a beast,
 And a Cyclops whose one eye was set in his forehead,
 Sea-serpents all squirming, and Hydras so horrid,
 And Harpies that hovered, or swooped to the feast.

He saw in his vision quaint Bunnigriffs run
 Up and down in some region mysterious and dim,
 While a Geegewin smiling and solemn and slim,
 Would mock him with antics of hideous fun.

Now, when boys dream like this, things must
 culminate soon,

For the pace he was going was truly severe,
 Soon he sees (Tommy's spelling is not always clear),
 An immense *Amphibitious Hippo-Racoon!*



Then he woke with a howl, and sat up in his bed.
And, mystified, muttered and gazed all around,
And only grew calmer at length when he found
His mother's soft hand gently laid on his head.

"Oh, Tommy, my child!" "Yes, sweet mother, I know —
But surely 't would make any fellow cry out
To see Griffins grinning and beasts all about,
But I 'm sorry the brutes made me frighten you so!

"I was reading for ever so long after tea,—
And the book, I suppose, with my sleep disagreed;
But why Uncle Arthur should wish me to read
Such fabulous nonsense, I really can't see."

Said his mother, "My dear, looking back at it all,
When your wits are awake and broad daylight is
here,
Though still somewhat nervous you 'll smile at
your fear;
And, later in life, growing stalwart and tall,

You may read with a relish the tales that they tell
Of menacing monsters, and welcome with joy
Deeds of danger and daring. Remember, my boy,
Saint George and the Dragon. Good night, and
sleep well!"





A LITTLE BABY BEAR.

(A True Story. For Very Little Folks.)

BY LOUISE H. WALL.

"If I gave you ten guesses, you would use give it up? Well, it was a tiny baby bear. A them all, and still not be able to tell me what hunter had caught him in the woods and brought queer visitor I had the other day. Do you him to town in his arms. As soon as I heard of

him, I invited the baby to spend part of a day with me, and we had great fun playing together.

Long ago I used to have a picture of Santa Claus, a fat little man, all dressed up in a fur suit, and when I saw the baby bear I could almost believe that my picture had come alive. He had the same short woolly legs and fat roly-poly body; and there, too, was the droll, grave face looking as if he were just trying to keep from laughing. He came right into the house, as if he had known me all the three weeks of his life; and walked about under the chairs and tables, for he was no larger than a big cat. His little, pointed black nose went into everything that he saw; but as soon as he had got a good smell he trotted away and put his nose into something else. He seemed to be hunting for some smell that he had known in the woods, where he was born and had lived so cozily, snuggled up in his mother's nice black fur. When he got through with the legs of things, he went higher. Right up to



the tip-top of a great arm-chair he climbed, and hung himself across the back as if he were hanging himself out to dry. There he rested a little while; then, drawing himself into a ball, off he rolled on to the floor with such a thump that I thought he must have hurt himself. But he thought not, for without even waiting to rub his knees, he ran across the floor to stand up on his hind feet in front of my bookcase. He reached out one of his soft paws and patted the backs of the books, as if to say: "I like you very much, but I have not time to read you just now."

I am sure you would have thought him very cunning if you had seen him tipping about on his hind feet with a tiny yellow orange in his arms. He hugged it tight against his breast and set a row of wee baby teeth in the skin. But I did not catch a glimpse of his tongue until I gave him the hand mirror. The moment he saw the baby bear in the glass, a pink tongue, like a curled rose-leaf, came out and made loving little smudges all over the bright glass.

Again and again he lifted up the glass and peeped underneath to find the baby bear be-

hind it. I suppose he wanted a good hug beside the kisses; and I don't wonder, for he was soft and nice to squeeze.

When his dinner time came I gave him his milk in a bottle with a rubber top. When he saw it he reached out and whimpered for it, just as a hungry baby does. He stood up and took the bottle between his front paws and tipping it up sucked away so fast that soon there was no milk left.

Then when he saw that it was all gone he lifted up his little black coat-sleeve and wiped off his milky mouth.

On his way back to his home the children got about him on the street and laughed and jumped around him clapping their hands; but he seemed to like the fun and made them laugh louder by standing up on his hind legs and walking like a cunning little man. He wanted to stay out in the street to play some more when he got home, but you see it was past bear bed-time, and he had to be taken in. I am glad to be able to tell you that he did not cry at all as he trotted in and found his own little bed, that must have seemed nice and home-like, all ready for him in the corner.

SLEEP-FAIRY.

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.

"HEIGHO, my precious!" sings little brown Mary;

"Baby is sleepy, and Mary is too;
So shut the white eyelids and hark for
Sleep-Fairy:

She 'll come with her dream-songs to
sister and you.

Hear her soft mantle among the high
grasses!

Hear the sweet twang as she touches her
strings!

All the winds pause when her fairy harp
passes,

And all the birds listen when Sleep-
Fairy sings.

VOL. XXV.—77.

"Heigho, my primrose, the daylight is sleep-
ing!

Draw the white curtains across your blue
eyes.

Shut out the shadows that round us come
creeping;

For night never darkens in Sleep-Fairy's
skies.

See how the daisies nid-nod as they listen!
All the brown bunnies lie warm in their
nests.

Deep in the brook-bed the still fishes
glisten —

Sleep-Fairy sings while the busy world
rests."

THE LITTLE BREADMAKER.

BY BENJAMIN WHEELER.



Take two quarts, one pint of flour,
Fine and white as can be found;
Pour it heaping on the sifter
Resting on the bread-pan round.
Of sugar add one tablespoonful,
And the same amount of salt,
Mix and rub them on the sifter
Till all 's through; then call a halt.

Save one cupful of the mixture
Till to knead it you begin,
In one quart of blood-warm water
Melt a yeast-cake smoothly in.
Pour the water on the flour,
Mixing both into a dough.
Knead the dough for fifteen minutes—
Some say twenty. Don't be slow.
When the dough 's no longer sticky,
Cover it, and say good-night.
Place it where 't will not be chilly
If you wish to find it light.

In the morning, you divide it.
Make three loaves, and knead again.
Let them rise a little longer,
To the pan's edge. Place them then
In the oven. Bake one hour.
By that time they should be done.
Draw them forth, and cool them slowly.
There! Bread-making 's only fun.





TWO SCARES.

SHALL I tell you what happened
At Doll-Baby House?
The dear things were scared
At a chocolate mouse!

And the mouse in the cupboard —
A live one, at that —
Ran away for his life
From a Pincushion Cat!



OH, a Batfish met a Catfish in the sea;
And he said unto the Catfish, "Sir," said he,
"You are no more like a cat than I am like a bat!
'T is a funny world we live in, Sir!" said he.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE answer to the rhymed Charade, printed on page 595, is *HORSE*.

EVANSTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your March number came to-day, and I have just been reading the story of "Ned and Ned Toodles" to my little brother. I read the beginning of that story in a number of 1896, and I wished that I could hear some more about dear little Ned Toodles, and I thought if my sister, brother and myself ever got a pony we would call him "Ned Toodles." Last fall we got a pony, but he was already named. His name was "Nig"; it is n't a pretty name, so when your last number came with the story of Ned Toodles in it we changed his name. His full name is Ned Toodles Marshall, now. I think that Ned Toodles in the story must have been very much like our Ned. He knows when you let the oats out of the chute and neighs in a deep voice. Papa says he has a bass voice. Wishing you prosperity, I am your devoted little reader,

MARY S. MARSHALL.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Hal and I have taken you for three years. There are three children in our family, Hal, myself, and my little sister Dorothy. I am thirteen, and as it is little Dorothy's birthday she wanted "sister" to write to ST. NICK. She looks at all the pictures in you and enjoys you as much as I do. Hal is too young to read, but he gets me to read all the stories to him; he is a dear little brother and Dorothy is a sweet little sister. As I am the oldest, mother depends on me to amuse the children, and dear old ST. NICK, if it were not for you I would have a much harder time amusing them. Hal is not easily content with rough games, for he is a delicate child and cannot romp much, as it tires him; but he is getting stronger every day and we soon expect him to be able to romp a great deal.

Your loving reader,

LILIAN ISABEL DUNLEE.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: West Chester is not far from Valley Forge, where Washington and his army spent the winter of 1777-78, and near to the place where the Battle of Brandywine was fought, and the Americans were defeated. There is an old meeting-house near it, which was used as a hospital during the battle. A few years ago a monument was erected in memory of Lafayette.

Wishing you a long life. Your interested reader,

RACHEL M. DUNN.

PEPPERIDGE, LANING, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just read your number and I am very much interested in a letter from the famous Shiloh battle-field, which is now being converted into a National Military Park. The object of the Government is to preserve the battle-field in its original appearance.

It is a very usual occurrence to find relics of the war — as bullets, grape-shot, pieces of canteens, and other things — in the soil. One day I found a gold ring, which was lost during the battle, and I have kept it ever since. It is a very old ring, and I have kept it ever since. When I read of the battle of Shiloh, I was very much interested in the story of the battle, and I have kept it ever since. It is a very old ring, and I have kept it ever since.

and pretty. Another interesting relic was found in the bed of a small stream. It was a metal, in a fine state of preservation. The location of the camps can be readily seen, although it has been so long ago.

Ever since I can remember, I have spent a part of every summer on Lookout Mountain with my grandmother, who has a cottage about two hundred yards from the old Cravent house, near which the Battle above the Clouds was fought. This place has recently been purchased by the government.

Your interested reader,

LAURA McMILLIN.

MARIETTA, INDIAN TERRITORY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. I live out here in the Indian Territory. We used to live in Tennessee, but came here to live with our aunt.

This is a wild country. They have storms here often in the spring, and "Lofer" wolves live in the woods, not very far off, and come into town sometimes when they are hungry.

Trees hardly ever grow in this country. We never see the real Indians where we are, here in Marietta. This is not a very big town, and there are not many stores in it.

There are lots of poor people out here, and the few rich ones own all the land. One man owns forty miles of land. We go out to "Sheegan," a little creek, to fish, but rarely ever catch anything; but we enjoy the bathing. There are just lots of pecans out here; we went out one afternoon, and gathered two bushels.

Your little reader,

MAGGIE TAYLOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading the February number of your matchless magazine, and though my family has taken it for fourteen years, the idea of writing to you entered my head for the first time this evening. Though at present I am staying with my aunt in this city, my home is at Kavului on the island of Mami. It is a rather barren country in the vicinity of the town in whose outskirts we live, but the other side is covered with palms, bananas, and agaves. It also teems with most beautiful birds and butterflies. But there are many dangerous insects, such as centipedes, though there are few people harmed by them. The town is built on the barren side because there is a bay there. It is a very poor one, though, being protected only by a sunken reef. From the summit of the island you can see on the horizon the peak of Mount Loa, from which a thin column of blue smoke is constantly ascending. On the other side can be seen the green hills of Molokai, the lepers' island. It is truly a grand sight — the calm blue Pacific and the islands in the distance. I think the Kanakas are awfully nice people, they are always laughing and singing, and their language is soft and pretty. They spend half their time in the water, and can swim about as well as they can walk. Sometimes you can see the shore strewn with brown babies rolling in the water. I spend a good deal of my time in the surf, too. We swim out to where the waves begin, and then we let ourselves be washed in on boards to the beach. I have a parrot named "Kamichameha"; he speaks Hawaiian and English, he seems to know his name, for he shouts it all day long. Last year my uncle,

who is a lieutenant on the "Oregon," brought me a horse from Honolulu. I called him "Lio," which is the native name for horse. I am very fond of him, and I give him a bath every day in the ocean. I am collecting stamps, especially from Hawaii and the United States.

I receive the ST. NICHOLAS, which my aunt sends us every month, with delight, and read every word from cover to cover, advertisements and sewing-page included.

I am going to return to my island in March. Hoping this letter will be printed, I am,

Your reader and admirer,

GEOFFREY EASTMAN.

FLAT RIVER, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy six years old, and I want to tell you about my locomotive. I have a nice long track made of wooden ties and iron rails. My locomotive, with the exception of the wheels, which are iron, is made of wood and painted black. It is ten feet long, including the tender. It has a cow-catcher, fire-box, bell, water-tank, etc. It does not run by steam, but runs on an incline. Sometimes we make a fire in the fire-box just to have the smoke curl out of the smoke-stack like a big locomotive. The cab has glass windows in it, and I seats on each side, and is large enough for two boys to ride very comfortably in it. I live in a small mining town and have no playmates, so I take my little dog "Gyp," and put her on the seat on one side of the cab, and play she is the engineer, while I shovel coal into the fire-box, ring the bell, open the throttle, and play I'm the fireman. Sometimes my mama fixes me a nice little dinner in a bucket, and I eat it in my engine-cab, and of course I always divide with my engineer. I also have a neat little box-car, which I can couple on to my engine when I like. The name of my train is "The Tady Flyer." We named it this because my nickname is Tady. We like your ST. NICHOLAS *so very much*. My papa thinks "Miss Nina Barrow" was a fine story for little folks. My mama liked "Master Skylark," while I like "Denise and Ned Toodles" best of all. I do hope you will like my letter.

Your little friend,

TAYLOR DRYDEN.

AMA, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been one of your readers for quite a while, but I never have written to you.

I am thirteen years old, and I live on the Mississippi River, about twenty miles from New Orleans, among several fine sugar and rice plantations. I don't suppose that many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS ever went to a sugar-mill, or tasted of the sweet, juicy sugar-cane.

We live on a very pretty place with great trees all around the house. I go to the little country school, about a quarter of a mile from where we live.

One of my friends wrote to you once, and you published his letter, which was about rice-growing.

I do not see many letters from Louisiana, so I hope mine will be printed. I will close now. Good-by to you and your readers. Your best friend,

STUART LANDRY.

MASON CITY, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about three years, and have enjoyed you immensely. I will tell you about my home. I live in a large, square house on the bank of Willow Creek. I have a large toy boat, which sails very fast. We have real good skating here.

I take lots of pleasure in it. I have a wheel and am riding about all the time in summer. I am ten years old, and go to Sunday-school and Junior League. I go to the public schools here. In two weeks it is promotion time, and I pass into the sixth grade. I started in school when I was about seven years old. I am progressing very rapidly. I have a pair of bob-sleds, and have great fun coasting. I am interested in all your continued stories. I read a great deal.

I remain your ever-ready reader,

OSCAR B. MATHEWS.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for *ten years*. Just think! We do not think that you are too young for us. I believe we go over you about three times before we stop reading one number. We have lately had three or four years of your magazine bound; and in looking over the back numbers I found some very pretty letters from little French children.

My sister and I were born in Texas, although we live North now. My sister is at boarding-school in New York. When she came home for her Christmas vacation, she collected all the autumn numbers of ST. NICHOLAS and read and read, so that she could keep up with the continued stories.

Your loving reader,

PAM NOBLE.

COMPASS TERRACE, TAUNTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother Gussie and I dearly love your jolly little magazine. We have read it for three years, and we think "Master Skylark" the beautifullest tale ever printed.

Our papa is a newspaper man and so is away from home nearly all day. One day in summer our mother took us to the "Shire Hall" for the afternoon. We were sitting under a tree when a rook flew overhead and dropped a piece of cheese out of its bill right before us. My little sister Margery, who is very fond of cheese, and not allowed to have it at home, at once toddled up to it, picked it up and ate it, although it was not very clean! She always thinks he brought it purposely for her. She is not yet three years old.

Gussie and I would rather do without sugar in our tea and milk on our porridge than miss your bright stories.

Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your loving readers,

GUS and MAMIE McAULIFFE.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was a very little girl and am now in my teens. I am spending this winter at boarding school, and you are such a comfort when I feel homesick. My home is very beautiful and quite near the coast. From the tops of the surrounding mountains you can see the ocean and the towns for quite a distance, and on very clear days the Sierra Nevadas. I have four pets—a pretty black horse, a donkey, two cats, and a dog. The donkey is a very meek looking little fellow named Bismarck, but though he looks so gentle he has many of his namesake's traits. The dog is named "Sonny." He is a little fox-terrier and very bright. I remain

Your faithful reader,

R. H. M.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Mud. 3. Manes. 4. Tunicle. 5. Decry. 6. Sly. 7. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals and finals, Bulwer Lytton. Cross-words: 1. Ball. 2. Ugly. 3. Last. 4. Wait. 5. Echo. 6. Rain.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, School; 1 to 3, sample; 2 to 4, feast; 3 to 4, Ernest; 5 to 6, pomade; 5 to 7, pencil; 6 to 8, endear; 7 to 8, ladder; 1 to 5, sip; 2 to 6, lie; 4 to 8, tar; 3 to 7, ell.

AFFIXES. Bob-bin; Nat-ural; Jim-crack; Pat-tern; Bill-ion; Kit-ten.

WORD SQUARES. I. 1. East. 2. Area. 3. Seas. 4. Task. II. 1. Aged. 2. Cave. 3. Ever. 4. Dern.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Josephine Sherwood—Allil and Adi—Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. B. H., 1—Lewis A. Parsons, 2—Emmanuel A. and Adine E. Hymans de Tiel, 3—Ethel Sergeant Clark, 3—"Three Puzzlers of Beekman Hill," 8—Tom and Alfred Morewood, 9—Jack and George A., 9—Paul Reese, 8—Lisie F. Pitkin, 2—Starr Hanford Lloyd, 3—Edith Gunn, 5—Alice T. Huyler, 5—Helen Ames, 7—Betty and Etta, 7—Abbot Augustine Thayer, 7—"Dondy Small," 9—Theodora B. Dennis, 8—The Helen Baird Company, 8—Bessie Thayer and Co., 8—"Two Little Brothers," 9—"Four Weeks in Kane," 7—"Rhoads and Co.," 8—Charles Burlingham and Co., 5—"The Brownie Band," 8—No name, Hackensack, 8—Morgan Buffington and his Mother, 7—William C. Kerr, 3—"Camp Lake," 8—Sigourney Fay Nimmer, 9—Mabel M. Johns, 6—"The Trio," 5—Marguerite Sturdy, 5—"Three Friends," 3—C. D. Lauer and Co., 9—F. S. Cole, 3—Uncle Will, E. Everett, F. J., 5—"Class No. 19," 9—"Merry and Co.," 6—Daniel Hardin and Co., 7—Sumner Ford, 3—Emanuel A. Hymans, 2.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. The lowest deck of a vessel. 2. A river of Europe. 3. Cloth made of flax. 4. Burdens. 5. Pertaining to punishment.

ALLIL AND ADI.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

1. In rejuvenation. 2. A furrow. 3. A coin of British India. 4. The supreme Roman deity. 5. A large African antelope. 6. A common fish. 7. In rejuvenation.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In rejuvenation. 2. A furrow. 3. A coin of British India. 4. The supreme Roman deity. 5. A large African antelope. 6. A common fish. 7. In rejuvenation.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In rejuvenation. 2. A sphere. 3. Odic. 4. A surname of Venus. 5. Without sight. 6. To conclude. 7. In rejuvenation.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In rejuvenation. 2. The native form of a metal. 3. A fruit. 4. A noted scholar of the Carolingian period. 5. Occurrence. 6. The abbreviation for a branch of zoölogy. 7. In rejuvenation.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In rejuvenation. 2. The juice of plants. 3. A feminine name. 4. A poetical name for Locris. 5. Measured steps. 6. A pronoun. 7. In rejuvenation.

M. B. C.

CHARADE.

A *HAPPY* first inhabited my *whole*;
And in the *whole* full many a *first* was found;
Nor *first* alone, but therein did abound
All things delightful to the human soul.

The *first* for *second* might have stayed in *whole*,
Had not the *first* a penalty incurred.
Now *whole* is hid, and only he who *third*
In faith may find and reach the longed-for goal.

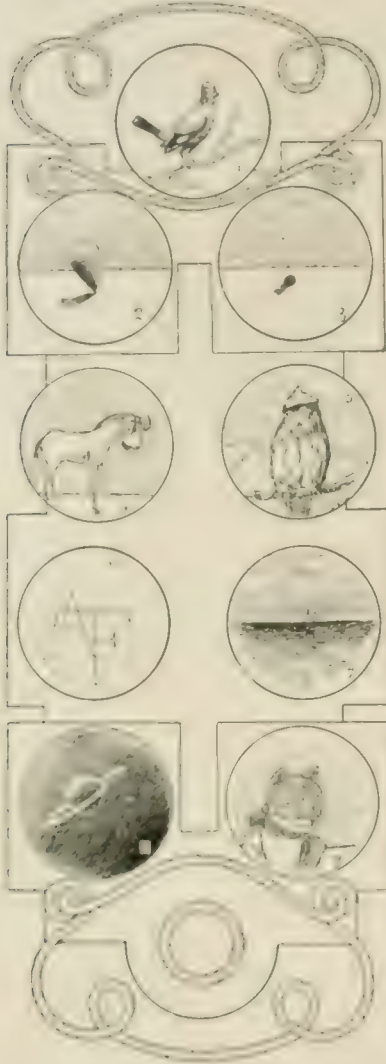
But *third* have often blocked the way to *whole*.
A *first* of *third*, ill-used, becomes a curse—
A monstrous Frankenstein, a tyrant worse
Than opium, pipe, or cup or flowing bowl.

Oh, *whole*! oh, *whole*! a saintly bishop sings,
And heaven with the inspired anthem rings.

THEODORE F. COLLIER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

"The bell rang, instantly," said Mrs. Clapp. "Do come, for I want my dinner very much." In the dining-room a negro and a white girl, looking like Uncle Tom and Eva, devoted themselves to her until she asked for some more new milk, when they fainted. A. M. P.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous woman.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

THE words described are of varying lengths. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous woman.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. One of the great religions of the world. 2. Highly esteemed person. 3. An animal

native to India. 4. One of the signs of the zodiac. 5. A great Carthaginian general. 6. One of the minor prophets. 7. A planet. 8. A grand division of the eastern continent. 9. A wicked Roman emperor.

B. D. H.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN fair and mild the finals smile,
The primals crowned a happy child.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. WE fared of noons on pickled prunes,
Or cabbage-slaw, or macaroons.
2. At half-past one we took a bun,
Or osage orange, just for fun.
3. At half past three, as you can see,
We stood in need of toast and tea.
4. At four, I think, we mixed the ink
And vinegar I daily drink.
5. And made a sham of eating ham,
And Nova Scotia raspberry jam.
6. At six-fifteen, with one young bean,
We filled the smoking soup-tureen.

ANNA M. FRATT.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name and country of a famous king.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large American city. 2. An instrument resembling a large lute. 3. A thin, flat knife. 4. Harness. 5. A small but famous sea. 6. A kind of dog. 7. A reward or recompense. 8. To arrange in a suitable manner. 9. A plane figure having ten sides and ten angles. 10. Opposite. 11. Part of a ship. 12. A Greek magistrate. 13. A narrow opening. 14. A Turkish official. 15. The European house martin. 16. A pattern of excellence. 17. Enormous in size or strength. 18. Part of the leg of a horse. 19. To emit flashes of light.

A DOUBLE-FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

9	10
.	5	6
.	.	1	.	2	.	.
.
.	.	3	.	4	.	.
.	7	.	.	.	8	.
11	12

CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A shelter. 2. A tropical fruit. 3. A small sea. 4. A fish. 5. Tents. From 5 to 6, entrance; from 5 to 7, a receipt; from 6 to 8, description; from 7 to 8, relating to Nestor; from 9 to 10, receptacles which keep food very good; from 9 to 11, ballads; from 10 to 12, entrance; from 11 to 12, receipt; from 1 to 6, entrance; from 2 to 10, holes; from 4 to 12, ballads; from 3 to 11, circles.

A. C. BANNING.



WORK THAT IS PLAY

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

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No. 8.

AN UNWILLING BALLOONIST.

—
BY IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.
—

MORE than forty years ago, there was a news-boy who had a wonderful experience. But if the man — who was the boy then — is still living, he does not, I am sure he could not, ever forget even for an hour the wonderful, terrible experience that was his when he was carried through the air, hundreds of feet above the earth's surface, an unwilling *aéronaut*.

It happened during California's early days, when amusements for the people were few. A balloon ascension was enough to attract crowds from far and near. So, when flaming placards announced the ascension of a balloon from Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, across the bay, thousands made ready to witness it. The promoters of the affair had arranged to charter for the day the ferry-boats plying between the two places; and in the day's increased passenger-traffic — which might reasonably be expected to be enormous — they counted upon a profit sufficient to insure success in the undertaking.

The day dawned beautifully clear — a perfect, flawless, midsummer California day.

By eight o'clock the tide of sightseers was flowing into Oakland; by ten a great crowd of eager, waiting people was assembled there. At noon the crowd had become a multitude.

There were men in ranchmen's dress, men dressed as miners, men from "the city," men that were *vaqueros*, or cattle-men employed

on the ranches, women and children, and the Spanish Dons and their families. And there, fastened at its moorings, amid the crowd, was the balloon in which a professional *aéronaut* was to make the ascension. The crowds thronged about, examining it with curiosity; the men talking and smoking, the women moving about under the live-oaks with their children dragging at their skirts and eating peanuts.

The hour for the ascension came and passed. There was a delay in getting the great balloon in order. People became impatient. There was, it seemed, not enough gas to bear up the weight of the basket and the *aéronaut*. Experiments were tried while the restless spectators grumbled at the delay.

A man of lighter weight took the place of the professional *aéronaut*. Still the balloon refused to lift the basket so heavily laden.

Mutterings were heard from the dissatisfied people. They began to declare it all a mere scheme to attract great crowds over from San Francisco for the sake of the ferry-ticket returns. There would be no ascension, they said — the whole thing was a fraud to extract money from the people.

The *aéronaut* and his assistants became angry at these speeches, and finally cut the basket loose, and cast it aside. At once the balloon struggled to bound into space. Then, in the

suspended hoop, only three or four feet in diameter, the *aéronaut* seated himself.

The balloon, though it tugged at the guy ropes, showed there was still too great a weight. The *aéronaut* got out in despair. How much weight would the balloon carry? He looked for some one lighter than himself. A slim, half grown youth took his place. That was better; but even he was not light enough. Looking around for some one still lighter, the *aéronaut* saw a barefooted newsboy, wearing only a thin cotton shirt, a pair of trousers reaching to the knee, and a broken straw hat.

"Here, Bub," said he, "quick! Sit in this hoop a minute, will you, and let me see if the balloon will raise your weight?"

The little fellow laid down his bundle of papers, placing beside them a basket of peanuts that he carried. Then he seated himself on the slender curving ring. Steadying himself within the frail circle by holding with both hands to the two sides, he sat there with his legs dangling below him, feeling quite important in being chosen. He was sure the other boys were envying him even this approach to an ascent in a balloon.

Yes; there was sufficient gas to hold up the boy's weight. That was something; but it would not yet bear the weight of a man. Something must be done. An ascent must be made to satisfy the grumbling crowd. Some alterations must be made so that the *aéronaut* himself could go up as he had advertised.

They loosened some of the ropes as he directed, and then —

No one ever seemed to know how it happened, but with a bound the balloon somehow wrested itself from its moorings, and shot upward, bearing aloft the barefooted little newsboy, sitting in the swinging hoop!

There was a great cry went up from the people; and then followed the silence that comes of horror. Fifty feet! — a hundred! — five hundred! — already a thousand feet above their heads he was, yet speeding helplessly upward into that vast empty space where none could reach him to lend aid!

Would he fall? Would he faint? Women clutched their own children as they saw the little lad swept skyward, and there were men

who covered their eyes, not daring to look lest they should see the little figure fall.

His white shirt showed as a glimmering speck in the summer sky, as the balloon soared to greater heights. Higher, still higher, farther and farther away, he was borne by the winds coming in from the sea, toward the Coast Range of mountains.

Vaqueros and ranchmen who had ridden in from the hills to witness the ascent now sprang to their saddles and followed as fast as their horses could run, in a mad race with the balloon, as if they might perchance be near to help the little waif.

When the first sense of the terrible situation had come to those who gazed horror-stricken at the boy, the multitude became a mob, and many turned in excited wrath to seek the men who had planned the ascension, as though to wreak vengeance on them for the unexpected accident. They were gone; they had not dared to stay and brave the consequences if the boy was killed. If —! Was there a chance that he might escape? Who could hope?

The crowd stood watching till the tiny speck went out of sight behind the clouds. Then they went home. How long could the poor little waif cling to the ring?

When the balloon took the first great leap skyward, as the stay-lines loosed their hold, the boy hardly knew what had happened. Then, seeing the fast increasing distance between himself and the upturned faces, there came over him a fear — as yet but a child's fear — of his strange situation, without a full understanding of it.

He heard the shouts of the people as he sped upward. He knew that the balloon had escaped their hold; still, it was a moment or two ere he grasped the full meaning of the accident — before he was overwhelmed by the knowledge that he had been snatched away from the earth, and was being rapidly borne toward the cloud heights — alone!

Then he knew there was neither help nor escape. He was in mid-air on a narrow strip of wood, with only his two little slim hands to hold him back from the downward plunge into eternity.

Earthly sounds came dully to his ears as he rose. Faint and far away were they; fainter



"THE BALLOON SOMEHOW WRESTED ITSELF FROM ITS MOORINGS AND SHOT UPWARD, LEAVING AHEAD THE DAREDEVIL LITTLE NEWSBOY, SITTING IN THE SWINGING BASKET!"

and fainter they grew till, at last, they had ceased altogether. The uplifted faces of the people, among whom he had been but a moment before, appeared now to him no larger than the silver coins they had paid him that morning for peanuts. Finally, he could not see their faces at all; the people themselves were but tiny objects growing smaller—smaller, as they moved about, till they disappeared altogether. The cattle in the fields, the horses about the town, first seemed no larger than dogs; then small as kittens; then like little mice; then as ants; and at last disappeared from his vision. Houses diminished to groups of chips and blocks, to be distinguished only by their color from the trees that no longer seemed trees, but mere bits of moss growing close to the ground. High hills flattened down to wide uneven plains; and mountains became mole-hills.

The ocean! He had never seen it like this before; nor the bay, nor the river that, like a silver ribbon, wound oceanward.

Once he tried shutting his eyes as he noted how fast—how very fast—the earth was slipping away from his sight; but it made him all the more afraid and dizzy, and he quickly opened them again.

Oh, he was so far away from everybody and everything! By and by he could see nothing earthward—*nothing*! All was too far away. He was alone in the clouds,—drifting—drifting, he knew not where. And it was so desolate there—so very lonely!

He had from the first instinctively clutched with all his small might at the sides of the hoop. In that grip, he knew, lay his only salvation. What would his mother—alone at home—think when night came and he did not as usual return, with the money earned from selling peanuts and paper? He wished there was some way in which he could let her know he was alive, so that she would n't worry. She would hear of what had happened, and be sure he had been killed. If he could only see her for a minute! If—! His lips quivered, but he did not cry. He dreaded to hear the sound of his own voice up there in the solitude of that vast, awful, empty space.

There he clung, stunned by fear, while, jour-

neying with the clouds, the balloon crossed over valleys and streams, over hills and forests. He could see nothing earthward save clouds; but he was sure he was drifting farther and farther away from the spot which had been home.

Then the sun went down, and the twilight crept up to him from below; and with the setting of the sun, fog-banks came tumbling in from the sea, crossing the bay and hurrying toward him with their wet chilliness. He had shivered ever since he had reached the cloud heights; now he was becoming numbed with the cold. His hands and legs ached painfully from the night's chill touch. Bareheaded, barefooted, and with only the thin little shirt over his shoulders, he was carried along northward through the gathering darkness. Fog clouds shut out all beneath him—just the great sky overhead.

By and by the stars came out. Night was all around him.

He knew the earth was far, very far below;—that he was miles high in the air. Yet, somehow, the stars, as he looked aloft, seemed just as far away as ever. He was terribly lonely; and his body ached so! Ached from cold and exposure; ached because of so long sitting in the same tense position.

It became darker—very dark, after a while. And for a long time he was conscious of nothing but his sufferings. Even his peril was forgotten.

Suddenly he became aware (he could not tell how) that the balloon was beginning to sink earthward. Yes; he could feel the rush of air through which he was dropping down to dear Mother Earth again! Slowly, but surely floating down. What would happen when he reached there? He could not rightly guess. He hoped the balloon would not fall with him into the water. But he was afraid it might; for there seemed to be so much more water on the earth's surface than he had supposed.

Dropping down—down—down, he waited while the minutes went by, to meet what might be coming. At last he thought (no, he must be mistaken; it *could* n't be!)—he thought he saw lights, here and there, beneath him. Straining his eyes, he looked again. Yes, lights!

They were lights! That meant people were not far away. Lights gleaming from the windows of scattered ranch houses! He began to tremble so from excitement that he could hardly keep his hold on the hoop. He began to sob; and, for the first time, tears flowed down his cheeks. He was getting close to earth once more!

It was densely dark; but presently he *felt*—rather than saw—his nearness to earth; and in a minute more the balloon struck against an oak-tree, dragging him along through the rough branches.

As he crashed into it, his hands were wrenched loose and he fell. The balloon, lightened once more of its weight, shot upward and was gone.

The little hero found himself on the ground scratched, bruised, and bleeding, but with no bones broken, nor suffering any serious hurt.

On solid earth once more!

Only they who have had an experience as terrifying can ever know how much that knowledge meant to him.

Stumbling along in the dark he made his way across the fields to a distant light. It proved to be a ranch house. And there the bruised and bleeding boy was made welcome, although the strange story that he told found little belief. When morning came he was put on board a steamboat at Benicia (that being the nearest town to the ranch where he had fallen), and was taken to San Francisco.

The welcome he received from his nearly distracted mother can be imagined.

His experience was a nine-days' wonder; and column after column of the daily papers was filled with it. He was "interviewed"; he was lionized; he was allowed to keep the entire profits of all the papers he could sell containing the account of his wonderful aerial voyage.

The widow and her son, whose poverty had been extreme but a fortnight before, were now made comfortable by gifts as varied as they were numerous; but it is to be doubted if the little balloonist could ever be induced to risk another voyage in the air.



A JUNE EVENING.

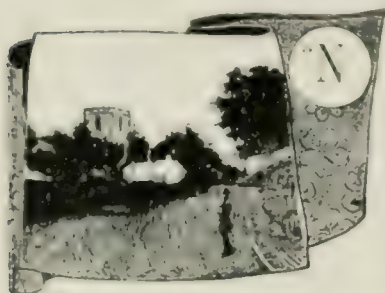
DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

(This story was begun in the March number.)

CHAPTER X.

AN EPIDEMIC OF MISCHIEF.



OW we *are* in a fix!" Aunt Helen exclaimed to Pokey, who had managed to get as far as the piazza, but had forgotten to lay down the sticky spoon, to which she still clung, as if its tenacious properties might have power to hold Ned, could she but lay it upon him. "John a mile away, and Ned in a fair way to be ten if he goes on at the rate he has started, and with no halter on to fetch him back with when he *is* caught!"

Meanwhile Ned and Denise tore on; he glorying in his freedom, and she vainly trying to overtake him. But as though the very spirit of mischief had entered into him, he made a sudden turn and headed straight for the railway station. Denise was just near enough to see him dash upon the platform, rush across it and into the station as though carrying a danger signal to the astonished ticket-agent, who sat in his little office, into which Ned tore full tilt, wounding the good man nearly to death.

But Master Ned found the place very like an oil-pot,—much easier to get into than out of,—and Mr. Smith was a man of prompt action, as one who might have to deal with runaway engines, whether steam-tracked or four-wheeled, is obliged to be. So promptly closing his office door, he had the bewildered runaway a fast prisoner.

A moment later Denise, pointing and puffing like a small steam-engine, and with perspiration pouring down her face, rushed into the office

whereupon Mr. Smith sat down to laugh, and Denise, with what breath was left her for laughter, followed his example.

"Oh," she panted, "did you *ever* know such a bad little thing as he is, to lead me such a chase? What do you mean," she demanded, shaking Ned by his forelock braids, "by scaring me so? John said you were a little villain, and I think you just *are*."

"How will you get him home, Miss Denise?" asked Mr. Smith. "Shall I send one of the men with you?"

"No, indeed, thank you. I don't need any help. I'll get him home." And, springing up, she caught Ned by his braids saying: "Come home this minute," and, tugging him along, she got him out of the office and started for home, with the little scamp walking as demurely beside her as though he had never done anything mischievous in his life.

That was the funniest bit of Ned's make-up. No matter how mischievous and full of pranks he might be at one moment, his weather would straightway change, and he would be as meek as possible, or else look at you in a surprised way, as if to say: "Why you *must* be mistaken. I did n't do anything."

Aunt Helen and Pokey met them at the gate, and the former said: "When you have put Ned into his stall and *shut the stable-door*, you had better come to me for your bath, for I fancy you feel the need of it."

Denise only wanted to push Ned in his night stall by way of punishment, and bang down the door, when she rushed into the play-house for the precious candy which Pokey had poured into a pail. Rustling into the kitchen with it she put it into cook's refrigerator, and then went up-stairs to Aunt Helen.

"Children," said Aunt Helen an hour later, when soap, water, and clean clothes had metamorphosed the two scapegraces into two dainty little maids in white frocks, "no more mishaps

to-day, I beg of you. Go out and drive quietly about in the phaeton till train time, and then let Papa find you spandy nice."

"We will, aunty; we truly will"; and Denise started down-stairs.

Pokey lingered to ask, "Aunt Helen, please let me fill the tub again? I do love to see the water pour in."

"Yes, you may fill it, but be careful not to get splashed," answered Aunt Helen, whose soul was filled with apprehension for unlucky Pokey.

"I'll be careful," was the reply, as she seated herself on the edge of the tub, and started both faucets.

Meanwhile Denise was waiting in the hall below and calling to Pokey to hurry up.

"I'm coming in just half a minute. Just wait till the tub gets full."

"There!" she exclaimed; "it's just up to that little ring, and now I'm going—oh!"—and, suiting the action to the word, which ended in a prolonged howl, Pokey lost her balance and slid backward into the tub—white frock, pink sash, and all.

For an instant Aunt Helen stood speechless, too startled to know whether to laugh or scold, as the unfortunate struggled to save herself from falling.

"Elizabeth Delano!" she cried, as she stood the dripping child on the tiled floor, where the puddles could form without harming anything. "I certainly feel as though I could shake you thoroughly, for the limit of my patience is reached, I believe!"

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" gasped Pokey, nearly in tears. "I'm so sorry, and so wet. I did n't mean to slip so far back."

"I believe you; and now let me get you into dry clothes just as quickly as possible."

At the howl of anguish Denise had rushed upstairs to find Pokey drenched and crying, as Aunt Helen hastened to get her out of her wet garments. Denise took in the situation in an instant, and the bubbling laugh which was never far below the surface, came rippling out.

"Oh, Auntie!" she cried. "Does n't she look just like a drowned rat? Don't cry, Pokey; you will soon be all dry, and Auntie

won't scold very hard, will you, Auntie? 'Cause she did n't mean to."

Another half hour and another start. This time Auntie gave no admonitions, feeling, perhaps, that it would be best to let Fate direct things herself. Surely Fate was in a particularly tantalizing mood that day, and delighted in tormenting frail humanity.

Down to the porch went the two delinquents, fully determined to be model children for the remainder of the afternoon.

Mischief, however, must have been in the air, and they particularly susceptible, for the door was scarcely passed when Denise, stopping, exclaimed: "The candy, Pokey; let's not forget that. We can take it with us and we can go up under the trees on Hillside road to eat it."

Soon the candy was produced, but in a condition far more resembling cold molasses than candy, and as delectable a mess as two youngsters could wish for.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Denise, who was decidedly a young woman of resources and not easily discouraged. "We'll take the pan and two spoons, and we can eat that way."

"Won't it be awful sticky?" demurred Pokey.

"Well, never mind if it is. We won't have to touch it if we have our spoons," said Denise.

When John saw the pan of sticky stuff about to be carried into the phaeton, he expressed himself very plainly on the subject:

"Now, Miss Denise, ye know ye should n't be takin' that sticky stuff into yer little phaeton at all. Ye'll just be sthook from yer head to yer heels wid it, and be in a foine sthate."

"No, we won't, John. We'll be careful."

"Well, Oim much mistaken would yer aunt let ye, did she know?"

But Denise did n't wait to ascertain, and giving the pan and spoons into Pokey's keeping, started off in great haste, in all her goodly array of rose-colored ribbons.

Hillside road was a delightful one; more lane than public driveway, it wound up the mountain to a beautiful residence at the top, where lived old Colonel Franklin, one of Mr. Lombard's most intimate friends, and a great

admirer of Denise, for whom he cherished a hearty friendship.

On one side of the road magnificent maple trees cast their shadows upon a tiny rill that trickled and sang beneath them, and upon the other the ground sloped by long gentle undulations to the river half a mile away; giving a charming view of the Tappan Zee, which sparkled in the afternoon sunshine that shone on it and on the beautiful homes of Irvington.

It was an ideal spot to choose for an afternoon drive, and delightfully cool and quiet for a little rest when one had gone about half way up.

Denise had an eye for the beautiful, and stopping Ned under a spreading maple just where the road was most inviting and the view simply perfect, she announced complacently to Pokey:

"Now, *this* is what I call a lovely spot, and we'll just sit here in the phaeton and eat our candy, and not have anybody to bother us, for people don't often come this way."

Giving Pokey one spoon, and arming herself with the other, she set a sweet example by dipping up some of the mess and eating it with a relish. Pokey followed suit, and presently about half of it had vanished. But little by little their tastes became sated with sweets, and their relish began to lessen.

"I don't believe that I *can* eat any more," said Pokey. "Don't you think it is too sticky and sweet?"

"Well, rather," said Denise reluctantly; "but it's good."

Meanwhile, Master Ned had caught the scent of something eatable, and manifested a desire to share the feast, whatever it might consist of. He turned his head first to the right and then to the left, and stretched his neck nearly out of joint in his endeavors to see what it might be. He hoo-hooed, whinnied, and pawed till Denise could no longer resist his appeals. So, jumping out of the phaeton, she set the pan on the ground in front of him with the command:

"Now, Ned Toddler, you may not eat the candy in that pan, and see that you leave it perfectly clean and shiny!"

CHAPTER XI.

NED DEVELOPS A TASTE FOR TAFFY.

NED needed no second bidding, but at once set himself to the task most assiduously, licking and slobbering to his heart's content and his headstall's ruination.

In about ten minutes the mess had vanished, and he raised his head, a spectacle for a tidy hostler to groan over.

Molasses and foam dripped from his mouth; his bit was literally stuck fast to it; the hair about his muzzle was beautifully plastered with taffy, and—alas, for the rosy ribbons—they were so sticky Denise had to throw them away.

His shaggy mane and forelock had been nicely sprinkled, as he tossed his head about in his vain endeavors to free himself of the sticky stuff.

Buckles and straps were well coated, and he himself was as disreputable and rowdy a little beast as one could find anywhere; but he had enjoyed himself—oh, dear, yes! and snorted and begged for more.

"Dear me, what *shall* we do with him?" groaned Denise. Pokey could only look on, filled with dismay and apprehension as to what their reception at home would probably be.

"I know what I'll do," exclaimed Denise. "I'll wash his face with the carriage robe. It's *linen* and lots easier to clean than the harness." And catching up the robe, she dipped one corner of it into the brook, and then proceeded to scrub Ned till she had succeeded in getting the mess well off of him, and nicely transferred to herself.

In the midst of the operation the sound of approaching wheels caused her to glance up the hill, to behold in the distance Colonel Franklin's elegant victoria coming down the road with the Colonel, his wife, and daughter therein.

"Quick, quick!" she cried. "Get into the phaeton, and take care of the pan and spoons, while I drive home as fast as I can go, for here comes the Colonel, and I would n't have him catch us in this mess for *anything*."

Bouncing into the carriage, she caught up the reins, and, turning around like a whirlwind, was soon tearing down the hill at a break-neck

speed, and making a lively chase for the big horses prancing behind; for when little Ned chose to go he could get over the ground in a very lively manner.

Pokey sat breathless, holding fast to the pan and spoons; but as the chase grew livelier, she was seized with a desire to glance behind; and that one glance was their undoing; for she forgot all about the pan and spoons, and the next moment, they were flying wildly out into the middle of the road.

"There! Now you *have* done it!" exclaimed Denise, petulantly, for her temper was much disturbed by thoughts of past, present, and future, and her patience was not very elastic.

Nothing could be done but go back to gather up the scattered articles, and by the time that was accomplished, Colonel Franklin was upon them.

"Good afternoon, young ladies," said he, with a courteous bow, while his wife and daughter bowed pleasantly. "You seem to be enjoying yourselves," he continued, as his twinkling eyes took in the situation. "May I ask if this is a private picnic in which Mr. Toodles is an honored guest, and has had the lion's share of the sweets?"

Poor Denise was covered with confusion, and scarcely knew how to reply; but catching sight of the funny side of the predicament, she burst out laughing, and was joined very heartily by all.

"Did you *ever* see such a looking thing as he is?" she demanded. "He likes taffy altogether too well, and what Aunt Helen will say when we get home, I just don't know. I don't suppose we shall ever hear the last of it, do you, Colonel Franklin?" she added slyly.

"No; I'm afraid you never will." And she never did; for years after the Colonel would ask: "Well, Miss Denise, do you still make taffy?" But, at the time, he added cheerily:

"Don't you think we had better act as escort, Miss Denise? I fear Ned's liberal supply of liquid taffy has rather unsettled him, and he seems to be in a very rowdy frame of mind."

So the big carriage and the little one rolled along, side by side, till the home road was reached. There they parted, with the Colonel's

assurance that he had never been in *sweeter* society.

"How *could* we act so?" said Denise remorsefully, when the Colonel's carriage had passed on. "I'm just as sorry as I can be, and I'm going straight to Auntie to tell her so. I would n't blame her if she shut us up in a little box for the rest of the afternoon, for we've done nothing but plague her ever since luncheon."

Soon they were at the front door, a very different party from the one that had left it an hour earlier. John was in a most righteous rage when he was summoned to take Ned back to the stable, and he gave vent to his wrath in smothered Celtic as he led the pony away.

And well he might be angry, for Ned was the pride of the devoted creature's heart, and the time and care he lavished upon the little scamp no one ever guessed.

"Faith, I belave the Ould Bye himsilf has got into the childer to-day!" he muttered.

Pokey remained on the lawn to swing in the hammock while Denise went in search of Auntie to confess her misdeeds to that much enduring woman.

She found her just ready to descend to the porch for an hour's rest before the train should arrive, but Auntie promptly learned that "the best laid plans o' mice and women" can be upset by — well — taffy, ponies, and small children.

Nothing could be done but to return to her room and get the sticky youngster restored to a proper condition; and it is small wonder that Auntie's patience came near giving out, or that Denise should get a decided lecture.

"I am more annoyed than I can tell you, Denise. How you *could* have been so thoughtless and selfish to-day, I can't understand."

"Selfish," echoed Denise, in a tone of surprise. "Have I been *selfish*, Aunt Helen?"

"Yes, I am sure the word will apply to the case, for you have taken no pains to make my duties lighter, when you could not fail to know that I had a great deal to think of in this big house, now that Mama is absent and I must assume the entire responsibility. Then, too, you knew a guest was coming and that I wished to have all in proper order for his comfort, and that I must get Papa's room ready, as

well. All this made extra work for Mary, who must now set to work and clean this candy off your dress, besides having Pokey's to dry and iron just when she is at her busiest.

John must work this evening to get Ned tidy. I have had to dress you again, just when I was ready to sit down and rest after a fatiguing day, and Mary must work too. It is trying for us all."



"So you see, that instead of trying to be thoughtful for others, and making a little trouble as possible, you have gone on from one prank to another, till now the climax is reached.

"But I could n't help it if Pokey got upset, could I?—and was n't it just too funny for anything?" and, in spite of her aunt's rebuke, up-bubbled a little laugh at the recollection.

"No, dear, I'm not blaming you for Pokey's mishaps, but I want my little niece to be more careful of her own conduct and by so doing to help Pokey overcome her blundering ways."

"Can I, Auntie? I never thought of that."

"Yes, dear, you can do a great deal toward it, for you know Pokey loves you dearly, and admires you as well as loves you. She has not such a happy home as yours, nor is she taught as carefully as you are. Nothing helps us so much as good influences and a wise example. We may not realize it at the time, but the impression is just as strong, and, unconsciously, grows with us.

"Some day when you are grown, and look back upon this dear home life, you will understand what I mean, and be so grateful to dear Papa and Mama for giving you such a happy girlhood, and teaching you in such a sweet way. There, darling, my little lecture is ended, and I don't believe we shall need another for some time, shall we?"

"No, Auntie, we won't. We *truly* won't!" and she clasped her arms around the kind aunt who never *scolded*, no matter how strong the provocation might be.

Just then, the train's whistle told them that in a few moments Papa would be with them, and both hurried down to the piazza, where Pokey joined them.

Soon Denise was gathered into a pair of arms which held her close, while their owner said:

"How has my darling little daughter been getting along without us all this time?"

"We have missed you dreadfully," was the reply, "and if it had n't been for Pokey and Ned we never could have endured it! I want to see Mama so badly that I don't know how I can wait a week longer."

"She sends you so many kisses by me that I shall have to give them on the instalment plan; so here are a few to begin with; after dinner you may have some more."

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON'S PLAN.

"WELL, little Miss Muggins," said the Captain, when they were all seated at dinner, "how

are the children flourishing, and what is this I hear about a remarkable play-house? I've not been out here in such a long time that I'm quite in the dark regarding the important events of the family. Will you take me out for a visit after dinner?"

"Indeed I will," answered Denise with alacrity, "and Pokey will show you how fast Ned and Tan have learned to run; won't you, Pokey?"

Pokey very promptly turned the tables by answering: "Yes, if you will tell them how fond of taffy Ned has become, and how nicely he can pull out pegs."

Naturally these mysterious remarks had to be explained, which caused a hearty laugh all round, and effectually dispelled any sign of clouds which might have remained.

As soon as dinner was finished all strolled out to the Bird's Nest, where the children displayed their treasures and explained their exceptional merits.

Sailor and Beauty seemed to think that they must assist in doing the honors, so while one tore around, the other paraded about with his great plummy tail waving like a banner, and his big soft eyes showing the affection he could not speak.

Then all the pets were visited in turn, from Ned down to the twenty-seven bunnies, whose house stood in an adjoining field. These little bob-tails demanded no small amount of care, you may well guess, for there were "fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins; families by tens and dozens" of all sizes and ages.

"What in the world do you ever intend doing with all these pussies?" asked the Captain. "Are n't Hero and Leander enough in that line with just half a dozen here for company?"

Hero and Leander were Denise's cats, and had been so named by Papa, who had rescued them from a watery grave when they were wee kittens.

"Captain Hamilton," said Denise, impressively, "I wish I could answer that question, but I can't."

"You have roused a vexed question, Captain, for she won't hear of one of those bunnies being sent to bunny land, and if the family continues to increase for the next two years as it has in

the past, we shall have to buy a ten-acre field to keep it in," said Mr. Lombard.

"Eh, is that true? Why, the matter is serious; but it's lucky we spoke of it, for I've a fine idea, which I've borrowed from George, and if you will just sit down here on the grass beside me I'll tell you in two minutes," said the good-natured Captain, who had a family of eight boys far away across the sea in England, and was only too glad to have a chat with little people for the sake of his own at home.

So the party settled themselves on the soft lawn in front of the Bird's Nest, the children snuggling close to the Captain, and listening eagerly.

"You see, George had some rabbits given him about three years since, and as we'd only a place about fifteen feet square in which to keep them, in the course of time he found himself very like the old woman who lived in a shoe. What to do with his big family he did n't know. However, about three weeks before I sailed, some garden truck was brought to Mrs. Hamilton by a farmer who lived a little way back in the country, and one of his boys happened to come along with him. I give you my word, that boy went nearly wild over George's rabbits, and George's mother suggested that some should be given him.

"So the bargain was struck in this way. Four bunnies were to be given to each boy, providing he would promise the best of care for them, and, as there were four boys, that disposed of sixteen bunnies.

"They were put into a big box, and away they went with the farmer's lad, George going along too, that he might be sure they had good, comfortable quarters, although he would have to walk all the way back home, and it was a good six miles too. But he never cared a rap for that.

"When he got home in the afternoon he was as muddy a young tramp as you could wish for, but as happy as possible; and so were we," he added, in conclusion.

When that question of Denise, clapping her hands, "Papa, do you suppose Farmer Sutton's boys would like some of my bunnies?"

"I'm sure they would be overjoyed to have

them," said her father, heartily and with charming decision.

"Do you truly? Well, I've a plan. John is to harness Sunshine to the garden cart, and drive Pokey and me and some bunnies over there to-morrow morning. May he?"

"Don't you think you will find it rather rough riding?"

"Oh, no; we sha'n't mind it, shall we, Pokey? It will be fun."

Pokey seemed to think that the jolts would add to the novelty, and permission was given with delightful promptness, and John was told to have everything ready by nine o'clock.

Never did he receive a more gratifying order, for the bunnies were beginning to seem like a mill-stone about his neck.

When the pets' territory had been left behind, and the children had gone for a romp with Sailor and Beauty, Mr. Lombard said:

"Captain, I feel called upon to offer a vote of thanks, for you have proved yourself a public benefactor and capable of solving a deep problem."

"Never you mind the problems. Let the lads and lasses have their good times and be happy with their pets. It's good training for them against the time they grow up and have pets that they can't send off to the neighbors to be looked after, and it will make them all the more affectionate and patient. But I can't see them grieved, and if a little manoeuvring can save a tear, let's have the manoeuvre, say I."

Next day the bunnies were sent off. Pokey and Denise perched beside John in the garden cart, which went jiggerty-jog, jiggerty-jog as Sunshine trotted along.

Never was a jollier ride, for they sang songs all the way over, and John told stories of Ireland and its jaunting-cars, while the children hung their feet over the sides of the cart and played they were going to Dublin.

Surely the road was rocky enough to suggest it, and it was a wonder that they were not shaken to bits on the way.

No need to tell how happy the boys were to get the pretty rabbits. In an hour's time they had built a nice house for them in a big orchard near the house, and the bunnies were well settled in new quarters and seemed quite at home.

"We 're jist powerful obleeged to ye," said the old farmer; "and them boys won't git a wink o' sleep to-night fur thinkin' on them rabbits. Reckon ye need n't worrit about their bein' fed reg'lar. They'll be stuffed like geese. Now come along and let me fill that thar cart, and then ye can play ye 're farmers gom' ter markit."

Soon the cart was filled with all sorts of good things, for Dame Sutton had a private supply of her own for the children and there was no danger of famine.

"Don't you want to go down this lane a little way?" asked Pokey slyly, when they were returning home.

"No. I 'd rather stop and gather button balls for walnuts," said Denise laughing, for Pokey's last achievement had been to gather a

half bushel of these balls, supposing them to be walnuts and to lug them home in triumph, only to be laughed at for expecting to find walnuts in August.

"I don't care if you all did laugh at me. I 'm going to make something pretty of them for Christmas. See if I don't," said Pokey, nodding her head wisely.

And the clever child actually did make an exceedingly pretty hanging basket by stringing the balls on wires, and lining her basket with gray moss.

Ferns were to be had for the digging and when Pokey returned to town two weeks later, she carried with her a pretty souvenir which suggested her country visit long after the visit had ended and the snow had buried the other ferns and button balls.

(To be continued.)



THE LATEST CAFE: "WHOSE BREAKFAST IS THIS, ANYHOW?"

THE ADJUTANT: HIS NAME.

BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE.

This legend you may not have heard,

And if not, it is now;

And therefore, I will tell it now,

Because it is not true.

A little man, in olden times,—

Please don't think this absurd—

Instead of riding on a horse,

Would ride upon a bird.

And strange to say, this little man

An adjutant was he;

In the army of an ancient king

Who 'd never seen the sea.

And, still more strange, as I opine,

Down to this very day,

We call this bird the adjutant,—

That 's all I have to say.





THE KINGDOM OF YVETOT

"Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire ;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeannelon
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
Dit-on,
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La! La!"

Béranger

BY GERALD BRENAN.



Forms of the King of Yvetot

Consider most ears the title of this article will bear a humorous sound. French eyes twinkle, while their owners recall their poet Béranger's merry *chanson* of the "*bon petit roi*"; and a remembrance of Thackeray's translation of that French song brings a smile to the lips of English-speaking lads and lasses. That the "King of Yvetot" * was anything but a pleasant myth, invented by poets for the sole purpose of being sung about, scarcely ever enters the heads of those to whom his Majesty's name is a household word. And yet there was a real kingdom of Yvetot; and the monarchs of this tiny realm ruled supreme in their dominions for many a century. Indeed, at the present moment there

is a little boy in Paris, who claims to be the King of Yvetot—heir of the happy potentate, who wore a cotton nightcap in lieu of a crown. This boy's name is Claude-Martin-Gigues d'Albon; but he much prefers to be known as "Claude III., Roi d'Yvetot."

The chronicle of this miniature monarchy, telling how it first came to have kings of its own, is quaint and curious.

First of all a few words as to the Yvetot of to-day—Yvetot as the writer saw it not so very long ago. The parish—it is a kingdom no longer, unless indeed "Claude III." succeeds in making good his claims—lies among the orchards of Normandy, a few miles from the famous city of Rouen, on the road to Havre. The village of Yvetot is not a busy place: it consists of a single street, nearly two miles and a half long, wooden houses built in picturesque style, with great crossed beams, and projecting roofs. The old château of the kings was destroyed by the Revolutionists in 1793. At pres-

* Pronounced *cet-toh*.

ent the population of Yvetot numbers about 8300 souls. During the days of its royalty it could boast of scarcely 2000 inhabitants.

A curious fact about Yvetot is that it has absolutely no water-supply of its own. The barren plateau of Caux, on which it is placed, is destitute of springs; and water has to be carried by rail from neighboring districts. There is a quaint old inn, the Hotel de Rouen,—



known, probably from the king's coat-of-arms, as "Bande du Roi" in former days,—to which stray travelers resort; and in the oak-floored parlor of this hostelry the writer spent an agreeable week studying the kingdom and its history. To the worthy *Curé* of Yvetot, as well as to M. Borel d'Hauterive, he owes many thanks for help in clearing up the mists surrounding this forgotten Norman realmlet.

The kingdom of Yvetot began in a jest; and, whereas antiquarians have been racking their

brains over the little monarchy's origin for generations, local tradition settles the whole matter with a story. A highly probable story too—for, on examination, it will be found to agree exactly with all that is historically certain of Yvetot's royal family.

The first "King of Yvetot," say the documents at Rouen and Paris, "was one Ansfred, styled '*le Drôle*,' or 'the humorous,' who accompanied his sovereign lord, William of Normandy, the Conqueror, during his victorious invasion of England, A. D. 1066. For his services Ansfred was rewarded by the gifts of the fiefs or estates of Yvetot and Taillanville in the Plains of Caux. He assumed, for some doubtful reason, the title of *Roi d'Yvetot*; and his heirs have held that kingly designation ever since."

Thus much we learn from dry-as-dust legal papers. Now for tradition, as unearthed by M. d'Hauterive from many a musty tome, or taken down by the good *Curé* of the village from the lips of old parishioners. This "Ansfred, styled '*le Drôle*' or 'the humorous,'" was, it seems, none other than William I.'s court jester; and his stone image, in cap and bells arrayed, stood in the dining-hall of the Château d'Yvetot until those terrible fellows, the Revolutionary soldiers, pulled down both house and statue.

Those who love to stray in history's byways will remember that when William the Conqueror landed on the English coast, he tripped and fell with extended arms upon the strand. Most of his followers would have regarded this as a bad omen had not the monarch, with rare presence of mind, quieted their fears by exclaiming that he was "grasping the soil of England in his arms." Now, tradition in Yvetot has it that the person who whispered this cunning reply into the ear of the prostrate William was our witty acquaintance, the court-jester Ansfred.

When England had been won, the story goes that the king remembered his humble jester's timely whisper, and, calling him to the foot of the throne, bade him ask a boon by way of reward. Ansfred jestingly replied, "Ah, my good king, I have an ambition too lofty for you to gratify."

Greatly piqued at this speech, even from

such a privileged joker as his "court fool," William insisted upon knowing what the ambition was which the sovereign of England and Normandy could not make good. Whereupon, jingling his golden bells gaily, Ansfred said: "In sooth, friend William, I desire to become a king, like yourself. Nothing less can satisfy me."

At this the nobles of the court set up a mighty shout of laughter, looking upon the affair as another of Ansfred's sallies. But the King laughed louder than them all. Recovering from his mirth, he cried out: "Ansfred shall have his wish. When we get back to Normandy we will give him a kingdom of his own." Then, summoning his chancellor, he demanded the name of "the very last place in all his dominions—the most barren and waterless waste in his possession." The chancellor consulted his great books and found that the last place mentioned was the hamlet of Yvetot. Moreover, this hamlet stood in the treeless, springless plain of Caux, and was an extraordinarily desolate spot, little thought of by the Abbey of Saint Wandrille to whose monks it belonged.

William laughed again when he heard of Yvetot; and, in pursuance of his pledge, when he returned to Normandy, he took Yvetot away from the Abbey and gave it to Ansfred the jester. In the nearby village of Bolbec, amid great merriment, Ansfred was formally crowned "King of Yvetot." Everybody looked on the coronation as a joke—everybody but Ansfred himself. As was often the case with these jesters, the folly of this "fool" was only on the exterior. No sooner had he acquired possession of his small kingdom, than he built himself a tower there, and set about planting the wastes around. The trees grew; but King Ansfred could think of no plan that would supply Yvetot with water. Always, till he died, Ansfred retained the title of "King"; and William the Conqueror's sons being busy with their wars, none tried to take it from him. Ansfred's son and heir, Richard, second king of Yvetot, went to the Crusades in 1096, and fought with great bravery.

After that, son succeeded sire in the tiny monarchy, without any of the cruel struggles and deeds of violence which disgraced the thrones

of greater nations. Quietly the kings of Yvetot—they were really nothing more than petty "sieurs," or lords of the manor, but none could dispute the fact that their title of "roi" had been legitimately acquired—went on improving their property, and adding to their castles.

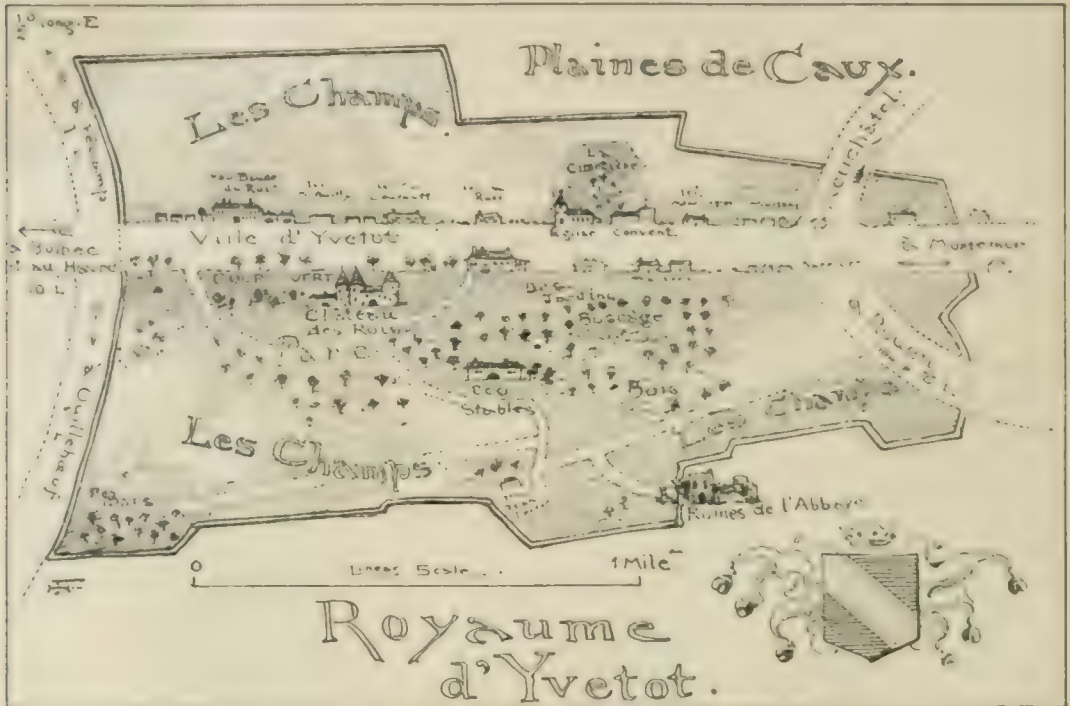
In 1350 came upon the scene Jean II., Roi d'Yvetot, known to tradition as "Jeannot the Dancer." This gallant monarch, we are told, was the most nimble as well as the most graceful dancer in all northern Normandy. On one famous occasion he danced all the way between Yvetot and Rouen—a distance of over eighteen miles! His wonderful dancing eventually won him a rich and beautiful bride, Jeanne Bourdet, heiress of the Château de la Rivière. This château still stands in the commune of St. Martin, near Rouen; and in the great hall you may see the coat-of-arms of "Jeannot the Dancer," with the inscription: "Jehan, Roi et Sieur d'Yvetot." King Jeannot became a very wealthy man for his time in Normandy; for he had one hundred *livres* (about twenty dollars, but in those days money bought much more than now) of rent, besides the tribute which he was in the habit of levying from travelers passing through Yvetot. His son, Jean III., rose to even greater heights of power, for the king of France himself, in 1381, formally recognized his neighbor's claims to be "King and Prince of Yvetot, with the rights of the High and the Low Justice, of coining money, of making knights, and of life and death over his subjects."

But Yvetot's history reached its zenith in the reign of Martin I., son of this Jean III. King Martin was a very small man, but his heart was large; and, not satisfied with remaining peacefully at home as his fathers had done, he desired to be a king in something more than name. Accordingly he raised a miniature army and went to visit "his good cousin," the crazy King Charles VI. of France.

The visit only filled King Martin with envy; and on his return he began to coin money, thereby making himself the laughing-stock of all France. None of these precious coins remain, but there actually exists in the great Cluny Museum at Paris, a medal struck by Martin. This medal represents the king of Yvetot seated on a sort of throne giving the

accolade, or touch with the sword that conferred knighthood, to one of his subjects, an innkeeper named Bobée. The king wears a plain cap, sur-

tot found himself a ruined man. Accordingly, on May 2, 1401, he sold "the manor of Yvetot, with all right to the title of King as granted to



AN OLD MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF YVETOT.

rounded by a circlet of gold; and on the reverse of the medal may be made out the words: "Mart. Rex Ivetost J. Bobée Vin. fecit Escut." which, translated out of the quaint Latin, means simply, "Martin, king of Yvetot, made J. Bobée, the innkeeper, a knight."

But poor Martin's final folly ended in sore disaster. He loftily invited the mad Charles VI. to "visit him as a brother, in his palace of Yvetot." The king of France came, and with him came also "all the king's horses and all the king's men." Some were lodged in the Château of Yvetot, some in the Châteaux of la Rivière and Taillanville, which belonged to Martin, while yet others ate in the village at the sign of the "Bande du Roi," kept probably by that same Maître J. Bobée so recently knighted.

The swarm of courtiers ate King Martin literally out of house and home. After Charles VI. and his nobles departed (laughing in their sleeves, no doubt) the unfortunate king of Yve-

his forefather by William of Normandy, and duly confirmed by successive kings of France," to one Pierre des Villaines, a prosperous lawyer who had acutely bought up most of the luckless monarch's debts. In the contract of sale, still preserved, Martin is set down as "King of Yvetot."

The ex-king died in obscurity on his minor estate of La Rivière-Bourdet in 1412: and in this way the dynasty founded by Ansfred the Court Jester in the eleventh century became extinct after three hundred and forty years. But the kings of Yvetot did not end.

This is one of the few instances in the world's history wherein we find a kingdom being sold outright. Pierre des Villaines the shrewd Rouen lawyer became "Pierre I., Roi d'Yvetot."

The new dynasty helped Charles VII. to drive out the English, and was temporarily banished from its kingdom by those same English for sympathizing with Jeanne d'Arc. But when France was free once more, her king

restored the kings of Yvetot, and gave them "confirmation of their rights" (1453 A. D.).

Isabelle de Villaines became queen of Yvetot in or about 1455. She is known as "Isabel the Obstinate," and with some reason. Her guardians wished her to marry a great *sieur* or

Jean Chenù, son of a small farmer and nephew of Isabelle's instructor, the Abbot of Saint Wandrille. Jean went to the wars to seek his fortune, returned home a belted knight, and married the faithful Queen Isabelle of Yvetot, who had waited "obstinately" for his return.



"THE NEPHEW CHASED HIS UNCLE ALL THE WAY UP THE TWOSHIEST-ONG STREET OF YVETOT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

well-born gentleman, but Isabelle stoutly refused. It turned out that her whole heart was set upon a certain playfellow of her childhood,

In the reign of this worthy and romantic couple's great-grandson (1490 A. D.), we find the only instance of usurpation in all the his-

tory of Yvetot. This descendant was Pierrot Chenû, a child of tender years, and his uncle, one Jean Baucher stole from him the estates and the title of "King of Yvetot." There exists a letter of this prototype of Richard III. to Anne, the deformed daughter of Louis XI. He exhorts the poor princess to come to Yvetot. The letter is dated in 1490, and is signed "Jehan IV., Roi d'Yvetot."

A few years later the usurping king had need to pray in his own behalf; for the young Pierrot Chenû, his nephew, had become a strapping lad, and returned to claim his own. There was a battle—the forces numbered about twenty men to a side—in which the nephew chased his uncle all the way up the two-miles-long street of Yvetot, and into the deep ravine of Barentin, where the defeated king took refuge among the rocks. Nowadays, as the traveler is whirled across the ravine, over the fine Barentin viaduct, nearly 1750 feet high, he little thinks that he is looking down upon the scene of a king's concealment.

Plucky Pierrot Chenû, having made himself king of Yvetot, forgave his uncle and made that designing person a sort of agent or attorney. The present Curé of Yvetot resides in the house once occupied by Jean Baucher, who was formerly "King Jehan IV."

The kingdom of Yvetot passed to another queen, Isabelle Chenû II., whose hand was won by the Chevalier Martin du Bellay, Lieutenant-General of Normandie. Their son was Martin II., who proved to be one of Yvetot's most noted kings.

This second Martin was, although a Catholic, a very close friend of the Huguenot, Henry of Navarre. Many pleasant stories are told of King Henry and King Martin. When, in 1592, the former sovereign marched to fight the Duc de Mayenne, being in the humor for a joke, he made a mock invasion of Yvetot. The conquest occupied one hour, after which King Martin du Bellay invited King Henri de Bourbon to a dinner of roast chicken and bacon. Henri accepted the invitation, gaily remarking: "If I should lose the kingdom of France, *parbleu!* I have at least conquered that of Yvetot."

When Henri IV.'s troubles were over, and

the coronation of his queen, Marie de Medicis, took place in the Abbey of St. Denis, he happened to observe his old friend Martin du Bellay vainly trying to find a seat in the nave of the chapel.

"*Ma foi!*" cried the good-humored Béarnais. "*Je veux que l'on garde une place royale à mon petit roi d'Yvetot!*"—that is, "I want a royal seat reserved for my little King of Yvetot!"

The surprised master of ceremonies was forced to seek Martin in the crowd, and to bring him to the raised dais, where the visiting kings, the princes of royal blood, and the ambassadors were seated.

Most country squires would have looked like fish out of water in such company, but Martin du Bellay took it all as a matter of course, utterly disregarding the gibes of those around him. Presently the king, happening to look around, saw that his protégé was being made fun of by the glittering throng, who mocked his plain doublet and homely appearance. Once more the master of ceremonies was despatched with a stinging message of rebuke to the scoffers, which caused them to laugh no longer: "He is only a little king, messieurs," remarked Henri of Navarre, "but truly he is a king for all that!"

Even so mighty a sovereign as Louis *le Grand* recognized the royalty of Yvetot, although, naturally, he did so with a jest. It happened that the king was on his way through Normandy, and had to pass through the plain of Caux. As the royal coach rattled down the single street of Yvetot, one of the courtiers in speaking to the king chanced to address Louis XIV. as "Sire."

"Nay, do not call me so," said the Grand Monarch, with a smile; "I am not 'Sire,' here; for in this kingdom that title belongs to my brother of Yvetot."

Meanwhile the title of "King of Yvetot" had passed by marriages to the houses of De Crevant and D'Albon. When the ill-fated Louis XVI. ascended the throne, the Queen of Yvetot, Julie I., and her husband, Claude, Marquis d'Albon de Saint Marcel came to pay their respects at the frivolous court. The poor little queen was almost a dwarf, her husband, who

called himself "King," was a hunchback. But they were both very proud indeed of their royalty, and did not see that the courtiers were making fun of them, as Henri IV.'s courtiers had made fun of their ancestor King Martin. At this time Queen Marie-Antoinette (who later died a pitiful death on the guillotine) was a thoughtless girl fresh from the seclusion of an Austrian convent. She joined in the ridicule leveled at the sovereigns of Yvetot. Louis XVI., always a kind-hearted if rather a stupid gentleman, protested pityingly; but Marie-Antoinette excused her actions by pointing out that since "Queen Julie" and "King Claude" were too proud to see that they were being mocked, there was no cruelty in the mockery.

This is rather a sad chapter of the history of Yvetot. True it is that Yvetot's sovereignty from the very first had been only a huge joke. But then it was a very old joke indeed in Louis XVI.'s time. The crown, which was really only a cap and bells, had been worn for so long a time, that its antiquity might have hallowed it in the eyes of these merry courtiers, very few of whom could show a lineage so noble as that of Julie, Queen of Yvetot, or of her husband, the Marquis d'Albon de St. Marcel. But, cruel or justifiable, the fun was kept up at the expense of the dwarf queen and her hunchback husband.

One especially bitter jest is recorded, for which, it must be sadly confessed, Marie-Antoinette herself was responsible. A great *bal masqué* was projected; and the young queen of France caused word to be conveyed to the Marquis d'Albon and his wife that it was to be a "Fools' Ball." Every guest, she stated, was required to appear in the familiar guise of a court jester.

The simple-minded Queen of Yvetot and her spouse took the bait, and on the occasion in question presented themselves at the Tuileries in the caps and bells of court jesters. To their astonishment their entry was met with a roar of laughter; and on glancing round they observed that no other guest wore the jester's motley. The "joke" was completed by the entry of a mock herald with two tinsel crowns, which he placed on the heads of Queen Julie and the Marquis d'Albon. The poor little

queen would have fled from the ballroom, but her husband, too much of a gentleman to show that he had been wounded, prevented her. Smilingly he remarked, so that all might hear: "Her majesty is quite right to remind us that the kingdom of Yvetot was won by a jest. But she should remember that the jest was a good one."

This apt reply came to the ears of Louis XVI., who hastened to make amends to the deformed king of Yvetot. "Sire," replied the little sovereign, "it is quite superfluous for the queen to present us with crowns. There were kings of Yvetot before her ancestors became counts of Hapsburg."

After this the diminutive rulers of a diminutive realm were persecuted no longer, and came in for many honors at the hands of the king. Their son and heir, Camille-Claude, who called himself "King and Prince of Yvetot," was one of the first noble victims of the guillotine; and it is this Camille's great-grandson, Gignes-Alexis-André, Marquis d'Albon, who now holds the ancient title of King of Yvetot.

It is a barren rank, indeed, for the estates of Yvetot were forfeited during the Revolution, and are now distributed among a dozen or more small farmers and village shopkeepers. The old château is a ruin; so also is the Abbey of St. Wandrille, patron of the kingdom. A railroad sends its engines puffing through the Yvetot orchards; the viaduct of Barentin and the Malaunay tunnel bring the great outside world within an hour's journey; manufacturers are starting up even around the plateau of Caux.

Nothing remains of the royalty granted to Ansfred the Jester, save a few yellow old parchments. Some are stored in the museums, some remain in the hands of the Marquis d'Albon. These parchments establish the facts that the kingdom was recognized as independent by Charles VI. (1401), by Louis XI. (1464), by Henry II. (1553), by Charles IX. (1572), and by Henry IV. (1610), and that, such being the case, its present rightful king is André II. The king of Yvetot, better known as M. d'Albon, dwells in the Rue Cambacérès, Paris, or at his Château d'Avauges,

near Portcharra, Département du Rhône. He is about thirty years of age; and when asked about his chances of regaining the lost monarchy, laughs cheerily as he replies, "I assure you, monsieur, that I have abdicated. All my

see us. . . . The chateau is pulled down, and the only thing that pleased me was an escutcheon with our arms that my father found over the door of M. le Curé. Then too, we walked all around the kingdom, and really it was not



THE KING AND QUEEN OF YVETOT BY MARI-ANTOINETTE

claims have long since been handed over to my son and heir. Let me introduce you to Claude-Martin III., Pretender to the throne of Yvetot."

"Claude-Martin III." is M. D'Albon's son, a frank, blue-eyed lad of eleven, who is immensely proud of his royal descent, but yet somewhat disappointed over his first and only visit to Yvetot.

"Just think!" he exclaims, "when we arrived at our kingdom nobody seemed glad to

as big as our parish of Portcharra. Still, it 's nice to be a king, even of Yvetot."

As the little successor of Ansfred the Jester and the sturdy King Martin du Bellay speaks of Yvetot, his blue eyes light up with a half humorous twinkle, so that one cannot help humming the jovial chorus of Béranger's famous little song:

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
 Quel bon petit roi c'est là!
 La- La!

A Little Rhyme of Four. By Margaret Johnson.

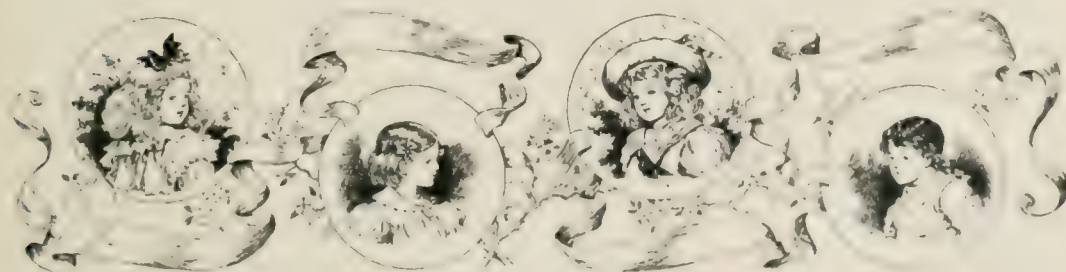


Busy all day long,
 Cheeriest of lasses,
 Like the cricket's song
 In the grasses;
 Wakeful with the waking sun,
 Working till each task is done,
 Thinking earnest thoughts which none
 May divine —
 That 's Cora.

Ruffles not a few,
 Slippered feet a-twinkle,
 Eyes like stars of blue
 Periwinkle;
 Airs engaging, exquisite,
 Tiny frowns and smiles that flit,
 Arch, coquettish just a bit,
 Fairy-fine —
 That 's Flora.

Neat and sweet and nice
 As all care can make her;
 Prettily precise
 Little Quaker;
 Smooth brown hair and forehead pure,
 Quiet step and look demure,
 Toes turned out, you may be sure,
 On the line —
 That 's Dora.

Brimmed with sweetness as
 Clover-tops with honey,
 (Scarce a blossom has
 Looks so sunny!)
 Brave and loyal, blithe and brown,
 Laughing every trouble down,
 Loving, though the whole world frown,
 Sweetheart mine —
 That 's Nora!



JACK'S POINT OF VIEW.

His little sister pouted:
"I think it was a shame
For you to get the scolding
When you were not to blame.
Why did n't some one tell them
The truth about the ball—
That Freddy Fearing threw it,
And it was n't you at all?
But that 's the way it always is;
It 's just the same old song
When any mischief happens—
It 's Jack who 's in the wrong!
And other boys, I 'm sure of it,
Are every bit as bad.
I 'm sick of such injustice!
It makes me hopping mad!"

Jack kissed his little sister:
"Oh, don't you fret!" he said,
With a twinkle in his laughing eyes,—
"And don't you peach on Fred.
I told the little beggar
(He was scared to death, you see,
When the ball went through the window)
To leave it all to me.
Nobody fibbed about it;
But the fellows ran away.
'T was just the situation—
Somebody had to stay.
Of course I caught it heavy,
But bless you!—think what fun
For me to get a scolding
For a thing I had n't done!"

Mary Bradley.

A STAMP-COLLECTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

BY LAWRENCE IRWELL.

I HAVE been a collector of postage-stamps for a great many years, and I consider philately a sort of science. In my modest way, I have quite a good collection, which I have taken a great deal of trouble to acquire, and which I would not sell for the weight in gold of my album.

During last summer I passed my vacation at Atlantic City, for the sake of fresh air, sea-bathing, and such other pleasures as a summer resort usually provides. I had my stamp album with me, and a small library of my favorite authors, and in this congenial company I was seldom at a loss for occupation or amusement. In the afternoons I was in the habit of taking what many people call a "boat ride," and I always secured the boat from one particular man, named Peter Mack. One very hot day I took my album to the beach, sat down under an umbrella, and carefully examined some of my gems for the ten-thousandth time. While I was so doing, Pete walked up to me to in-

quire if I did not want a boat that afternoon. I answered that I would return the book to my room in the hotel at which I was staying,—we will call it the Salisbury, although that is not its name,—and that I should then greatly enjoy a trip on the sea. The boatman, no doubt, saw that the book contained postage-stamps, but I do not remember his making any remark upon the subject.

One evening during the week following this incident I was sitting in my room, reading Philbrick and Westoby "On Philately," when a bell-boy knocked at the door and announced that Mr. Mack wished to see me. "Show him up," said I, and the boy disappeared. In a few minutes Peter stood inside the door, twirling his hat and nervously staring at me. "Good evening, Peter; what can I do for you?" was my greeting.

"Mr. Janson, an uncle of mine has lately died in York-lure, England, and a lawyer has written to me that I must go there to see

after the property he has left, which the lawyer says will amount to eight thousand pounds. I have no folks living since my mother died, except a brother who is on an ostrich-farm in South Africa."

I began to wonder what Peter's uncle and his property could have to do with me, so I thought that I would try to shorten the story.

"Tell me, in a few words, Pete, what it is that you want of me. I am tired, and am anxious to go to bed."

"Well, Mr. Janson, I saw a book of yours one day when you were sitting on the beach; and as it was filled with old postage-stamps, I thought that you might perhaps be willing to buy some my mother left me, and which she received from my father."

At this announcement my desire for sleep seemed to disappear, and I suggested that Peter should go at once for the box containing the stamps.

In about a quarter of an hour my acquaintance returned carrying an old red cardboard box, which originally contained shoes, I should suppose. I placed the box upon the table, and began to examine its contents. The mass of the stamps were of little value, and of no use to me, as I already possessed specimens of them. But when I had looked at about half of the collection my eye detected a stamp of

the Sandwich Islands issue of 1851, of the nominal value of thirteen cents; also one issued in the island of Mauritius in 1847—a penny stamp, orange in color; and before I had concluded my inspection I discovered an English black stamp of the year 1840, canceled, though



"THE ROYALMAN SAW THAT THE BOOK CONTAINED POSTAGE-STAMPS."

not defaced, as so many English stamps are after they have gone through the mails. I knew that these three were very rare; but I was not certain they were genuine.

Having looked carefully at all the specimens, I turned to Mack. "Peter, I'll tell you what I will do," I said. "Most of these stamps are

worth little, if anything, but there seem to be a few out of the many thousands in the box that have a pecuniary value. In fact, if they are genuine, they are worth hundreds of dollars. I am not willing—especially as you tell me that you leave on the 'Warrior' on Saturday—to attempt to separate those which I should care to buy, or to make a careful examination to find out whether they are counterfeits. Tell me, how much will you take for the whole lot?"

"I should be entirely satisfied with fifty dollars, Mr. Janson, if you will give that much," answered the boatman. "And, whatever they are worth to you, that will satisfy me."

I was willing to deal more liberally with the man, but he insisted that he would be satisfied with fifty dollars: so I paid the money—not knowing whether I had a prize or not. He put the bills in his pocket, and was about to leave the room, when I detained him.

"Pete, don't tell any of your friends that I have bought stamps from you. I do not want to buy any more for the present, and the old people here may have some put away. They would be likely to worry the life out of me if they knew that I had bought some."

"All right, sir," answered Mack; "I am much obliged to you. Good night, and good-by."

When he had fairly retired I locked the door, and prepared to examine my purchase. The three stamps seemed to be genuine, and were also in splendid condition. The rest might be worth something or nothing. I could not find any that, so far as I could ascertain from my books or guides, had any value worth mentioning.

Little did I imagine what was in store for me, and what an immense amount of suffering and anxiety these stamps were going to inflict upon me. It was not long before I found out the value of these stamps, because three similar specimens were sold by auction a few months afterward, upon the death of a Philadelphia millionaire named Carton. They were all three bought by a doctor in that city named Withington, who had commenced collecting as long ago as 1860, when philately was first recognized as a science. He has a splendid collection, and is a great enthusiast upon the subject.

What were those three specimens sold at? Sandwich Islands, issue of 1851, \$350; Island of Mauritius, issue of 1847, \$1750; English stamp of 1840, \$50. And I had bought all three for \$50!

Dr. Withington's special taste is for unique specimens, upon which he has spent a fortune; and he is reported to have asserted that no other person upon the American continent possessed—I have used the past tense advisedly—any of these three stamps. I had been informed that he was very jubilant at the time of his acquisition of them, and I danced with delight at the thought of his discomfiture when I should produce my specimens for the criticism of the stamp-learned world.

Of course I had never seen Dr. Withington's stamps,—indeed, I had never visited Philadelphia,—so I determined to write to him and beg for an interview and an examination of his gems. I would examine them very carefully, and when he was gloating over his possession of them I would confound him by producing my own. I wrote to the doctor the following day, asking him to allow me to look at his new purchases. I gave some references as to my respectability, and mentioned that I was a member of the American Philatelic Society.

Within forty-eight hours a reply from Dr. Withington reached me; he fixed the following Monday for an interview at his house in the Quaker City. It was then Thursday, and I passed the intervening days in a fever of impatience. I must candidly admit that I hoped that the stamps for which the doctor had paid such extravagant prices might prove to be faulty in some respect, or not so clean as my own. Alas! such is the collector's nature.

On Monday I traveled to Philadelphia, and rang Dr. Withington's bell at the time appointed, to the minute. To my surprise, the man-servant informed me that the doctor had been summoned to New York by telegram that morning, and would not return until late at night. "But if you are Mr. Janson, sir," said the attendant, "I have a note for you."

I opened the note eagerly, as you may imagine. Dr. Withington much regretted that he had been unexpectedly called away, and was sorry that he would not have the pleasure of

entertaining me. Rather than cause me any disappointment, however, he had requested his daughter to show me the three stamps, as well as any others at which I cared to look, and he begged that I would make myself at home in his library. Miss Withington would have lunch ready for me at half-past one.

This was fairly satisfactory to me, although I should not be able to show the doctor my own specimens, which I had bought so cheaply, and which were at that moment in my pocket-book.

I was requested to walk into the library, where I found Miss Withington, a very pretty, clever-looking young lady of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four. I must tell you that I am much more interested in her now than I was then, as I shall explain before I have concluded this narrative.

Beatrice Withington was, I soon discovered, as enthusiastic a stamp-collector as her father, and had a separate collection of her own, of which she was decidedly proud. I want to tell you that Miss Withington is the only woman I have ever met who seems to be really well informed about philately.

Miss Withington began by asking me to look at her father's pictures which hung upon the walls of the library; most of them were engravings of excellence, and of considerable value. After I had glanced over the bookshelves, the young lady invited me to take a seat at a table near the window; she then unlocked a drawer in her father's bureau and brought out a carved wooden box.

"These are the treasures, Mr. Janson," she said; "all quite recent acquisitions. My father told me that the three rarities you specially wished to see are in an envelope at the top of the box; he has been busy lately, and has not had time to place any stamps in his album. You may examine the contents of the box at your leisure. Please return the stamps to the proper envelope—they are all marked on the outside; and when you have concluded your inspection, kindly replace the box in this drawer. We lunch at half-past one. You will excuse me, I am sure."

She then left the room, and I took the three stamps out of their envelope. I first looked

at them carefully through a magnifying-glass which I had brought with me. They seemed to be the exact counterparts of my own, quite as clean and in as perfect condition; all of them appeared to have been preserved for years in some careful manner. I then took out my pocket-book and compared the stamps side by side upon the table. There really



"THESE ARE THE TREASURES, MR. JANSON," SHE SAID.

could be no doubt that between my treasures and Dr. Withington's no difference existed. After a prolonged examination I returned my own treasures to my pocket. In a short time Miss Withington again came into the room. She inquired if I had ever seen the stamp of "Simpson's Penny Despatch," which had been sold for as much as five hundred dollars; and

upon my telling her that I had not, unlocking another drawer in the same writing table from which she had taken the carved wooden box, she produced a blue envelope in which was a curious red-and-white sort of label, the pictures of which are familiar to most collectors,



For he went away again, and I was alone until I had looked at the entire contents of Dr. Withington's envelope. It was then twenty minutes after one.

I placed all the stamps in the proper receptacles, as I thought, returned Miss Beatrice's blue envelope to one drawer, her father's box to

another, locked both of them, and then took the key to the adjoining drawing-room. After that we had lunch—she and I by ourselves. I kept wondering whether I should be wise in telling her of the existence of my own specimens, or whether I should wait and tell Dr. Withington

himself. Eventually I decided upon the latter course; the subject would not be altogether a pleasant one, and the more I saw of Miss Beatrice the better I liked her. Immediately after lunch I said good-by and then returned to Atlantic City.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day I was reëxamining, as collectors do, my three precious stamps, when I heard a loud knock on the door. Before I could rise from my chair the door opened, and two men, one of whom as I soon learned was Dr. Withington, walked into the room. I hurriedly laid my handkerchief over the stamps, and stepped forward to meet them.

"Mr. Janson," said the doctor, who was evidently very angry, "what have you done with my stamps?"

I stared at him in amazement. Done with his stamps? What could he mean? I looked from him to the other man, who was quite cool and unconcerned, and who seemed to be making an examination of the room on all sides with apparently careless eyes.

"I have done nothing with your stamps, Dr. Withington," I replied. "When I had finished admiring them, I replaced them in the envelopes. I put the box in the drawer in your bureau, and returned the key to your daughter."

The doctor's excitement increased. His face grew red, then turned to purple.

"Beware, sir!" he roared. "You, a stranger to me, came to my house to examine my stamps. When you are gone I return, and then I discover that my stamps are gone too!"

"Gone, do you say? Impossible! I locked them up myself."

"I tell you they're gone, sir. I went to the drawer on my arrival at home last night, and found that they had disappeared."

"Dr. Withington," said I, trying to keep cool, "there is some mistake about this. I am absolutely certain that I returned all of your stamps to the drawer, in the lock of which Miss Withington had left the key."

"Stupid child that she is!" shouted my accuser. "Why did she not sit in the room with you, and keep her eyes upon you? I tell you that those three stamps which you specially asked to see are gone; and I want to know what you have done with them. Now, for the last time, where are they?"

I stared at him, astonished, yet utterly helpless. While I was trying to collect my thoughts and find words with which to answer, the quiet man stepped up to the table and lifted the handkerchief which I had thrown over my stamps. There they were! There was no mistake about that.

"My stamps!" roared the now furious Doctor. "Oh, what disgraceful depravity upon your part, Mr. Janson!—to steal my stamps, and then to brazen out the matter!"

I lost my temper. "Take care what you're doing!" I exclaimed. "Those stamps are mine! Put them down this instant! I bought them last Thursday; and I came to see yours, Dr. Withington, in order that I might compare my own with them."

The quiet-looking man smiled, and shook his head. "That's altogether too thin," he remarked in a sarcastic tone.

Dr. Withington then turned to his companion, and, pointing at me, said: "Officer, arrest Mr. Janson!"

I protested; I threatened; and I beseeched. It was all of no avail. Perhaps I had made matters worse by doubting the uniqueness of Dr. Withington's specimens. At any rate, he was inexorable. The detective told me to put on my overcoat and hat and to come with him.

He took me to the police headquarters, where I was locked up for the night. What a terrible position to be in! How I wished that I had shown my stamps to some one before going to Philadelphia. The evidence against me seemed alarmingly convincing. What could have become of the doctor's own stamps? About six o'clock in the afternoon an officer passed the door of the cell in which I was confined, and I asked him to telephone for a lawyer whom I knew asking him to call and see me as soon as possible.

During the evening the lawyer—a Mr. Ransome—arrived. I told him minutely and accurately of every circumstance connected with the case. He listened with great attention, but his face seemed to grow graver every minute.

"I am very sorry indeed, Mr. Janson," he said, "to be obliged to tell you that matters do not look bright from our side of the case. You say that the man from whom you bought the stamps is on his way to England,—left on the *Warrior* last Saturday,—and that, even if he were here, he could not prove your possession of these three particular stamps, as he sold you a box containing about four thousand. I must cable to a Liverpool lawyer to see the man upon his arrival, and to ascertain what address will find him. His evidence is likely to be of vital importance to us.

"You will be taken before the police judge at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I shall apply for an adjournment. Am I right in assuming that you had not mentioned your possession of these three stamps to any one—not even to Miss Withington? You will realize how this fact must tell against you."

I did not sleep that night—nobody would think that I was likely to sleep.

Shortly before ten the following morning I was taken to the police court by a detective. Rumor of this extraordinary charge of theft having got about, the little room was crowded with curiosity-mongers; and although I did my best to escape observation, knowing that every eye was fixed upon me, I soon discovered that my position in the proceedings was such that concealment of my face was utterly impossible. My haggard appearance, caused by anxiety and want of sleep, together with my

frightened manner, unquestionably prejudiced everybody in court against me. Even now, when I look back, that morning's events remind me of a terrible nightmare, in which innumerable pairs of eyes seemed to be fixed upon me, as though I were a notorious criminal. I pleaded not guilty to the charge, and, on Mr. Ransome's advice, elected to be tried by jury. That gentleman then applied for an adjournment; but the judge decided that as

commission in England, and my employers, convinced of my guilt, might discharge me without waiting for the result of the trial.

Dr. Withington was the first witness. He deposed that on the previous Friday he had received a letter from me asking permission to see the three rare stamps which he had bought at the sale of the late Mr. Carton's collection, and each of which was unique so far as this continent was concerned. He further related



THE DOCTOR'S WITNESS. (A. J. WITTINGTON, ARRESTED BY THE POLICE.)

Dr. and Miss Withington wished to return to Philadelphia that night, the evidence for the prosecution must be taken at once. So I sat at the table with my counsel and listened to the evidence. How very convincing it all seemed! I could easily understand how the judge would decide that I was guilty. The worst of it was that I had positively no evidence to offer in defence. It would require weeks to have Mack's testimony taken, by

that he had requested his daughter to show me the stamps, as he was unexpectedly called away from home; that upon his return the same evening he had looked in the drawer for the stamps, and that they were gone. Coming to Atlantic City the following morning, having obtained the services of a detective, he had me arrested.

The Doctor swore positively that the three stamps found in my room were his own, and

the cross-examination entirely failed to shake his evidence upon this or any other point.

Miss Withington, who gave me a very sorrowful glance as she walked to the witness-stand, was the next witness. She stated the details of my visit to her father's house, and swore that I had told her at lunch that I had returned the stamps to their proper places. She was with her father when he discovered the loss the same evening. The key of the bureau had not been out of her possession. Miss Withington's cross-examination developed nothing further.

The detective swore to the finding of the stamps upon the table of my room in the Salisbury Hotel; he also stated that I had hastily covered them with my handkerchief when he and Dr. Withington entered the apartment.

At this point the trial was adjourned for a week to enable my counsel "to get up" his case, and I was liberated upon five thousand dollars bail, kindly provided by the senior partner in the firm for which I work.

In due course the week passed, and I again appeared at the court. Upon the opening of the proceedings, Mr. Ransome was about to address the judge when Dr. Withington was seen to rush wildly into the room, and, utterly regardless of the legal sanctity of the place, shouted, "They 're found; and there *are* two specimens in this country, after all!"

When order was restored, the doctor had changed from red and breathless to white and depressed. The judge sternly ordered him

to "take the stand." My accuser, now very penitent, explained that that very morning he had opened the drawer in the bureau in which his daughter kept her stamps, and that there he had found the envelope containing the three lost treasures. Miss Withington, it appeared, had left the key in the lock of that drawer; and I, putting her particular stamp away first, forgetful of the fact that the three specially precious stamps had been taken from the carved wooden box, had placed the envelope containing the doctor's gems in the compartment reserved for his daughter, and had afterward returned the carved box to its proper resting-place. When the stamps were missed, it had never occurred to Miss Beatrice, nor to her father, to look in the drawer from which the young lady's stamp had been taken when it was shown to me; and the moment Dr. Withington made the discovery he came to Atlantic City as fast as the train could bring him. So I received my liberty and my stamps as well.

I was disposed to be very angry with Dr. Withington because I considered that he had acted without proper caution or investigation, and I threatened him with an action for damages; but his daughter was so full of remorse for her carelessness in not examining all the drawers in the bureau, and generally so fascinating in her sympathy for my misfortunes, that I eventually forgave both her and her father. I hope and expect to marry Miss Withington in about six weeks.

ALL 'S ILL THAT ENDS ILL.

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

JOHN HENRY, agèd seven, sought
His mother, to explain
He could n't go to school because
He had an "awful pain."

He watched his brothers marshaled off
In slow and mournful file,
And sat him snug within the house,
And smiled a naughty smile.

VOL. XXV.—82.

But oh, that very afternoon
When, gay as heart could wish,
Came Uncle John, with cart and team,
To take the boys to fish —

John Henry said with grief, that he
Would never smile again!
His mother kept him home because
He 'd had that "awful pain!"



FLOWER-NAMES.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

THERE is many a flower's name that gives us a quaint bit of history or folk-lore, or flashes upon us a charming glimpse of its haunts and associates. Saxifrage, for instance, or stone-breaker, brings up vividly a picture of the places—the gray clefts or crevices of the rocks—where we find its modest white flower. Rosemary, named from the Latin words meaning dew or spray of sea, tells us of salt sea-marshes sprinkled with the pale purple blooms. Most of our authorities derive the marigold from "Mary's gold," and it is so named in a herbal, or book about plants, of the sixteenth century.

Other names give some striking characteristic of the plant itself, as phlox, signifying flame, from its glowing mass of color; and the anemone is the wind-flower, swaying, dancing, bending at every breath of the wind. Pliny tells a pretty story that its buds open at the wind's call. The woodbine, or wood-bind, is named from its clinging growth. Shakspeare seems fond of the woodbine, and makes Beatrice hide herself in a "woodbine couverture." Plantain and plane-tree are from a word meaning broad; and tulip is derived from the Eastern word for turban, its silken texture and gaily colored stripes suggesting the Oriental covering for the head. The gladiolus (little sword) is so called probably from its sharp, sword-shaped leaves; and the eglantine (diminutive of the French *aiguille*), from its piercing, needle-like thorns. Cocoonut is from the Spanish *coco*, or bugbear, descriptive of the queer, impish little face at the base of the hairy nut. Nasturtium, which means "nose-twister," gives a picture of the person smelling the blossom and involuntarily contorting his features from the stinging and pungent odor. Pink introduces us to a group of words

that at first sight seem very oddly ill-matched, for this daintily edged flower gets its name pink from the Dutch verb *pinken*, to pick out with a sharp instrument, as a border is pinked in notched scallops for decoration. Charming pictures are given by the "sun-dew," with its sparkling leaves; "the Daisie, or else the eye of the day," as Chaucer calls it, from its habit of opening at dawn; and the asters are the "stars" of the field.

The exquisite blue speedwell and the beckoning sprays of traveler's joy seem to fling us greetings from meadow and hedgerow. The bright little heartsease preaches content, and there is a sort of moral in the rough brushwood and tangled vines (*labrusca*) and the kindred adjective brusque. The old word teasen meant to card wool, and hence we get both "tease," which is a rubbing up the fur in a wrong direction, to speak figuratively, and teasel, a prickly, thistle-like plant whose flower-heads, when dry, are sometimes used for raising the nap on woolen cloth.

But some flowers have more jest than sermon in their names, and seem to beguile their lovers with the hint of some merry story, as the huntsman's cup, touch-me-not, golden-rod, Jack-in-the-pulpit, Queen Anne's lace, lady's slipper and lady's smock, Quaker ladies, sweet Cicely, and the like. Bouncing Bet reminds Mr. Burroughs of a Yorkshire damsel; and there is a small mealy-white flower whose botanical name, *Aletis*, means "a maid who grinds corn." An odd character-name from an Elizabethan comedy often acted by strolling players in barn and inn-yard was "Grimm the Collier," given to a meadow-weed with rough red flowers and long black hairs on leaves and stem. The hooded arums are "Capuchins" with the Tuscans, and "lords and ladies," because of their purple and green mantles, with English children.

In my childhood the old-fashioned "pretty-by-nights" or "four-o'clocks" were my court beauties with spreading hoops.

For Greek and Roman scholars we have the dianthus, "flower of Zeus," and peony, which (like pæan) comes from Apollo's name as god of healing, the plant being supposed to possess healing virtues. The dark purple hyacinth is named from the unfortunate companion of Apollo; and the narcissus, bending over the stream it grows beside, at once recalls the classic legend. "Venus's looking-glass" sounds very natural, and "Venus's comb," but not so "Venus's fly-trap." Mrs. Dana suggests that clover is derived from Hercules' three-pronged club (*clava*), and Linnæus tells us our pretty yellow loose-strife is a namesake of the Sicilian king Lysimachus.

The water-lily is truly a water-nymph (*Nymphaea odorata*), but no two flowers could be more unlike in association than the Greek asphodel, beloved by Proserpine, and the English "daffy-down-dilly" of "the yellow petticoat and green gown" in our nursery rhymes. Dictionaries give daffodil as derived from asphodel, but say the origin of the first "d" is obscure. The glorious iris, "born in the purple," was well named from Iris of the rainbow. Its common name here is the flag, and in France *fleur-de-lis*. Whether the latter means flower of the lily or flower of Louis (*lis* being a corruption of the name of the king Louis VII., who selected it as a royal emblem), its fairest association is with Joan of Arc, whose banner bore "white lilies," probably the white iris blossoms of her own meadows.

Some of the roses have French historic names, as the *souvenir de Malmaison*, and the splendid Jacqueminot, the soldier

Who shared in Napoleon's glory,
And dreamed that his sword had won his fame!

Ah, the fate of a man is past discerning!
Little did Jacqueminot suppose,
At Austerlitz or at Moscow's burning,
That his fame would rest in the heart of a rose!

What could be lovelier, indeed, than to have one's memory kept alive by a flower, as has been the fortune of the botanists Fuchs, Kalm, L'Obel, Dahl, and Magnol, who would have been forgotten long ago but for the fuchsia and

kalmia, the lobelia, dahlia and magnolia, of our gardens and forests!

Many blossoms, from a fanciful likeness, or from the time of blooming, are named after some beast or bird. The dandelion (*dent de lion*, or lion's tooth) is well known, but the "lion's foot" is a shy wild-flower. Foxglove reminds one of a German fairy-tale; the monkey-flower, or *mirulus* (little jester), gets both names from "its grinning blossom"; the lupine is from *lupus*, wolf, because it impoverishes the soil, "the wolf at the door" being a well-known saying for poverty. Harebell is also written *hair-bell*; and dogwood is very likely not from dog, but dag or dagger, its hard wood making good handles or sheaths. But we have hound's tongue, dogbane, dog violet, and dog's-tooth violet (which is a lily); also cat-brier and catnip, and the diminutive catkin, like a cat's tail.

Sheep-laurel is so called because poisonous to sheep, and the horse-balm and deer-grass for a directly opposite reason. The toadflax, spider-wort, and adder's tongue suggest evil company. As for bird's names, the claws and spurs of certain irregular blossoms give us larkspur, crowfoot, and perhaps columbine (*columba*, dove), although Dr. Prior conjectures that the likeness of the clustered nectaries to the clustered heads of doves about a vase of water gave the name. These same nectaries, like the curved talons of an eagle, suggested the generic name *Aquilegia* (eagle), so the same flower bears the names of the eagle and the dove. The robin and the cuckoo, birds of spring, own as namesakes the ragged-robin and wake-robin, cuckoo-bud and cuckoo-pint; the hawk and the swallow, hawkweed and celandine (Greek, swallow)—the last the flower so loved by Wordsworth. The corydalis (crested lark) is named from the crested seed; and the cranberry or crane-berry, either from a fanciful likeness of its stalk to the legs and neck of the bird, or to its fruit ripening at the time of the flight of the cranes. Crane's bill, or geranium, which means *crane*, comes from its beak-like fruit.

It seems more probable that the peasants, who give the folk-names to the flowers, have given most of those associated with birds, because the times of their migrations are the same as the times of blossoming.

THE BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES OF OUR COAST.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

[This series was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE SAND BARS.

So Mr. W. Rhett took possession, in the name of the law, of two large sloops, the "Henry" and the "Sea Nymph," manned them with well-armed crews, and put on board of each eight small cannon. When everything was ready Mr. Rhett was in command of a very formidable force for those waters.

Now Mr. Rhett, who was no more of a sailor than Stede Bonnet had been when he first began his seafaring life, boldly made his way up the coast to the mouth of Cape Fear River; but, although the two ships went on very cautiously, it was not long before both of them ran aground upon sand-bars.

Of course, Bonnet, or Captain Thomas, as he now chose to be called, soon learned that two good-sized vessels were lying aground near the mouth of the river, and at nightfall he sent three armed boats to make observations. These boats reported that the grounded vessels were not trading craft, but large sloops full of men and armed with cannon. Bonnet — we prefer to call him by his old name — had good reason to fold his arms, knit his brows, and strut up and down the deck. If the "Royal James" had been able to sail there is no doubt that Bonnet would have taken his chance of sailing away that night.

But as it was impossible to get ready to sail, Bonnet went to work with the greatest energy to get ready to fight. He knew that when the tide rose there would be two armed sloops afloat, and that there would be a regular naval battle on the quiet waters of Cape Fear River. All night his men worked to clear the decks and get everything in order for the coming combat, and all night Mr. Rhett and his crews

kept a sharp watch for any unexpected move on the vessel of the enemy.

Early in the morning the wide-awake crews of the South Carolina vessels, which were now afloat and at anchor, saw that the topmasts of the pirate craft were beginning to move above the distant headland, and soon Bonnet's ship came into view, under full sail; and as she veered around they saw that she was coming toward them. Up went the anchors, and up went the sails of the Henry and the Sea Nymph, and the naval battle between the retired army officer, who had almost learned to be a sailor, and the private gentleman from South Carolina, who knew nothing whatever about managing ships, was about to begin.

As the Royal James, under full sail, was making her way down the river, keeping as far as possible from her two enemies, Mr. Rhett ordered his ships to bear down upon her so as to cut off her retreat and force her toward the opposite shore of the river. This manœuver was performed with great success. The two Charles Town sloops sailed so boldly and swiftly toward the Royal James that the latter was obliged to hug the shore; and the first thing the pirates knew she was stuck fast and tight upon a sand-bar. Three minutes afterward the Henry ran upon a sand-bar, and there being enough of these obstructions in that river to satisfy any ordinary demand, the Sea Nymph very soon grounded upon another. But unfortunately she took up her position at a distance from her consort.

Here now were the vessels which were to conduct this memorable sea-fight, all three fast in the sand and unable to move; and their predicament was made the worse by the fact that it would be five hours before the tide would rise high enough for any one of them to float. The positions of the three vessels were very peculiar and awkward: the Henry and the

Royal James were lying so near each other that Mr. Rhett could have shot Major Bonnet with a pistol if the latter gentleman had given him an opportunity, and the *Sea Nymph* was so far away that she was entirely out of the fight, and her crew could do nothing but stand and watch what was going on between the other two vessels.

But although they could not get any nearer each other, nor get away from each other, the pirates and Mr. Rhett's crew had no idea of postponing the battle until they should be afloat and able to fight in the ordinary fashion of ships. They immediately began to fire at each other with pistols, muskets, and cannon, and the din and roar was something that must have astonished the birds and beasts and fishes of that quiet region.

As the tide continued to run out of the river, the two contending vessels began to settle over to one side, and, unfortunately for the *Henry*, they both careened in the same direction, and in such a manner that the deck of the *Royal James* was inclined away from the *Henry*, while the deck of the latter was inclined toward her pirate foe. This gave a great advantage to Bonnet and his crew, for they were in great measure protected by the hull of their vessel, whereas the whole deck of the *Henry* was exposed to the fire of the pirates.

But Mr. Rhett and his South Carolinians were all brave men, and they kept blazing away with their muskets and pistols at the pirates whenever they could see a head above the rail of the *Royal James*, while with their cannon they kept firing at the under side of the pirate hull.

For five long hours the fight continued; but neither vessel seems to have been seriously injured, and although there were many killed on both sides the combat was kept up with determination and fury.

The tide was now coming in, and everybody on board the vessels knew very well that the first to float would have a great advantage over the other, and would probably be the victor.

The *Henry* was further from the shore than the *Royal James* and she first felt the

influence of the rising waters. Her masts began to straighten, and at last her deck was level and she floated clear of the bottom while her antagonist still lay careened over on her side.

The pirates thought there was no chance for them; in a very short time the other *Carolina* sloop would be afloat, and then the two vessels would bear down upon them and utterly destroy both them and their vessel. Consequently upon the *Royal James* there was a general disposition to surrender and to make the best terms they could; for it would be a great deal better to submit and run the chance of a trial than to keep up the fight against enemies, so much superior both in numbers and ships, who would soon be upon them. But Bonnet would not listen to one word of surrender. Rather than give up the fight he declared he would blow up himself, his ship and his men. Although he had never had a sailor's skill he possessed a soldier's soul, and in spite of his being a dastardly and cruel pirate he was a brave man. But Bonnet was only one, and his crew numbered dozens, and notwithstanding his voice it was determined to surrender, and when Mr. Rhett sailed up to the *Royal James*, intending to board her if the pirates still showed resistance, he found them ready to yield themselves his prisoners.

Thus ended the great sea fight between the private gentlemen, and thus ended Stede Bonnet's career. He and his men were taken to Charles Town, where most of the pirate crew were tried and executed. Bonnet was held in custody and treated with respect simply from the fact that he once had been a gentleman. In consequence of this leniency he escaped, and had to be retaken by Mr. Rhett. It was so long before he was tried that sympathy for his misfortunes arose among some of the tender-hearted and muddle-headed citizens of Charles Town.

Finding that other people were trying to save his life, Bonnet tried to save it himself by writing to the governor, begging for mercy. But the governor of South Carolina had no notion of sparing the scoundrelly pirate, and Bonnet was finally hung on the same spot where his companions had been executed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SIX-WEEKS' PIRATE.

ABOUT the time of Stede Bonnett's final adventures, a very unpretentious pirate made his appearance in the waters of New York. This was a man named Richard Worley, who set himself up in piracy in a very small way, but who, by a strict attention to business, soon achieved a remarkable success. He started out as a scourge upon the commerce of the Atlantic Ocean with only an open boat and eight men. In this small craft he went down the coast of New Jersey, taking everything he could from fishing boats and small trading vessels, until he reached Delaware Bay, and here he made a bold stroke and captured a good-sized sloop.

When this piratical outrage was reported at Philadelphia it created a great sensation, and people talked about it until the open boat with nine men grew into a great pirate ship, filled with roaring desperados and cut-throats. From Philadelphia the news was sent to New York, and that government was warned of the great danger which threatened the coast. As soon as this alarming intelligence was received, the New Yorkers set to work to get up an expedition which should go out to sea and endeavor to destroy the pirate vessel before it could enter their port and work havoc among their merchantmen.

It may seem strange that a small open boat with nine men could stir up such a commotion in these two great provinces of North America, but if we can try to imagine the effect which would be produced among the inhabitants of Staten Island, or in the hearts of the dwellers in the beautiful houses on the shores of the Delaware River, by the announcement that a boat carrying nine desperate burglars was to be expected in their neighborhood, we can better understand what the people of New York and Philadelphia thought when they heard that Worley had captured a sloop in Delaware Bay.

The expedition which left New York made a very unsuccessful cruise. It sailed for days and days, but never saw a sign of a boat containing nine men, and it returned disappointed and obliged to report no progress.

With Worley, however, progress had been

very decided. He captured another sloop, and this being a large one, and suitable to his purposes, he took possession of it, gave up his open boat, and fitted out his prize as a regular piratical craft. With a good ship under his command, Captain Worley now enlarged his sphere of action. On both shores of Delaware Bay, and along the coast of New Jersey, he captured everything which came in his way; and for about three weeks he made the waters in those regions very hot for every kind of peaceable commercial craft. If Worley had been in trade his motto would have been, "Quick sales and small profits," for by day and by night the "New York's Revenge," which was the name he gave to his new vessel, cruised east and west and north and south, losing no opportunity of levying contributions of money, merchandise, food, and drink, upon any vessel, no matter how insignificant it might be.

The Philadelphians now began to tremble in their shoes, for if a boat had so quickly grown into a sloop, the sloop might grow into a fleet, and they had all heard of Porto Bello and the deeds of the bloody buccaneers. The governor of Pennsylvania, recognizing the impending danger, and the necessity of prompt action, sent to Sandy Hook, where there was a British man-of-war, the "Phoenix," and urged that this vessel should come down into Delaware Bay and put an end to the pirate ship which was ravaging those waters. Considering that Worley had not been engaged in piracy for much more than four weeks he had created a reputation for enterprise and industry which gave him a very important position as a commerce destroyer, and a large man-of-war did not think that he was too small game for her to hunt down, and so she set forth to capture or destroy the audacious Worley. But never a Worley of any kind did she see. While the Phoenix was sailing along the coast, examining all the coves and harbors of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the New York's Revenge put out to sea, and then proceeded southward to discover a more undisturbed field of operation.

We will now leave the New York's Revenge sailing southward, and go for a time to Charles Town, where some very important events were taking place. The governor of South Carolina

had been very much afraid that the pirates in general would take some sort of revenge for the capture of Stede Bonnet, who was then in prison awaiting trial, and that if he should be executed, Charles Town might be visited by an overpowering piratical force, and he applied to England to have a war vessel sent to the harbor. But before any relief of this kind could be expected, news came to Charles Town that already a celebrated pirate, named Moody, was outside of the harbor capturing merchant vessels, and it might be that he was only waiting for the arrival of other pirate ships to sail into the harbor and rescue Bonnet.

Now the Charles Town citizens saw that they must again act for themselves and not depend upon the home government. If there were pirates outside the harbor they must be met and fought before they could come up to the city, and the governor and the council decided to fit out a little fleet. Four merchant vessels were quickly provided with cannon, ammunition, and men, and the command of this expedition would undoubtedly have been given to Mr. Rhett had it not been that he and the governor had quarreled. There being no naval officers in Charles Town, the fighting-vessels had to be commanded by civilians, and Governor Johnson now determined that he would try his hand at carrying on a sea-fight; Mr. Rhett had done very well, why should not he?

Before the governor's little fleet of vessels, one of which was the Royal James, captured from Bonnet, was quite ready to sail, the governor received news that his preparations had not been made a moment too soon, for already two vessels, one a large ship, and the other an armed sloop, had come into the outer harbor, and were lying at anchor off Sullivan's Island. It was very likely that Moody, having returned from some outside operation, was waiting there for the arrival of other pirate ships, and that it was a very important thing to attack him at once.

As it was very desirable that the pirates should not be frightened away before the Charles Town fleet could reach them, the vessels of the latter were made to look as much like mere merchantmen as possible — their cannons were covered, and the greater part of

the crews were kept below, out of sight. Thus the four ships came sailing down the bay, and early in the morning made their appearance in the sight of the pirates. When the ship and the big sloop saw the four merchant vessels sailing quietly out of the harbor, they made immediate preparations to capture them. Anchors were weighed, sails were set, and with a black flag flying from the topmast of each vessel, the pirates steered toward the Charles Town fleet, and soon approached near enough to the "King William," which was the foremost of the fleet, to call upon her captain to surrender. But at that moment, Governor Johnson, who was on board the "Mediterranean," and could hear the insolent pirate shouting through his speaking-trumpet, gave a preconcerted signal. Instantly everything was changed — the covers were thrown from the cannon of the pretended merchantmen, armed men poured up out of the holds, the flag of England was quickly raised on each vessel, and the sixty-eight guns of the combined fleet opened fire upon the astonished pirates.

The ship which seemed to be the more formidable of the enemy's vessels had run up so close to her intended prey that two of Governor Johnson's vessels, the Sea Nymph and the Royal James, once so bitterly opposed to each other, but now fighting together in honest comradeship, were able to get between her and the open sea, and so cut off her retreat.

But if the captain of the pirate ship could not get away, he showed that he was very well able to fight; and although the two vessels which had made him the object of their attack were pouring cannon-balls and musket shot upon him, he blazed away with his cannon and his muskets. The three vessels were so near each other that sometimes their yardarms almost touched, so that this terrible fight seemed almost like a hand to hand conflict. For four hours the roaring of the cannon, the crushing of timbers, the almost continuous discharge of musketry, were kept up, while the smoke of the battle frequently almost prevented the crews of the contending ships from seeing each other. Not so very far away the people of Charles Town, who were standing on the shores of their beautiful harbor, could see the fierce fight

which was going on, and great was the excitement and anxiety throughout the city.

But the time came when two ships grew too much for one; and as the *Royal James* and the *Sea Nymph* were able to take positions in which they could rake the decks of the pirate vessel, many of her men gave up the fight, and rushed down into the hold to save their lives. Then both the *Charles Town* vessels bore down upon the pirate and boarded her. Here there was another savage battle with pistols and cutlasses. The pirate captain and several of his crew were still on deck, and they fought like wounded lions; and it was not until they had all been cut down or shot that victory came to the men of *Charles Town*.

Very soon after this terrible battle was over the waiting crowds in the city saw a glorious sight; the pirate ship came sailing slowly up the harbor, a captured vessel, with the *Sea Nymph* on one side and the *Royal James* on the other, the colors of the Crown flying from the masts of each one of the three.

The other pirate ship, which was quite large, seemed to be more fortunate than her companion, for she was able to get out to sea, and, spreading all her sails, she made every effort to escape. Governor Johnson, however, had no idea of letting her get away if he could help it. When a civilian goes out to fight a sea battle he naturally wants to show what he can do, and Governor Johnson did not mean to let people think that Mr. Rhett was a better naval commander than he was. He ordered the *Mediterranean* and the *King William* to put on all sail, and away they went after the big ship. The retreating pirates threw over their cannon, and even their boats, in order to lighten their ship, but it was of no use. The governor's vessels were the faster sailers, and when the *King William* got near enough to fire a few cannon balls into the flying ship, the latter hauled down the black flag and without hesitation lay to and surrendered.

It was plain enough that this ship was not manned by desperate pirates, and when Gover-

nor Johnson went on board of her he found her to be not really a pirate ship, but an English vessel which not long before had been captured by the pirates, in whose company she had visited *Charles Town* harbor. She had been bringing over from England a company of convicts, and what were called "covenant servants," who were going to the colonies to be disposed of to the planters for a term of years. Among these were thirty-six women, and when the South Carolinians went below they were greatly surprised to find the hold crowded with these unfortunate creatures, some of whom were nearly frightened to death. At the time of this vessel's capture the pirate captain had enlisted some of the convicts in his crew, as he needed men, and, putting on board of his prize a few pirates to control her, the ship had been worked by such of her own crew and passengers as were willing to serve under the pirates, while the others were shut up below.

Here was a fine prize taken with little trouble, and the *King William* and the *Mediterranean* returned to *Charles Town* with their captured ship to be met by the shouts and cheers of the delighted citizens, already excited to a high pitch by the previous arrival of the captured pirate sloop.

But Governor Johnson met with something else which made a stronger impression on him than the cheers of his townspeople, and this was the great surprise of finding that he had not fought and conquered the pirate Moody, but, without suspecting such a thing, he had crushed and utterly annihilated the dreaded *Worley*, whose deeds had created such a consternation in northern waters, and whose threatened approach had sent a thrill of excitement all down the coast. When this astonishing news became known the flags of the city were waved more wildly, and the shouts and cheers rose higher.

Thus came to an end in the short time of six weeks the career of Richard *Worley*, who without doubt did more piratical work in less time than any sea-robber on record.



THE BUMBLE-BEE.

BY BARNEY HOSKIN STANDISH.

the ground. If
fers the thistle,
aware that these
snake while his own

There are three
workers. The queens
first few weeks of spring
is the signal for nest build-
about the lilacs, thrust their
haustless honey-jars of the

Nest building with them
well do that; besides she is in a big, bustling hurry now; she has actually seen a clover blossom. Out and in among the dead, matted grasses of last year's growth she goes, hunting perhaps for the abandoned nest of a field-mouse. It will be remembered that these little animals build upon the surface of the ground soft nests of grasses, in which they winter. From these they have runways leading in different directions. The bee goes down into the dead grass, scrambling on as best she may, until she finds one of these runways, following it up to the nest. If it is occupied, she goes elsewhere; if not, the mouse nest straightway becomes a bee's nest and the little creature begins her preparations for housekeeping.

She now collects a mass of pollen in which to deposit an egg. As the egg hatches and the baby-bee grows she keeps this mass moistened with honey, and he helps himself, eating out a cavity larger than a white bean. In this he spins a complete cocoon. When this is done

THIS chunky, hairy, noisy fellow is king of
the cold. He stays with us summer and winter,
and is said to prefer the Arctic
region to the tropics. I do not
doubt this, for he will sleep out-of-
doors any cool night of spring or
fall without asking for an extra blan-

ket. Indeed, he is homeless for nine or ten
months of the year, lodging wherever night over-
takes him, on a blossom, a leaf, and even upon
he has any choice in the matter I think he pre-
where the spines are thickest. Perhaps he is
stingers will guard him from the skunk and the
are in a body stiffened by cold and drowsy with sleep.

kinds of bumble-bees reared in a nest: queens, drones, and
alone survive the winter. They apparently spend the
waiting for red-clover to bloom, the first blossom of which
ing. Before this they visit the willows, hum a soft bass
long tongues into the honey-suckles and grow fat at the ex-
waterleaf, and then the play-day ends and labor begins.
does not mean nest construction. One bee alone could not

he takes a long nap, in which he changes from a grub into a bumble-bee, with wings and legs. Meantime the parent removes the thin coating of pollen from the upper half of the cocoon and apparently spreads a yellow secretion, or varnish, up-

to keep out
She is also
collecting
food and lay-
it and con-
structs cell
which to



on it, as if
moisture.
now busy
more pol-
ling eggs in
structing a
or two in
place hon-

ey, as if for a rainy day. The first bees that hatch are worker-bees, and at this time are downy, pale, and baby-like in appearance, and behavior. In later summer, queens and drones are raised.

Recently, I watched a nest carefully, from June first, the day of its foundation, to its abandonment in mid-August. In it five broods were reared, each one like its predecessor, only more numerous. No eggs were laid in cells, as is the case with the honey-bee, and no cells from which bees had hatched were used again for brood. A few of them were used for honey, and a few for pollen; but they were usually cut down and removed to make room for the new brood, which was each time started in a pollen-mass, making cocoons side by side.

It has often been said that these cells are made of wax. Careful experiments tend to prove that there is no wax either in the honey-cells made by the bees, or in the cocoon-cells made by the larvæ. In other words, the bumble-bee does not secrete wax. If we compare its conditions and surroundings with those of the great wax-producer, the honey-bee, we shall see how unlike they are. The latter, while secreting wax, hang in masses, often of many thousand, as if to generate heat; cold effectually checks secretion. Now, the queen bumble-bee starts her cells single-handed and alone, in an open house where the temperature may not be high enough during a single hour of the day for the secretion of wax. During the whole season she may not have a dozen assistants at one time. Her dark-colored honey-cells, therefore, are made of pollen grains, dirt specks, and honey. Apparently varnished within. The yellow oval

cells are the cocoons made by the young bee, and apparently smeared with a yellowish secretion or varnish, in which there is no wax. Whether this secretion is produced by the larva for the fastening of its threads to the walls, or whether by the bees without, I have not determined.

The length of life of a queen bumble-bee is probably little more than a year at most. Here is one reason for this belief. She hatches among the late broods of summer, and soon after leaves the nest, leading a vagabond existence, night and day, among the autumn flowers.

The winter she passes in an earth-burrow dug by herself, and unaided establishes a colony in the spring. These combined periods of fall and spring require the daily use of her frail wings in the field at least four months. Now, we know that the wings of the worker honey-bee wear out in less than half that time; also that the old queens who take to the field after the nest breaks up in August frequently have tattered wings and soon disappear. Nature does not supply insects with new wing cells, as it supplies birds with new wing feathers. So the loss of the power of flight at this season of the year to the queen bumble-bee means the loss of life.

The queen bumble-bee has pollen baskets and a sting, and if held in the hand will use the latter if possible; but she will desert both nest and brood before she will attack man in their defense.

Workers are the smallest bees of the nest, and they have both stings and pollen-baskets. When they begin to appear in the field in July the queens disappear from it until the young queens make their appearance. The life of a worker bee doubtless is less than two months long, and its wings are subject to wear, like those of the honey-bee.

Drones are without pollen-baskets and are stingless; but they work on flowers and have capacious honey-sacks, which they freely empty as tribute when caught. On the thistles of autumn they are as abundant as young queens, but, as they do not survive the winter, their lives are, doubtless, as short as those of the workers.

The work of the bumble-bee in bringing

about the cross-fertilization of flowers is as important as that of the honey-bee, and these two stand at the head of the list of insects useful in this respect. Each has its flowers which it alone visits, but there are many flowers on neutral ground, visited by both. So we may say of the bumble-bee, as of the honey-bee, the more bumble-bees the more seeds; the more seeds the more flowers—especially wild flowers, as the tall bell-flower, touch-me-not, Solomon's-seal, gentian, Dutchmen's-breeches, and turtle-head. But probably the most important work this insect does for agriculture is upon the fields of red-clover. There is abundant proof that this plant will not produce seed without the coöperation of the bumble-bee. It is impossible for the wind to bring about the fertilization of the seed, as it may do in the case of Indian corn, grain, and some forest trees. The tube of red-clover blossoms, too, is so long that other insects (including the honey-bee) are not regular visitors.

Here is proof that this plant must have visits from the bumble-bee. This insect is not a native of Australia, and red-clover failed to pro-

duce seed there until bumble-bees were imported. As soon as they became numerous the plant could be depended upon for seed. Again, the blossoms of the first crop of the "medium red-clover" of our own country are just as perfect as those of the second crop, but there are too few bumble-bees in the field, so early in the season, to produce fertilization; hence little or no seed in this crop. If bumble-bees were sufficiently numerous there is no reason why much larger yields of clover seed might not be expected than at present.

Here is what a well-informed farmer says about it:

"It was formerly thought that the world rested on the shoulders of Atlas. I can prove that its prosperity rests on the bumble-bee. The world cannot prosper without the farmers' product. The farm will not be productive without clover. We cannot raise clover without seed; and we cannot have clover-seed without the bumble-bee, because it is this insect that carries the pollen from flower to flower, securing its development and continuance. Let us learn to know and to protect our friends."

THE BUMBLE-BEE'S SONG.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.



THIS song of the bumble-bee
He sings for you and me,
As he buzzes about the vine
Where the morning-glories shine.—

"O good my little gentlemen, the world is all a-jumble
With pretty maids, and pleasant glades, and blossoms in the sun!
O good my little ladies, there is no cause to grumble,
The weather 's fine, the hour 's mine, the morning 's well begun!"

Thus singeth Sir Bumble,
With many a stumble,
As he buzzes about the vine;
But he blunders along
And sings his low song.
As he sips the nectar fine.

THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.



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IX.

As the rickety old carryall jounced and rattled down the hill, Sleepy, learning from the excited words of the boy seated farthest forward that the lines were lost and the horses running away, woke up for once in his life and made a violent effort to open the door at the back. But the driver had fastened its strap to the front, and the door could not be opened.

Glancing back into the swarming mass of boyhood made the carryall, Sawed-Off, let alone on the front seat, saw that his eleven chums were caged like rats, and that if he did not stop the horses, the Lakerim Athletic

Club would be extinguished in one grand smash-up at the bottom of the long hill.

Only a moment he hesitated, his heart pounding him like a hammer. Then a great calm came over him. He let himself down till one dangling foot touched the whiffletree, then making sure it was firmly placed on the tongue of the carryall, he dropped quickly forward with one hand on the back of each of the horses.

At this new weight the beasts were the more terrified, and jerked the pole to and fro like the mast of a ship in a storm. But Sawed-Off placed one foot cautiously in front of the other and crept along until he reached almost the end of the pole and there dropped astride it. This sudden jolt nearly brought the horses to their knees, but fortunately for all concerned, the horses included, they did not stumble.

Now Sawed-Off reaches a hand to each of the bits, and now the two arms that have broken the record of three States for throwing the hammer and putting a cannon-ball, are bringing down those two wildly resisting heads. Gripping the pole beneath his thighs so that he cannot slip off, Sawed-Off exerts his biceps with irresistible force, and his voice with soothing gentleness.

And now the heads are down, and turned in close together, and the gallop is a gentle trot; and now it is a peaceful walk, and now the horses are at a standstill.

When the carryall is finally stopped, Tug throws his weight against the door and breaks the strap. He runs to the head of the horses and stands there while Sawed-Off disengages himself. Punk leads three of the boys back to pick up the driver, and down the hill they tote him, groaning with a broken arm. They place him on board the ship he had deserted, and Sawed-Off takes up the lines—the tiller, I should say—and pilots the old boat safely into the town of Lakerim.

Before the athletes had got the lameness of the field-day out of their joints there was a huge stir in the town. Mr. Mills, the attorney-at-law,—a large name to stand for so small a practice,—had let no flower-beds grow under his feet, but had talked with all the influential citizens of Lakerim and had convinced most of them that a good athletic club-house for the boys of the town would be an excellent investment, and would doubtless persuade many people to immigrate there in preference to other towns, where their boys might not be so well taken off their hands.

The mayor did not see the way clear for the city to donate the tract of land Mr. Mills wanted, although he thought it could be sold or leased at a reasonable figure.

The Business Men's Association did not feel able to purchase the land from the city, and it looked as if after all the Club would have to wait three years.

Then a happy idea struck Mr. Mills, and he persuaded the Business Men's Association to lease this land from the city for ninety-nine years, pay down the rental for the first year, and guarantee the Club's payment for the future.

As Sawed-Off had predicted, his father willingly consented to draw the design for a suitable club-house free of charge. A contractor was found who gladly undertook to rush the building through, and who promised to cut his commissions to the lowest point, provided the man who sold the timber and stone would sell at cost. The money in the treasury had to be devoted to a first payment, and suddenly Punk's beautiful bank-account had vanished in air, and all he had left was a receipt from the contractor, marked "on account."

The city took upon itself the cost of tearing down the old school-house; what building materials were of any use were sold to the Club at a ridiculously low figure. The Club felt that things were under way at last, and turned its whole mind to baseball.

Their opponents in their first important game were doubly their opponents because they were among the two or three members of the Inter-Scholastic League most opposed to admitting Lakerim. The Twelve went to Kingston with fire in their eye, as they said, and the first few innings were an education to their ungenerous rivals.

Lakerim won the toss and chose to bat first. While the Kingston nine was distributing itself over the field, Sleepy chose a good club and sauntered leisurely up to the home plate.

Sleepy might have been the captain of the team as well as first on its batting list; but when the office was proffered him he declined, saying that it meant too much trouble. So Tug was made captain. Sleepy also refused to accept an in-field position because the players were kept too busy inside the diamond. He chose the left field, whither usually the ball came straight to hand without being run for, and stuck fast in the palms once it was caught.

So now the sleepy Sleepy provoked many protests from the crowd in the grand stand by his leisurely methods. But in spite of their yells he proceeded without haste to dust off the home plate; then he cast his eyes about the field, tried the heft of his bat, tapped it on the plate a few times, and finally settled himself into a position where he could reach the ball with the least difficulty.

The first missile thrown by the pitcher was an out-shoot. It seemed to Sleepy that it was

just a little further away than he wanted it, though the umpire called it a strike. The next ball was an in-swing at the same level. Sleepy was too lazy to wince when it came swerving in at him, and he was too cautious to strike at it, because it was too close to the handle.

"Strike two!" yelled the umpire, and the Kingston crowd laughed merrily at the stolid youth at the bat. And one boy howled, "Get on to the cigar-store Indian!"

The pitcher, thinking he had an easy prey in front of him, did not deign to put a curve on the next ball, but sent it straight across the plate. The umpire had his mouth open to yell, "Striker out!" but the words did not pass his mustache, for somehow the ball had found Sleepy's bat waiting for it and was now making a bee-line for an unguarded spot in right field, while Sleepy was loping away toward first base at a rate that was not faster than was necessary to take advantage of the clean base-hit.

The Kingston pitcher was so surprised at this that he gave Tug his base on balls, which compelled Sleepy to move on to second base. It made the pitcher nervous to see the deliberateness with which Sleepy plodded his way homeward.

When Pretty came up to the bat, Tug played so far off first-base that he had to dive for it once or twice when the pitcher tried to catch him napping. But Sleepy would take no chances, and played only as far away from second base as the second baseman himself. His lack of daring made Tug furious, and he waved to him to play further away. But Sleepy only glanced back at him and grinned. And so, when Pretty popped up a little fly that landed snugly in the second baseman's hands, Sleepy reached the bag in time to be safe, while a quick throw beat Tug back to first.

With two men out, B. J. swaggered up to the plate and smote the first ball pitched a fierce blow that seemed to drive it right through the pitcher. The Kingston second baseman took it neatly on a pickup, and hoping to catch Sleepy out, passed it to the short-stop, who had run to second base. But Sleepy's caution again saved him, and the delay in trying to put him out gave B. J. time to reach first base safely.

Punk now played, and sent out a graceful fly

that came to the center-fielder. It was so simple a catch that Sleepy and B. J. hugged the base, and awaited it as a sure put-out.

But, in base-ball, the easiest thing is the hardest thing, and the fly was too easy for the center-fielder to hold. He caught it in his hands, and made a motion to throw it in, when, to his amazement, he found that he was throwing only the ghost of the ball, and that the real globule lay on the ground at his feet. At this unexpected result there was a perfect stampede among the three Lakerim base-runners.

Sleepy made a lively run for third base, and, judging by the eye and attitude of the baseman that the ball was right after him, he made a leaping slide for the bag, and caught it just in time to be told by the umpire to stay where he was.

This he was glad enough to do, and he lay on his face till the latest possible moment. Jumbo came to bat, and sent a hot grounder between first and second base, and got to first before it could be fielded in, while Sleepy walked home with a grin. And the first run was scored by the laziest man on the team.

Now Sawed-Off arrived at the plate and saw his beloved Jumbo dancing about first base, and looking very homesick; so he drove a vicious bee-liner just over the head of the pitcher, who dodged it, and still higher over the head of the second baseman, who leaped for it in vain; and its force was not spent till it had passed the leap of the right-fielder, and gone scooting out toward the fence. Sawed-Off's beautiful drive accomplished its errand; if it had gone a little further to the left or right, it would have been a home-run, but Sawed-Off could only make second, though he brought in three other men — B. J., Punk, and Jumbo.

His virtue had to be its own and only reward, however, for when Heady came to the bat he struck out, and the inning ended with four runs in Lakerim's favor, and Sawed-Off left on base.

When Reddy saw his brother strike out he reproached him for it in vigorous terms. At the beginning of the next inning Heady had a chance to heap coals of fire on his head by saying nothing, for Reddy also struck out. But Heady preferred to return Reddy's compliments with some plain expressions of his own.

When the Kingston team came in to bat, the Lakerim men took the following positions:

The Twins, of course, were the battery: Heady the catcher and Reddy the pitcher; the elongated Sawed-Off was the first baseman; Captain Tug found second base a central place for his supervision, and the steady-going Punk was an excellent third baseman; Jumbo had to be short-stop that he might assist his best friend, Sawed-Off; B. J. was right-field, and the pretty work of the center-field suited Pretty finely. Sleepy, as you have before heard, was left-fielder; Bobbles and Quiz were substitutes, and History was the scorer.

Reddy was such a swift little pitcher that while his curves were never very great, and he could not write his autograph in the air with a baseball, his speed was enough to make even an older player nervous. It was not so much the velocity his boyish arm could put in the baseball as the confusing way he delivered it.

The batsman found himself staring at a little red-headed spider, seemingly trying to tie himself into a Gordian knot; then the first thing the batter knew the ball was past him and the umpire was coolly granting another strike.

It took Reddy a few throws to get himself down to his true gait. The first Kingston batsman got a base on balls, but he starved to death on first base, for the next three never touched the ball except for an occasional foul tip.

When the Lakerims realized that the first inning was over, and the score was 4:0 in their favor, they could hardly believe their senses; but they came galloping in, and Heady, as I have said, opened the inning by striking out. But Sleepy, reappearing at the plate, was delighted to find four wild pitches of the Kingston man gave him first base without the usual amount of labor. Tug, as third batsman, brought Sleepy home and earned a run before the three men were out. The fact that the Kingston team could squeeze only one run into their half elated the Lakerims so much that they forgot to bat in the third inning, and made no runs in their half, and forgot to field in the Kingston half, and let in two runs. They were only boys after all, and success turned their heads.

The fourth inning found the Kingston team so well rallied that Lakerim could not score.

But the Dozen—or rather the Three Fourths of a Dozen—were also so steadied by Captain Tug's good counsel that they put out Kingston in one-two-three order, on a fly to Punk, a strike-out to Reddy, and a beautiful pick-up and assist by Jumbo to Sawed-Off.

The fifth inning found Lakerim so steadied that it made two runs before the fatal third goose-egg, and when Kingston had its fifth turn at the bat, it was only an almost impossible catch muffed by B. J. on a backward run that sent one Kingston man home.

The score of 8 to 4 was not good enough for Lakerim, and the Kingston team found itself at the second half of the sixth inning with the mountain of 10 to 4 to climb. The game was plainly Lakerim's if nothing happened to rattle the men. But they were in just such a state of confidence that any slight surprise might take them off their feet. And the surprise came.

A Kingston man had reached first base. His successor at the bat knocked a very slow grounder to short-stop. The first Kingston man reached second base before the impatient Jumbo could pick up the ball. After making a feint at second and discovering that he was too late, Jumbo made a furious effort to catch the man at first base. But he threw far to one side, and when Sawed-Off made a lunge for it he missed it, and the ball flew to the right fence. Sawed-Off ran his level best after it, but when he had it in his fingers he saw the first Kingston man making tracks for the home plate. With all the power of his mighty right arm he hurled the ball at Heady, who had flung down his mask and was wildly beckoning for it.

Heady would have had to be about thirteen feet tall to have stopped Sawed-Off's throw. The ball landed in the midst of a crowd of Kingston people, who blocked Punk as he ran madly for it. He bunted a few of them off their feet, but the second Kingston man had crossed the home plate before he could deliver the ball to Heady.

This little flurry had completely wrecked the discipline of the Lakerim team. Jumbo and Sawed-Off and Heady were smarting under the thought of their responsibility, and they fairly shivered with excitement. The Kingston captain came next to the bat. Reddy had caught

the contagion of nervousness from his brother, and when he would have thrown his puzzling drop-shoot the ball slipped in his fingers and came so slowly to the plate that a blind man could hardly have missed it. The Kingston captain easily knocked it clean over the right field fence.

The fence was so near the first base that knocking the ball over it counted only for two bases and not for a home run. So the Kings-

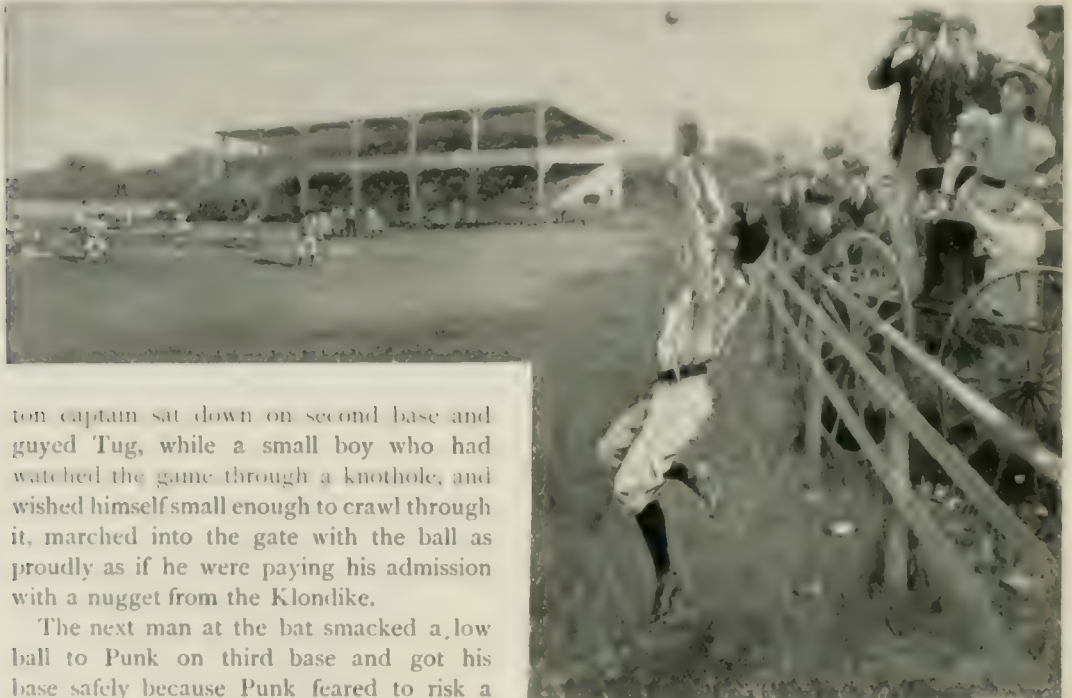
ton captain sat down on second base and geyed Tug, while a small boy who had watched the game through a knothole, and wished himself small enough to crawl through it, marched into the gate with the ball as proudly as if he were paying his admission with a nugget from the Klondike.

The next man at the bat smacked a low ball to Punk on third base and got his base safely because Punk feared to risk a throw that might advance the Kingston captain to third.

While the man on first base was doing all he could to occupy Reddy's attention, the Kingston captain thought he saw a chance to steal third by a bold dash. Tug, who was playing far off second base, gave a yell to Reddy, who whirled about and threw the ball sharply to Punk on third base. The Kingston captain stopped himself before Punk could touch him, and turning, made an effort to regain second base; but before he had gone far he found Tug confronting him with the ball and he made for third again. The ball beat him there also, and when he whirled back he found Tug closing in on him. His runs backward and forward grew

shorter and shorter. Now he made a desperate charge for second base and ran full tilt at Tug. Tug jumped aside, and in doing so fumbled the ball Punk threw to him. After juggling it a fatal second he flung it hard to Jumbo, who had run round to replace him at second, but the throw was wild and went past Jumbo and down the field gaily to Pretty.

The Kingston captain recovered himself before he had reached second base, and sped



"THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT GO ON A KAWAYEAT
MIDDLE OF THE FIELD LINE."

toward third. Feeling in his bones the condition of the Lakerim team, he did not stop there, but struck out for home, cutting a wide swath round the foul line.

When Pretty reached the ball he made the mistake of throwing it only to second instead of straight for home. Tug, noting that the Kingston man from first base was already past him and nearing third, hoped to throw the captain out at home, and hurled the ball furiously at Headly. To his utter horror, the ball slipped out at the side of his hand and went out between third and left field. Sleepy, seeing that it was too late for haste on his part, walked

slowly to the ball and tossed it to the pitcher, while the Kingstonians barked the "Academy yell" like a pack of beagles.

Reddy determined to strike the next man out. He threw a curve that the Kingston captain recognized, and knocked high in the air. It came down on the border-line between right and center-field.

B. J. and Pretty both made for it, and hearing a warning yell from Tug, not distinguishing which one he designated, each stopped short, and looked at the other. Then both made another dive for the ball, and only succeeded in running into each other, while the ball fell at their feet. Then both of them reached for it at the same time, and so hampered one another that the Kingston man made second base on what should never have given him even first. Then Reddy pitched wildly, and though Heady made two or three beautiful stops with one hand, one crazy ball went past him to the back-stop, and the Kingston man made third.

Rather than risk a base-hit, Reddy now intentionally gave the next batter his base on balls, whereupon Heady waxed furious, and walked down toward the pitcher's box. Reddy met him half way, and the two had an interesting conference, in which each laid the blame on the other. It looked as if there would be the usual display of brotherly love, but Tug separated them, and then the game went on.

The next batter sent a furious grounder into the right field. It brought home the man on third base, and landed the batter safely on first. But the man who was forced to second ran into the ball as it crossed the base-line, and was declared out. As Jumbo remarked indignantly, the Kingston men had to put themselves out.

The man on first base made a splendid run for second after the ball had left Reddy's hands for the next pitch. Heady caught it, tore off his mask, stepped away from the batter and attempted that hardest of base-ball throws, a put-out from home to second. This throw was the wildest of all that wild inning, and the base-runner came home on it. Eight of the Lakerim men were beginning to tear their hair in hopeless grief, and wondering when the end of that dismal inning would come. Only one of the Nine was calm, and that was Sleepy. Calm

was a habit of his. He suffered from chronic calm.

When the next Kingston batter whirled high in the air a long soaring fly, Sleepy gauged it perfectly, and jogged toward it with the utmost ease, arriving at just the right spot at just the right moment, and gathered it in with an easy little scoop that brought a long sigh of relief from the Lakerim Nine.

The next ball struck—for the Kingston team had found Reddy out completely—was a straight, hard drive over Tug's head, but he leaped in air, and stretching up both his hands caught it. He looked like an exclamation point as he poised over second base, and an exclamation point was needed to express the delight felt by The Dozen. Score, 10-10.

"I thought that we were banished for life," said B. J., quoting from his favorite novels.

When Tug came in he had a serious look on his face. He went to Reddy and Heady, and told them that they would better rest and give the second battery a chance. The Twins objected violently, and said that they had been to blame for none of the runs, while the other men had played a wretched game.

"I admit," said Tug, "you fellows made no breaks, while the rest of us did; but because the rest of the players are a lot of butter-fingers is all the more reason why the battery should be reliable. And you must admit, Reddy, that they are onto your curves, and simply knocked you out of the box this last inning."

Still the Twins resisted; but Tug was thinking of the interests of the team as a whole, and for its sake he would not flatter any one of its members. So the Twins finally yielded as gracefully as they could.

The panicky feeling of the sixth inning extended to the batting of the seventh, and Lakerim could not get a man beyond second base. When the Kingstons came to the bat they found a new battery of which Bobbles was the catcher. B. J. had been called in from the field to pitch, and so Quiz had been called from the bench to take his place.

B. J. suffered from stage fright, and though he clenched his teeth and exerted his resistless will to the utmost, as all good handbooks advise, he was batted for a three-base hit, and

one two-base hit and two one-base hits, out of which finally only two runs were made. It is only just to Reddy and Heady to say that they were sorry to see the rival battery being lambasted so viciously.

The eighth inning opened with Lakerim's beautiful lead cut down not only to nothing, but even below nothing. The Dozen found themselves two runs to the bad, with a score of 10 to 12. They were used to uphill work, however, and settled down to do business in a business-like manner.

Sleepy got first base this time by being hit by a pitched ball, and though the ball hurt he was glad enough of the black and blue badge of courage for the sake of the place it gave him on the first base. Thanks to carefully placed batting, his refusal to take any risks in base-running did not leave him stranded, but brought him comfortably home for the only run Lakerim could make that inning. But though Lakerim made only one run, it held Kingston down to the same number, and there was at least no gain.

The all-important ninth inning found the score 11 to 13. Three runs were necessary for a victory, and to the tremendous delight of Lakerim those three runs were fairly earned by good clean batting and base running that was daring without foolishness.

But, through no fault of theirs, the Kingston team managed to eke out one run and tie the game. At least one extra inning was necessary. The score was amateurishly large, but it was early in the season, and, after all, many a professional game has footed up a bigger total on an off day.

The tenth inning opened with grim determination in eighteen hearts. Punk came to the bat and vowed that he would knock the hide off the ball and bring in one or more home runs with one blow, but he struck so hard that he struck out; and though he threw his bat to the ground in violent wrath, his energy was useless. He was done.

Then Jumbo appeared. He was so stubby that the pitcher had great difficulty in giving a ball that was high enough without being over his head, and low enough without skimming the ground. Jumbo persevered in waiting and

by an appearance of great willingness to strike, reached the haven of first base on four balls. Sawed-Off came to the bat and smote with all his might, but the only sphere he injured was the atmosphere—he did nothing to the ball, and though on his last chance, after two strikes and no balls, he nearly broke himself in two with the fury of his effort, he managed only to scratch out a measly little fly that flew just back of the short-stop's head. Jumbo managed to scud to second base without being caught, and Sawed-Off got safely to first.

Bobbles was next at bat and it was his first chance with the stick. He, too, brandished his bat so fiercely that he took little aim. After knocking a series of fouls that made an errand boy of the catcher, Bobbles dealt the air such a swashing slash that he thought the ball must surely disappear over the furthest fence, but found that he had scratched off a little punt that buzzed at his very feet. Yet it served its turn, and while the catcher was looking over his head for the sure foul and the pitcher was trying to gather himself together and chase the ball which was spinning like a top, the three men managed to secure themselves on their respective bases by the most ardent running.

And now came Sleepy to the bat, Sleepy, of all men, at a time when a manufacturer of home runs was so badly needed. While the other members of the team were having a chills-and-fever of suspense, Sleepy strolled up to the home plate, went through his old performance of dusting it with his cap and rapping the plate three times. Then he settled in his place as if he had come to stay a week, and looked expectantly at the pitcher.

The fishy calm of Sleepy came nearer to rattling the pitcher than all the yelling and prancing of the other players. Sleepy waited patiently until he was quite ready. At length he saw what he thought was just the right ball. It curved outward just before it reached him, and reckoning that it would meet his bat just at the end, he swung his club up into position, firmly but easily. He rather let the ball strike the bat than the bat the ball, and a crack as of a pistol announced the fly of a long liner over the head of the right field. Jumbo came home safely with Sawed-Off at his heels, and Sleepy,

thinking he had done his share, made no effort to reach second base, and was left there with Bobbles on third base, when Tug sent a grounder to the Kingston short-stop.

It was now Kingston's last chance to win the game; and another panic such as that of the sixth inning would give it to them without a doubt. Still, two runs were two runs, and Lakerim hurried out to its position hopefully. Hope, to be sure, seemed to be shattered when Tug let a hard drive pass through his fingers—Tug, the captain, Tug, of all men!

The next man at the bat died on first, but he advanced the Kingston man one base, to second. A short bunt to the short-stop put a Kingston man on first base but was not a strong enough hit to carry the other man to third. B. J. made the effort of his life at this moment and struck the next man out. But the man after him caught the ball fairly and planted it where it would do Kingston most good, and just short of the reach of Quiz, who made a beautiful run for it and picked it up on the first bound.

With three men on bases and two men out, it was a moment that tested the nerves of all the Lakerim men—of all but Sleepy, who was trusting to luck to get the third man out and give Lakerim the game without further play. A ten-inning game was just one degree longer than he had any desire for. So far was he, indeed, from the intense excitement of the other eight that he had left his regular position, and sauntered across to a buckboard that had drawn up close to the foul-line near the fence.

He was there talking to a girl he knew, and she had just thrown him a chocolate cream, when he heard a loud yell from the crowd, and turning saw the ball coming toward him. The Kingston captain had lined it out. He had caught the ball nicely in the center and put every ounce of muscle into the stroke. The fly went high over the third base and it was hard to tell whether it was a fair or a foul fly. The catcher ran forward to the plate and looked down the line, hoping to decide where it fell. Three Kingston base-runners, knowing that if it were fair their side was out anyway, made the

best of their way for home, hoping that the fly would not be caught.

And no one had any idea that it would be caught, for the place of its destination was evidently beyond the reach of any left-fielder.

But it was Sleepy's nature to be in the wrong place, and it was Sleepy's luck at this moment to be in the wrong place at the right time. He would never have run for the fly had he been in his usual position, for he would have thought it only a useless effort; but now that he chanced to be where he was, he trotted into a proper position and watched for it as it wavered on its path, following every swerve of the ball with a cautious movement to the right or the left, backward or forward. Still it was a most whimsical fly and just as it came whizzing to earth he found himself too far under it.

There was nothing to do but give a backward leap after it. He made the trial and though his right hand fell short, his left clutched the ball and held it—held it even though it brought him to the ground. He picked himself up, and thinking of the dinner that was waiting for him, and not heeding the applause showered upon his superb feat by even the Kingstonians, sauntered for home munching the chocolate cream he had kept in his cheek.

The Lakerim men crowded around and hugged him and wrung his hand, and even the Kingston captain slapped him on the back and called him "a great player."

Sleepy thought they were all making a most unnecessary fuss.

Jumbo grinned and said to him: "You sleepy rabbit, the ball just hit you in the hand and you were too lazy to drop it."

As The Dozen huddled together in the car that bore him homeward with their victory, Sleepy, with his head comfortably settled in the plush, drawled:

"The Kingston captain said that his Academy could not very well oppose our admission to the League any longer now, after this game."

And he added, as he fell into a doze: "I hope we can bring the Troy Latin School around too, and then —"

(To be continued.)

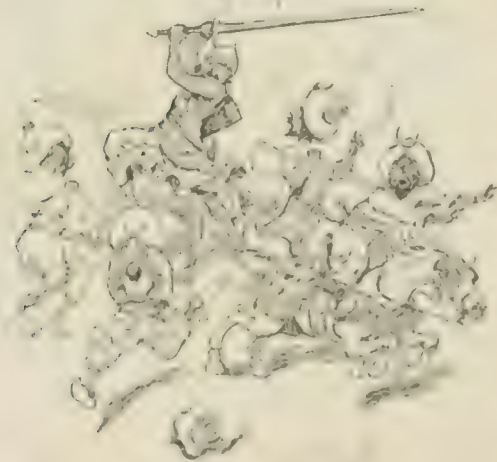
The Scribe of Durley



by

Virginia

Woodward Cloud



SAID the dauntless Scribe of Durley, "I
shall hie me forth to see
The midnight raiders who molest my favorite
plum-tree.

Yestreen I counted thirty plums a-ripening
in all;

This evening only twenty-nine are hanging
on the wall!

"I'll fright the bold marauders forever from
the scene.

For tales of blood and daring my daily food
have been.

My granduncle was a warrior who fought by
sea and land.

I'll sally out upon the field, his weapons
in my hand!"

This dauntless Scribe of Durley—toward his favorite plum-tree ;

And the gruesome armor's rusty greaves they rattled as he trod,

And the dint-
ed hel-
met sway-
ed and
bent with
spectral
beck and
nod.

He crawled
within the
shadows
dark, and
clambered

up the wall,

When lo! upon the
further side uprose a fig-
ure tall—

A fearful, ghostly figure, with
hairy visage black!

And the dauntless Scribe of Durley
from off the wall
fell back.



"I 'LL DON MY GRANDSIRE'S ARMOR!"

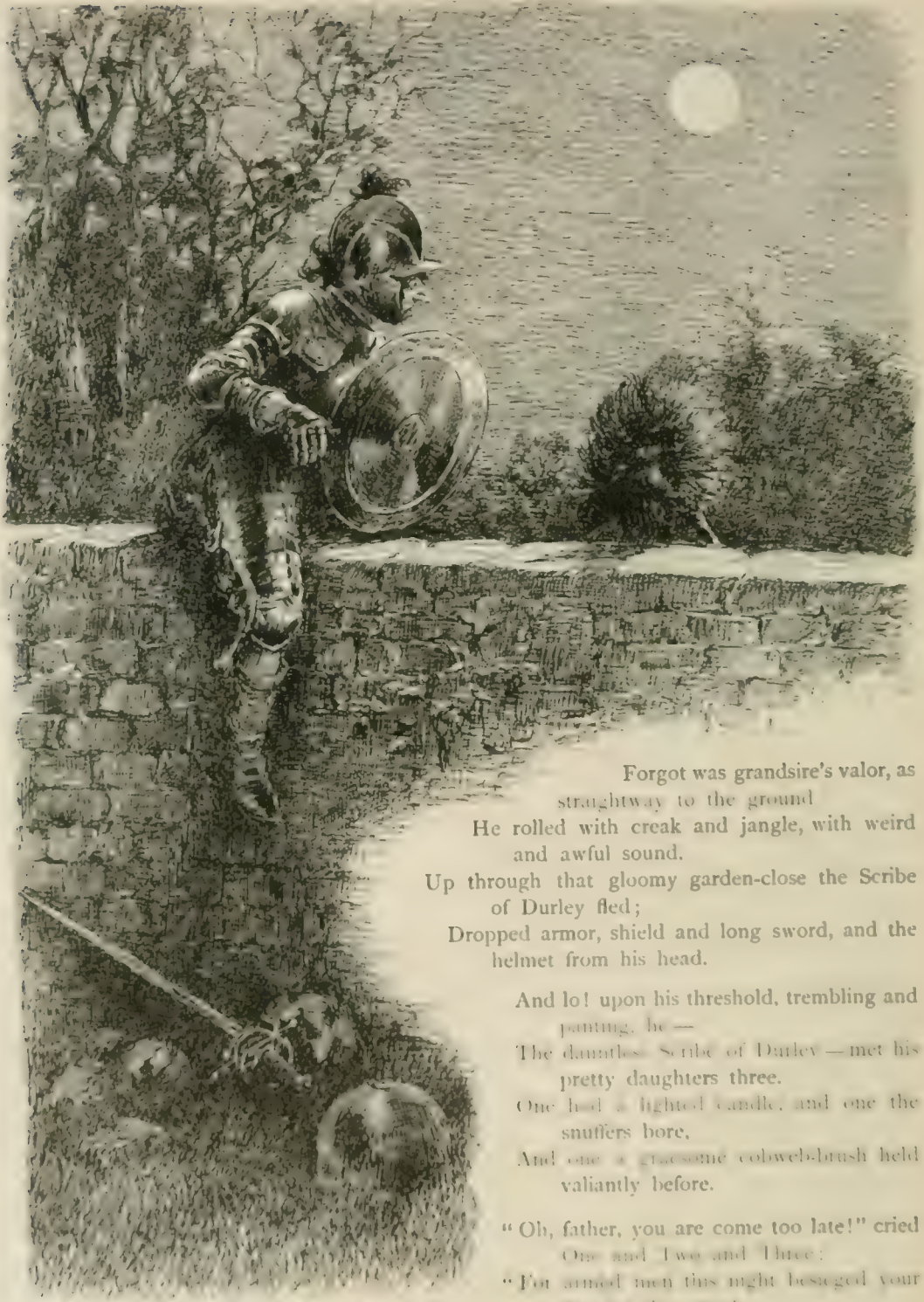
So that dauntless Scribe of Durley, when
the night was dark and still,
And the trees were black and spectral, and
the moon hung o'er the hill,
His project hazardous he hid from his
maiden daughters three,
But made him ready to protect his favorite
plum-tree.

"I 'll don my grandsire's armor," quoth he
unto himself;
"And with his shield and helmet, his long
sword from the shelf,
I 'll impress these poor marauders, when I
conquer face to face,
That they 're honored in encountering a
very ancient race!"

It was a black and gloomy way, and stealth-
ily stole he—



"AND STEALTHILY STOLE HE."



Forgot was grandsire's valor, as
 straightway to the ground
 He rolled with creak and jangle, with weird
 and awful sound.
 Up through that gloomy garden-close the Scribe
 of Durlley fled;
 Dropped armor, shield and long sword, and the
 helmet from his head.

And lo! upon his threshold, trembling and
 panning, he —
 The dauntless Scribe of Durlley — met his
 pretty daughters three.
 One had a lighted candle, and one the
 snuffers bore,
 And one a gruesome cobweb-brush held
 valiantly before.

"Oh, father, you are come too late!" cried
 One and Two and Three;

"For armed men this night besieged your
 favorite plum-tree."



We heard them stealing stealth-
ily, and followed, one and all,
With our long broom made ready to
sweep them from the wall!

And when their leader rose on high with rattling, warlike sound,
We lifted yonder cobweb-broom and felled him to the ground!



"TWENTY-NINE A-RIPENING ARE, AND ONE WE ATE FOR TEA!"

And not a plum molested is, upon your favorite tree,
For twenty-nine a-ripening are, and one we ate for tea!"

Then the dauntless Scribe of Durley, oh, ne'er a word
 said he
 About the bold old ancestor who fought by land and
 sea.

Nay, he patted condescendingly each
pretty daughter's head,
And with candle—and with dignity—
betook himself to bed.



OUR LITTLE GRAY HELPER.

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.



WE have a little gray helper who cannot hear, nor see, nor make any noise. He wears a little gray coat, and he lives in tiny caves which he burrows out for himself. Our little gray helper has no feet, so he crawls.

He works busily for us all day in the ground under our feet, coming out chiefly at night to get his food.

Then he does not take anything which any one wants, but only fallen leaves and bits of stuff which no one cares about, and which are best out of the way.

Although much less fortunate than we, having neither legs, nor feet, nor hands, nor eyes, nor ears, he has all that is necessary to the performance of the work he has to do; and since our little gray helper has all he needs, and does his work, and does it well, we may think of him as being quite content and happy. And since the work that he does for us is very necessary and important work, and since he does it excellently well, we need not regard him with less than respect.

He has a system of blood-vessels, a nervous-system, and — yes, a brain. When you come to consider him under a microscope and in relation to the work he has to do, he is quite an interesting and exquisite bit of mechanism. He uses his brain, and has wisdom to know what to eat and how to get it. Though he has neither eyes nor hands, before taking anything into his cave, he examines it carefully by means of his one sense (touch), and with his little upper lip, which the scientists call *prostomium*. This lip is very sensitive.

He is prudent and thrifty, always dragging into his little house enough to secure him against the coming day, for blind and deaf as he is, he knows it is not wise to be out in the day-time, for the birds and their babies like him en-

tirely too well. He also knows that, being of a chilly nature, he will need to be wrapped up a bit when he goes to sleep in his cave, so he makes his own little bed of blades of grass and bits of leaves which he has dragged in with the little lip that does so much. He seems to like fresh air when he can get it, so he rests with his head near the mouth of his cave; and Mother Nature, realizing that this might give Robin Redbreast an unfair advantage of him, provided him with a head-covering darker than the rest of his coat, and very nearly the color of earth.

Now, do you want to know what work it is our little gray helper does for us? To look at him you could never dream how important it is. Perhaps we might call him a farmer, since he tills the soil. Do you know that lands where trees and plants and flowers and fruits and abundant grains and grasses grow would be barren deserts but for the little gray worker?

Darwin watched the ways of this little gray worker for years and years, and found that his office was to prepare and fertilize the soil. He carries down layer after layer of stuff, and brings up layer after layer of loam, thus giving each layer its chance at sunlight and air. That which he carries down into Mother Earth's workshop is bits of dead leaves, decomposing matter, and unsightly stuff; and Mother Earth feeds with this the roots of flowers and trees and vegetables and grain and grasses. To do this important work well, there is needed a great number of little gray workers: about 57,000, it is said, to an acre of pasture-land, and more to keep a garden what it should be. For every acre the little gray workers turn up from seven to eighteen tons of earth annually.

Do you know, now, who our little gray helper is? I will tell you. He is only the little earth-worm — crawling along, blind, deaf, and dumb at your feet!

TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

XXVIII.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS MAN-TRAP.

It had taken the dazed Cliff some moments to assure himself that there was no dog at the other end of the cord. But he was thoroughly satisfied of the fact by this time. His shoulder had received a staggering blow from the tumbling ladder, and his wrist a tremendous wrench from the sharply drawn wire-wound loop; but he quickly disengaged himself from both, and forgot his hurts in the fury that possessed him to rush out in pursuit of the author of his woes.

Outside the barn he found night and silence, the dim earth outspread, and the starry firmament — nothing else. Not a footstep was heard, not a human figure was seen — not even Quint's.

"Quint! where are you?" Cliff called out in a thrilled voice, standing bareheaded amid the great mystery into which he had rushed. Then something which might have been a post detached itself from a fence near by and moved toward him. It was the shoeless Quint.

"Which way did he go?" Cliff demanded.

"That's more than I know," Quint replied. "He was out of sight and hearing before I pitched out of the door."

"I can't understand it!" said Cliff. "I'm sure somebody went out of the barn, not ten seconds before you did!"

"Ten seconds is a good while when you are racing with slippery Winslow!" Quint said.

"I believe he has dropped into a hiding place somewhere," said Cliff. "Or he is half a mile away by this time. That dog! that dog!" he moaned in angry despair. "Just

after we had found out about him, and I was so sure of holding fast to him this time!"

"The ground will be wet and soft, and we can track 'em by daylight," said Quint. "I don't see what else we can do. He must have been in the barn when Mr. Payson locked us in."

"That's what the dog's strange actions meant," replied Cliff. "You remember how he tried to bounce up the ladder? Winslow must have heard all our talk."

"Did he take your shoes too?" Quint inquired.

"I guess so; I did n't stop to hunt."

They were searching for some sign to guide them, when Cliff's unshod foot hit some dark object lying loose among the sparse weeds and stunted grass by the yard fence. It was so much like a shoe that he stooped and picked it up. And a shoe it was.

"Mine, I do believe!" he declared.

"Look for mine," said Quint. "We may track 'em by our own shoes!"

"Here's another! — and another!" said Cliff. "All right here by the fence!"

"This is the way he went; he dropped the shoes as he jumped over."

Beyond the fence was an open space lying between Mr. Payson's house and an apple orchard not far off. The boys concluded that Winslow had vanished among the trees. Cliff sprang upon the fence; Quint stood looking over it.

"What's that?" Cliff whispered, intently gazing and listening — "I hear something coming toward us."

"A dog?" Quint suggested.

"A dog, as sure as I am crazy!" said Cliff, in wild excitement; for what he saw appeared too marvelous to be true. He jumped down from the fence to meet the returning truant.

"Sparkler!—it's Sparkler!" he cried, darting forward to seize him.

But Sparkler had no intention of allowing himself to be so easily recaptured. As Cliff advanced, he retreated, turning and capering, as if to lead him on; and when Quint came up, he ran away toward some dark object lying on the ground. Just then, from that direction came a horrible groan.

"Jehu! What's that?" said Cliff, his imagination conjuring up appalling mysteries, in the strange night-scene they were exploring.

"I'll see what it is!" exclaimed Quint, striding eagerly forward over the wet turf.

The dark object became a man, and rose to a sitting posture. The dog leaped upon him, then ran back toward the boys, who were now within a few paces of the spot.

The ground was level, with no visible impediment anywhere; and yet here was a human being struggling up with pain and difficulty from the ground, upon which he had evidently fallen from no discernible cause—the human being they sought!

Even Quint was startled by the strangeness of the chance that had so suddenly and mysteriously interrupted Winslow's hasty flight. What could have happened to him? Why that dreadful groan? And why had he permitted his presence to be betrayed by the very dog he had been hurrying away?

The shadowy orchard was on the left. On the right were the kitchen porch and rear gable of the Payson house, only two or three rods distant. The boys slackened their speed, very fortunately, as it proved, and advanced cautiously, peeringly, along the open space, toward the man, who was by this time struggling to get upon his feet.

"No hurry! We've got him, sure!" said Quint.

Seeing the boys close upon him, Winslow sank down again, resting upon his knees.

"My young friends," he said, in a badly shaken tone of voice, "the luck is against me."

"What are you saying your prayers here for?" Quint demanded.

"That's what I'm trying to find out," Winslow answered, feeling his head and shoulders with both hands in a dazed sort of way.

"I was running, just skipping along about as fast as I could go—it seemed to be a clear course—when all at once—"

He paused, turning his head tentatively, as if to make sure that the joints were still in working condition.

"What happened?" Quint inquired, bending over him.

"I've had my throat cut, and my neck broken. I was caught by a lasso, and jerked back and over and whirled in the air, and dropped on my back, which is another part of me that's badly damaged. I feel as if I had had a tussle with a cyclone."

Uttering these words disconnectedly, the dog-seller looked up and around, and felt his neck again, as if trying to realize the kind of calamity that had befallen him.

"Shall I tell you what did it?" said Quint.

"You'll oblige me," said Winslow, his eye following the motion of the boy's lifted hand.

"You tried to cut off your useless head with this galvanized-wire clothes-line. Do you see it running between these two posts?"

"The posts I see. I'll take your word for the wire clothes-line." It seemed painful for the injured man to look upward. "I've proof enough that it's there."

"It's a wonder it did n't kill you!" Quint exclaimed.

"Where's this dog's collar?" cried Cliff, who had succeeded in catching Sparkler.

"In my waterproof's pocket, I suppose; at least I put it there." It was produced, and Cliff replaced it on the dog's neck. "Did he bring you to me?" Winslow inquired.

"Sparkler? Yes," said Cliff. "He seemed to know you were in trouble, and needed help."

"I was in trouble, fast enough!" said Winslow. "But still, I could have dispensed with the help. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Bring a doctor, if you need one," replied Quint.

"No doctor for me!"

"Then a policeman."

"Worse yet! Of the two, I prefer the doctor every time," said Winslow. "But this is n't a case for either. Boys, can't we go back into the barn there, and talk this little business over, in an amicable sort of way? You need n't try

to hold him" — to Cliff, who was attaching his handkerchief to the dog's collar. "You 've got him: and with the help of a slamming door and a wire clothes-line, you 've got me. That 's the mournful truth, my young friends. I am yours to command. All I ask is, be reasonable. Oh, yes! I can walk; thanks!" as Quint handed him his hat, which he picked up from the ground.

"Perhaps you can tell us where *our* hats are," Quint said. "And the other half of my pair of shoes? I found only one of them."

to his feet, and was clasping the tightly drawn wire that had come so near to cutting the said career tragically short. "I believe that you 're about even with me, boys!"

"We mean to be quite even," said Quint, "before we get through with you."

XXIX.

IN DEACON PAYSON'S BARN.

THEY were walking back toward the barn, Winslow assisted by an arm Quint had passed



"THAT'S BETTER! WE 'VE GOT HIM HERE!" SAID QUINT.

"I 'll square the shoe account, and the hat account, and all the other accounts, to your entire satisfaction," Winslow replied; "only give me a chance."

"And how about the tumble you gave me in the woods?" Quint inquired.

"I 've had a worse tumble! Such a jar, and a wrench, and a shaking-up generally, as I never had before, in all the ups and downs of my varied career," said Winslow, who had risen

through one of his; Cliff leading Sparkler by his handkerchief tied to the dog's collar.

The way was clear before them, surrounding objects being more distinct. The darkness that precedes the dawn was dissolving by such delicate degrees that the change from minute to minute was not noticeable; the east was brightening behind the orchard trees. Then, in the orchard's edge, as they passed, a robin piped suddenly his familiar note among the boughs

overhead. Another answered near by; then a song-sparrow trilled ecstatically; other tuneful throats joined in; and soon the whole choir of field and orchard birds burst into song.

The boys were not so absorbed in the sordid business of the moment as not to feel the beauty and freshness and melody that ushered in the daily miracle of the dawn. All the doubts of the night-time passed away; their sense of the morning was one with the hope and joy that filled their hearts. The object of their journey was accomplished, or nearly so; and soon they would be on their triumphant homeward way.

When they reached the fence, Winslow got over into the yard, still carefully guarded by Quint. As Sparkler could n't leap back while confined by the handkerchief, Cliff handed him over to his friend, then got over himself.

"The missing shoe, the first thing," said Quint, finding the other three where he and Cliff had left them.

"If you 'll give the dog a chance, he 'll find it," said Winslow. "He had the handling of that one. You need n't be afraid to let him go; he 'll come back, while you have me."

"I won't risk it," Cliff replied. "He and you are up to too many tricks."

"To convince you of my good will—here, Sparkler!" said Winslow, directing the dog's attention to the shoe in Quint's hand. "Find!"

As the dog began to pull the handkerchief in the direction of the barn, Cliff followed him to the plank-way that sloped up to the rear door. Under its edge Sparkler thrust his nose and brought out the missing shoe.

"You would n't have found it without his help and mine," said Winslow, eager to gain credit with his captors.

"No; and I should n't have lost it without his help and yours!" Quint replied dryly.

The boys did n't stop to put on their shoes, but made Winslow carry back into the barn the three which he had carried out of it, while Sparkler likewise did penance by transporting the other in his teeth.

"Now, here 's a kind of string puzzle which you can amuse yourself by undoing," said Quint, "if you are feeling well enough."

"Oh, that!" replied the dog-seller, with a

feeble attempt at jocoseness. "When I took the cord from Sparkler's collar I wanted to put it where it would do the most good, so I pieced it out and tied it to the ladder. It seems to have got into a tangle."

"Untangle it!" commanded Quint.

Obedying with cheerful docility, Winslow began loosening the knots from the fallen ladder. As soon as he had freed the end of the cord, Quint made a noose in it, which he immediately slipped over the dog-seller's wrist and drew tight.

"You are not going to do such an ungentlemanly thing as that!" Winslow remonstrated, taken unawares.

"If that 's what you call ungentlemanly, you set the example," Quint replied. "A while ago I had iron on my wrists, thanks to you; and you are going to have hemp on yours, thanks to me."

"Before going any further," said the dog-seller, "allow me to make a proposition."

"We 'll hear that by and by," said Quint. "Just now, please help my chum about those other knots."

The broadening daylight, coming in through the wide-open door, shone upon a strange group, there in Deacon Payson's barn. Quint held the cord, one end of which was fast to his captive's wrist, while his captor undid the knots of his own tying which united the two cords. Then Cliff, on his knees, turned Sparkler's head toward the door, and held him while Winslow unbuckled the collar, slipped it through the small wire-wound loop, and buckled it again; both boys looking on, to see that the thing was honestly done.

"You see, young gentlemen," said the dog-seller, never once losing his assurance, or betraying any sense of his humiliation, "I am doing everything I can to oblige you, trusting you will reciprocate. Now, I sha'n't even wait for you to ask me where your hats are. I'm still pretty stiff, but if my cracked joints are equal to the effort, please give me a little freedom of the cord, and I 'll restore the missing articles."

He took the ladder from the floor, and replacing it against the load of hay, put one hand on his back and the other on his neck

and begged that he might be allowed to breathe a moment.

"I was deucedly shaken up by that lasso business," he remarked with a dreary grimace.

"You are getting over it faster than I thought you would," said Quint. "Take your time. You must have been in the barn when we came into it."

"That 's a natural and just conclusion"; and the dog-seller frankly explained how he had got in. "I overheard all your talk, and I was pleased with the ingenuity of your plans. If it had n't been for the dog, I should have left you undisturbed, to waylay me in the shed. As it was, I thought you would appreciate the means I took to let you know who had been your room-mate. Now a little rope, Brutus!"

So saying, he mounted the ladder, drawing after him the cord still attached to his wrist, Quint paying it out through his fingers, as he looked up, with a humorous smile, to observe the dog-seller proceeding on his extraordinary errand. Cliff too stood watching the movement; and Sparkler's soft, bright eyes were also upturned with an expression of intelligence almost human.

From the top of the ladder Winslow stepped upon the load of hay, Quint mounting a round or two at his request, to "give him more rope." Having picked up both hats, he descended the ladder, holding them by the rims.

"It has cost me a pang," he remarked; "for I feel as though every bone in my body had been run through a stone-crusher! But anything to oblige! The fact is, Brutus and Cassius, I am not the unconscionable scamp my conduct may have led you to suppose; and I am bound to do what I can to atone for the errors I have been betrayed into by the stress of circumstances. So allow me the pleasure—this is yours, I believe, Brutus. Cassius, with my compliments!" handing the hats with the airy politeness which not even the "lasso business" had jerked out of him.

As Quint put on his hat, he was reminded of the ugly bruise he had received in the tumble the man now in his power had given him. He gathered up the cord, and laid hold of his captive's unbound wrist. Winslow remonstrated.

"Have I done nothing to earn your confi-

dence, but you still contemplate so—excuse me for saying it—so brutal a thing as that? I was just going to make my proposition."

"We 'll hear your proposition," said Quint very coolly.

"Thanks, ever so much! And will you kindly allow me to recline against this ladder?" The dog-seller practically answered his own question by settling himself against the rungs. "My accident has left me as loose-jointed as a jumping-jack."

Quint suspected some crafty pretense in this. But he was willing his captive should play the jumping-jack as long as he himself held the string.

XXX.

SETTLING WITH THE DOG-SELLER.

"My proposition is to pay you the twenty dollars I agreed to pay, and to take back the dog," said the smiling Winslow.

"You had a fair chance to make that settlement," replied Quint. "Now it 's too late. We are going to have our money, but you are not going to have the dog."

"We know whose dog it is," spoke up Cliff, sitting on a box and putting on his shoes.

The captive persisted in his smile, though it showed rather ghastly in the morning light, and asked with mock politeness:

"Will you have the kindness to inform me how you came by that interesting information?"

"You dropped it from your pocket when you reached for your knife to use on me," replied Quint.

"And I picked it up!" said Cliff, showing the engraved plate that had so evidently been removed from the dog's collar.

"You are giving it to me pretty straight, boys," the captive admitted, grinning at the piece of metal, while his free hand pressed his pocket.

"It 's a good deal straighter than what you gave us about the burnt hotel and your sick mother in Michigan," Cliff said, returning the polished piece of nickel to his pocket.

"The burnt hotel was, I acknowledge, a myth," the captive answered. "But the sick mother, boys," he went on, with a change of tone; "she—well, I can't talk about her! Only

— I 'll tell you this. I 've as good a mother as ever a bad son had ! ”

Quint, too, sat on the box preparing to put on his shoes.

“ Then how happens it — ? ” he began.

“ I know what you are about to ask, ” said Winslow, nursing with his free hand the cord-encircled wrist, and speaking in the deeper tone into which his feeling had surprised him. “ How does any son of a good mother ever go wrong ? I 'll tell you what the trouble was in my case. I wanted to have the earth without paying for it. See ? ”

“ No ; I don't see, ” replied Cliff, with a growing interest which he was afraid might degenerate into pity. He was determined not to be guilty of that weakness.

“ I 'll explain. My mother was indulgent — too indulgent. But she was poor. It was all she could do to give me a fair education, but she did that. I think you 'll allow that I have the language and breeding of a gentleman.” And a smile of pride came back into the dog-seller's pale face.

“ People's ideas of a gentleman differ, ” said Quint. “ You 've the ‘ gift of the gab ’ as folks here about call it ; I won't dispute that. ”

“ I suppose I deserve that sarcastic cut, ” said the captive, with a sad expression. “ But it shuts off the gift, if I have it. ”

“ Let him tell his story, ” Cliff interrupted, resolved beforehand not to believe half of it.

“ Of course, ” Quint assented. “ Though when he talks of the breeding of a gentleman after playing us such low-down tricks — but never mind ! ”

“ Is your mother really sick ? ” Cliff inquired.

“ Yes — sick with the bad-son affliction ! ” Winslow exclaimed. “ And she 'll have it worse than ever if she hears what I 've been up to lately. The truth is just here, boys. I got into extravagant habits ; I wanted more money than she could afford me ; I would n't work for it, and the result was, I left home under what you may call a cloud. I have been a hotel clerk, and I have been many other things, but nothing very long at a time. I 've been an actor — light comedy, and I 've been in the show business — employed in Barnum's Circus, boys ! ” he added boastfully.

“ I 'll believe *that*, ” said Cliff.

“ That was my last situation, and I ought to have kept it, ” the captive continued ; “ but I was foolish. I got the idea that I was a bigger man than P. T. Barnum himself. Unfortunately, Barnum did n't see it in that light ; and when I tried to run my end of the show in a way that did n't suit P. T., there was a little rum-pus, and I found myself on the wrong side of the canvas. The trick-dog was one of my specialties, and it did n't require much of a trick to take him with me. ”

He looked down at Sparkler, who was looking up wistfully at him, wagging a sympathetic tail.

“ Whatever you may think of *me*, boys, *he* is genuine all through ! The best friend I ever had ! ” Winslow actually sniffed a little as he said this. “ I had no thought of selling him when I started out. But necessity was the mother of that scheme. I had to raise money, and that was the way I raised it. I found it worked well, and I worked it for all it was worth. I could have made it more profitable but for one thing. Men who had money, and brains, too, and knew what such a dog was really worth, were — in short — suspicious. Then I could n't sell him in the big towns without too much danger of losing him, so I played him off on the rustic population. ”

“ My father knew he was stolen ! ” Cliff exclaimed.

“ That's a mistake, ” the captive remonstrated. “ I had the care of the dog, and when I left he left, too. I kept clear of the law in that. ”

“ But not in selling him over and over again ! ” Quint averred sternly, seizing his unbound wrist.

“ Now, see here ! ” said the captive. “ If you march me to the police station and enter a complaint, what do you gain ? ”

“ We 're going to stop your little business of swindling the rustic population, ” Quint declared. “ We 'll gain so much ! ”

“ Don't be too hard on me, boys, ” Winslow entreated. “ I 've made a clean breast of it. ” And he really seemed to think his confidences entitled him to their favorable consideration. “ Put yourselves in my place. *You* 've got good mothers both of you, and one of *you* may be in a bad fix some time. ”

"He's trying the sentimental game," Quint said, with a frowning look at Cliff. "Are we going to be humbugged by him with our eyes open?"

"No," Cliff replied; "but I don't see the good of giving him over to the police. He

to return the dog to Barnum's Circus just as soon as I can."

"We ought to have as much as this, after all our trouble," said Cliff, looking at the money.

"But *you* are not going to return him to Barnum's Circus. I'm not going to give up

Sparkler to you for one minute, am I, Quint?"

"That's judgmatical," said Quint, with stern satisfaction. "If we want Barnum to have his property again, we should be fools to trust *him* to restore it."

XXXI.

WINSLOW'S POCKET-KNIFE.

WINSLOW besought them to stick to the bargain and give him the dog; then, finding they would not do this, he insisted upon Cliff's handing back to him ten dollars of the money.

"What do you think, Quint?" asked Cliff. "We are not robbers, though he tried to make you out one last evening. Our ten dollars we are bound to have, anyway; but we don't want any of the money he has swindled other people out of."

"No, sir!" exclaimed Quint; "but those other people want it, and we will see they have it, as far as the extra ten

can't sell the dog any more. And he'll give us back our money."

"Here it is waiting for you," Winslow exclaimed, producing his pocket-book with alacrity. "Here's your twenty dollars,"—putting a roll of bills into Cliff's hand. "And I promise

dollars will go. We'll begin with the old shoemaker and his wife. Won't they be glad? No, Cliff; don't give him back a dollar of it."

"You are right, as you are every time," said Cliff after a moment.

As Winslow strongly objected to this man-



ner of settlement, Quint said: "What right have you to complain? You are getting off what you may call dog-cheap. I 'm thinking we ought to hand you over to the police, after all, for the sake of those other people; and it 's only the idea of our paying some of them that quiets my conscience in letting you off."

Winslow reflected a moment, then stooped from his seat on the ladder, and patted Sparkler affectionately.

"We part for good, Sparkler, this time! Boys," he said pathetically, "are you aware that I am not much more than a boy myself? I 'm not twenty-two yet, and sha'n't be till next September."

"You look older than that," said Cliff.

"So will you at twenty-two, if you live the kind of life I 've lived. 'T is n't the right kind of life, boys, and I 'm going to quit it. Live easy and pay to-morrow—the kind of to-morrow that never comes—that 's been my style. That 's what has brought me to this humiliation."

The captive did n't seem to take the humiliation very much to heart, however, for he added cheerfully:

"We part friends, I trust? And now I suppose I can dispense with this!" And he recommenced loosening the cord that was about his wrist.

"Not yet!" cried Quint. "I want to see the knife you tried to draw on me last night. Your knife!" he thundered, as Winslow answered evasively. "We have had enough of delay and palaver!"

The captive brought out reluctantly what seemed to be an ordinary but rather long pocket-knife, with a single blade. As it did not open in the ordinary way, Quint examined the handle and found in it a suspicious-looking rivet, which he pressed with a surprising result. A slender dirk-shaped blade flew out like a flash in the morning light, and he held in his hand a deadly weapon.

"Jehu! that 's dangerous!" Cliff ejaculated, with a horrified backward start. "Think what he would have done to you last night!"

Quint gave a cruel laugh, as he turned upon the owner of the knife. "That 's the sort of lady-bird you are!" he said with grim irony.

"I declare to you I never used it, and never meant to!" said Winslow earnestly.

"And I declare you never shall!"

So saying, Quint drove the blade into the partition behind him, and snapped it short off. The stub that was left he pressed into a crack, where it stuck.

"None of that!"—as the captive was again at work loosening the cord. At the same time Quint seized his other wrist.

"It serves him right!" said Cliff, shuddering at the thought of what his friend had escaped the night before.

Quint drew the bound wrist behind the ladder, and drew its fellow around the other way to meet it.

"No nonsense!" he cried, as his captive resisted. "If you prefer the police-station, all right! But do you think I 'm going to leave you to follow on our track, and keep the dog in sight till you can contrive some plot for getting him back again? Stop that!" he roared out; "if you don't stop working your wrists we 'll march you to the station instant! You tied my partner to the ladder; now it 's your turn."

"I hoped," said the prisoner, yielding because he must—"I hoped I had gained your confidence, and I expected more honorable treatment."

"It will take something besides your cheap talk to gain much confidence with us; and it 's droll to hear *you* preach about honorable treatment! How 's this, Cliff?"

Quint showed the prisoner's hands bound behind him, and lashed to the ladder in knots above the utmost reach of his fingers, wriggle how they might. Then taking a turn with the remainder of the cord about the captive's waist and back again, he made another knot in it, and tied the end to the ladder in a cluster of knots, which Cliff regarded with satisfaction.

"I 've heard of jugglers getting out of such tangles," he said; "but they did n't have John Quincy Adams Whistler to tie the knots!"

"If I had known what you really meant to do with me, you never would have got me into this shape!" muttered the prisoner.

"Think so?" said Quint, good-humoredly. "One of us was enough for you last night; and

you have had us both to deal with this morning. Besides, you had been monkeying with a galvanized-wire clothes-line."

"For my part, I feel as if we had been almost too easy with him," said Cliff; "though we might have been easier still if it had n't been for the knife. I never can forgive that!"

"But we are doing this chiefly in self-defense," said Quint, giving a final tug at his hard knots. "Now if he follows us very soon, it will be with the ladder on his back."

The captive continued to protest and entreat, but Quint only said: "My partner was very near being taken in by your humble confessions and fine promises; but they won't hurt anybody now, and they won't do you any good. Talk away, if it will amuse you; try to console yourself for our absence. I know it will be a sad thing for you to see the last of my gambrel-roof nose!"

He was fastening the rear door; this done, the two Biddicut boys, accompanied by Sparkler, went out by the great front door, which they closed after them, leaving Winslow lashed to the ladder in the lonesome barn.

XXXII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

As they were passing near Deacon Payson's kitchen porch, they were delighted to see the deacon himself coming out of the door.

"Starting so early?" said the good man. "I'd been hearing voices, and I thought I'd come out and see how you had got through the night."

Then if ever there was an amazed old gentleman at four o'clock on a fine summer morning, it was the worthy deacon, standing beside his kitchen porch and listening to the story of the strange happenings in his barn and orchard.

"My wife said she heard the voices outdoors first, but she did n't wake me. That wire clothes-line must have been a savage thing to run afoul of. No wonder it floored him! And he's in the barn there now? I never heard anything so surprising!"

"We think he had better stay there an hour or so until we get a good start," said Cliff; "then do what you please with the fellow."

"We make you a present of him," said Quint; "only hoping he won't give you much trouble."

"I'll leave him till my man comes; then I suppose we'd better cut him loose. Though I'm inclined to think," said the deacon, "that he ought to be put in pickle for all his misdeemeanors. Come into the house," he went on; "you can't start off this way with nothing to eat."

He made the boys go in, which they did very willingly, and talked over with them their homeward trip, while his wife set before them butter and bread and cold sliced ham, and glasses of milk, and golden honey dripping from the comb; Sparkler also receiving a share. Then they took leave of these kind people; listened for sounds in the barn as they went out, but heard none; and set off in the cool morning air, on the clean-washed country roads, with the light of the new-risen sun on their glad faces.

Winslow did not follow them, with or without the ladder on his back, and they never saw him again.

The boys were minded to make directly for the nearest way-station, on the railroad connecting with the Biddicut branch. But it was early for trains; and remembering their promise to Mr. Mills, they determined to take his house on their way, and report to him the success of their expedition. Perhaps they also wished to enjoy their triumph in the merry eyes of the two girls who had been so mischievously inclined to laugh at them.

They found a shorter course than the one by which they had hunted Winslow; and reached the farm-house just as the family were sitting down at table. They were heartily welcomed, treated to a second breakfast, which they accepted with frank good-will, and paid well for the hospitality in the entertainment the tale of their adventures afforded. There was open admiration as well as merriment in the bright eyes of the girls opposite them, as the boys took turns in the narrative, Cliff reciting the more dramatic portions in his impulsive way, and Quint setting off the whole with his droll commentary.

The meal over, Cliff would have had Spark-

ler perform some of his tricks. But the dog had also had a second breakfast; or his last parting with his late master had sobered him too much; or he resented the restraint of the cord, of which Cliff would on no account relieve him. Whatever the cause, he was in one of his sullen moods, and would do nothing.

Then Cliff took from his pocket five dollars of the money received from Winslow, and handed them to Mr. Mills for the old shoemaker, whom he knew, and whom he promised to see and reimburse for his loss within a few days.

"Now I have five dollars which I must manage to get to Mr. Miller of Wormwood," said Cliff. "Plenty more dog-purchasers may turn up, and there won't be money enough to go around; so first come, first served."

Having kept the boys as long as he could, the farmer offered to harness a horse and drive them over to a station on the connecting road. This offer they gratefully accepted, and the wagon was brought to the door.

Then adieus were said and smiles exchanged, the girls waved their handkerchiefs, and the boys their hats, the farmer touched up his nag, and our Biddicut adventurers felt that they were indeed on their way home.

They drove along the green-bordered country roads, where every wayside bush and tree glistened in the early sunshine.

"No stop now till we see Biddicut!" Cliff

said exultantly; "only as we may have to wait for trains."

"I would n't stop now," observed Quint, "even to make a friendly call on Winslow working his passage in Deacon Payson's barn."

Yet it was n't long before both boys called out simultaneously for a halt, as they were passing another barn, on their way through a small town.

It was a weather-worn structure, all of a dreary brown hue, except as to one end which was conspicuously and garishly red with enormous posters advertising the incomparable attractions of Barnum's combined circus and menagerie—"the Greatest Show on Earth." There were pictures of monkeys at their tricks; a big-muscled man grappling with a lion; a tiger pouncing upon a sleeping Arab; elephants playing at see-saw, or balancing themselves on rolling balls; and athletes in all sorts of startling and impossible positions, linked together, or leaping, or falling head-foremost through the air.

"They ought to have Sparkler here somewhere," said Cliff. But the boys searched in vain among the flaming marvels for a performing dog.

"Here 's what we want to know!" exclaimed Quint, standing up in the wagon, in front of the red-gabled barn, and studying the dates and names of places advertised for appearances of "the Greatest Show on Earth."

(To be concluded.)

A SPRUCE HOME.

BY ALICE PHILBROOK.

OH, Blow-me-down House is far up a tree,
With four wee babies, as snug as can be,
Packed in very tight, quite safe, and so fast,
They rock to and fro like a light on a mast.

The South Wind sings sweetly:

"O Blow-me-down House,

You 're tucked in completely,

You 're safe as a mouse.

Merrily so, now we go!

Up and down to a tune I know!"

At Blow-me-down House there 'll soon be a sight:
Four feathering midgets in such a sad plight!
Peeping, so scared, on the edge of their nest—
A cold world it seems to birds on a quest.

The West Wind sings smartly:

"Come, Blow-me-downs, all—

I 'll have to speak tartly—

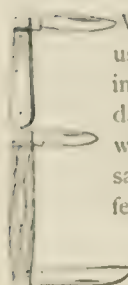
Do fly; you 'll not fall.

Cheerily, ho! here we go!

Up and down—there! I told you so!"

THE ART OF WHITTILING.

By B. L. ROBINSON.

VERY American boy finds many uses for his jack-knife. It is equally indispensable whether he is cutting darts out of shingles, making willow whistles, or trimming kite-sticks; to say nothing of carving initials on fences and desks, or playing mumble-peg. But whittling as an amusement is probably not so common now as it was a half a century ago, when toys of all kinds were much less numerous, and the pocket-knife — often the boy's only store-bought possession — was accordingly much more important as a source of entertainment.

While every one should rejoice in the many sports and varied devices which at present contribute so much to a boy's mental and physical development, and give him the steady and skilful hands so useful in after life, still it is to be regretted, if in our days of base-ball and tennis, of amateur printing-presses and "kodaks," the ingenious use of the jack-knife that has made the Yankee boy proverbially a clever whittler should become a lost art. Anxious that this may not be the case, and hoping to draw the attention of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* to a pleasant pastime, I shall describe some of the curious objects which, with due care and a little practice, can be whittled out with a pocket-knife.

Several things are very necessary if one wishes to get good results in whittling. First of all, he must have a knife with a rather small and very sharp blade. It is not at all requisite that it shall be a high-priced knife; indeed, expensive knives are usually of very hard steel, difficult to sharpen, and so highly tempered that they are much more brittle and not so good for the purpose as one of moderate price. The latter, it is true, does not hold its edge so well, but, on the other hand, is much easier to keep in good condition. Every boy should learn to sharpen his knife, and should do it

frequently. It is not necessary to grind the edge away upon a grindstone unless the blade is very dull indeed; but it should be carefully rubbed upon a whetstone or oilstone. Even a smooth, flat pebble of some slaty rock may be successfully used as a whetstone.

In choosing a piece of wood for whittling, several points are to be noted. The hard woods are much prettier than the soft kinds, and if one has a good stock of patience and is content to make slow progress, they are to be preferred. Perhaps black-walnut is the best of the hard woods. Its grain is usually straight, and, when perfectly dry, it is not nearly so hard to cut as oak or maple. It is only the heart-wood of the black-walnut has the rich dark-brown color, and is much used for furniture and cabinet-work. In the growing tree there is an outer layer of sap-wood, as it is called, which is quite as white as maple. This white layer in a good sized tree may be an inch or even more in thickness, and it is sharply contrasted with the dark heart-wood. In a lumber-yard where black-walnut is kept, it is often possible to find boards or blocks which have both kinds of wood in them, and, if they are used in carving, this natural contrast in the color of the wood may be used to give very pretty effects; indeed, a sort of wood-cameo can be made from them, the white sap-wood being used for the figures, and the dark heart-wood below forming the background. This sort of work, however, is more in the line of carving than whittling, and is rather difficult for the beginner, especially as the sap-wood is harder than the heart-wood.

Of other hard woods the butternut and cherry may be mentioned as especially attractive in color and grain. Some kinds of wood, too, which are seldom used for lumber or cabinet-work but are still abundant enough in our forests, especially in the Middle States, will repay a boy for experimenting upon them. Thus the coffee-nut tree has a very pretty

brown wood with a fine grain. The osage-orange, so often cultivated for hedges, has a beautiful yellow wood, taking a high polish, but it is so hard that it is very difficult to use. The oaks and maples are also too tough and hard to work conveniently. Indeed, if a boy wishes to make rapid progress, he had better be content, especially in his first few efforts, with the soft woods. These are pine, fir, and spruce; or, as the Germans call them, from the shape of their leaves, the needle-woods. For our purposes the best wood of all is a straight-grained piece of white pine, well dried, but free from the cracks so likely to come from a rapid seasoning.

One of the commonest feats with the jack-knife is to cut a chain out of a single piece of wood. This is not difficult, and forms, therefore, an excellent design with which to begin. In making the chain a piece of wood is first trimmed into the form of a cylinder or roller, perhaps an inch in diameter and as long as the chain is to be, say six or eight inches in length; a piece of a broom-handle will do very well. In this cylinder four deep long furrows are then cut in such a way that the end of the block, instead of being round, now looks like a cross with the four arms equal, as in Fig. 1; each arm being the end of a wing or a long rib that extends lengthwise along the block.

The next step is to cut notches in the wings at equal distances from each other and in such a way that in each wing the notches shall just correspond to those of the opposite wing, while in the two other wings the notches alternate with these. This is not so easy to explain in words, but will be clear from Fig. 2. The position and general form of the links in the chain are now apparent, and one may begin to hollow out the inside of each of them. To do this a hole is cut through the link as in Fig. 3. When this has been done with two succes-

sive links it will be found that they are connected only by a small bridge of wood, and this may now be cut away very easily, due care being exercised not to cut or split either link in the process. As soon as the links are loose they can be readily rounded and smoothed, and trimmed as slender as desired. In Fig. 4 the process is represented in its various stages.

A pretty variation upon the simple chain just described is a chain with double links. This can readily be made from a single-link chain by cutting a notch lengthwise all around each link and gradually deepening it until the link has been cut into two rings. Other variations can be easily devised, such as making the alternate rings smaller or of different shape.

Another popular design, which is scarcely more difficult than the chain is the ball in a cage. This is represented in Fig. 5, and is whittled out of a single block of wood, perhaps an inch or an inch and a half square and twice as long. The frame or cage is designed first, and the lower part of its interior is left solid to form the material for the ball. When the general form of the frame has been completed, the ball may be gradually rounded into shape and finally cut loose from the inclosing frame, care being taken not to trim it too small; for if it should roll out, the whole point of the performance would be missed.

A similar design, a little harder to make, is a ball within a spherical cage, or, as it may be called, a ball within a ball. This is represented in the upper part of Fig. 6. It will be seen that the cage consists of three connected circles meeting each other at right angles. Between these circles there are eight large triangular openings, through which one can see the ball inside. To make this design, a piece of wood is first trimmed into a sphere about an inch or an inch and a half in diameter, and the outlines of the eight triangular openings are traced upon its surface with a pencil. When this has been done, each of the triangles is dug out as neatly as possible into a shallow pit about a quarter of an inch in depth. This is the hard-



FIG. 5.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

est part of the task; but with a sharp knife is really not difficult, as the rounded form of the ball enables one to cut from different directions.

It will now be found that the circles stand out upon the surface, and it only remains to cut away a little of the wood under them in order to loosen the ball inside. The rounding of the ball and smoothing of the cage can then readily be accomplished.

At the other end of the little chain in Fig. 6 is a bit of whittling that is really difficult. It is a bell with a movable clapper. Its mechanism will be understood from Fig. 7. Of course the clapper and the little rod inside the bell upon which it hangs are both cut out of the solid block from which the bell was formed, and the great difficulty of the design is in making the little ring at the upper end of the clapper so that it will hang loosely upon the cross-rod.

This may seem impossible, but with due care can be accomplished even with a straight-bladed knife. Two things only are to be observed in making it: The clapper may be cut near one side of the bell. When finally cut loose it will hang down in the middle, but if it is left there at first it is harder to cut the opening in the ring at its upper end since the sides of the bell prevent cutting in at much of an angle. Then, in hollowing out the inside of the bell, it is much better to cut with the edge of the knife, so far as possible, instead of with the point. This is accomplished by placing the point of the knife near the center of the bell, and then turning the bell in the fingers while pressing the edge of the knife against the part to be cut away. The large hollow of the bell is thus gradually deepened, and the work will always be kept smooth and neat. If one tries to work more rapidly by digging into the wood with the point of the

knife, the inner surface of the bell soon becomes very rough and jagged.

Of course, care must be taken to leave a piece of wood near, but not quite against, one side of the bell, to form the clapper.

The most complicated piece of jack-knife carving which I have ever seen, is represented in Fig. 8. It consists of a solid ball surrounded by two hollow balls, or shells, and much resembles the curious series of concentric balls which the Japanese carve out of ivory. Many of my readers have probably seen specimens of these ingenious toys in museums. However complex and puzzling the design in Fig. 8 may appear, it is not really so hard to make as the bell.

A pattern of the outer shell is traced upon a wooden sphere, which should be at least two inches in diameter, and the places where the openings are to be made are then dug out so that they form little pits, which should be a third to a half an inch in depth. The solid ball within is now cut loose

from the shell as described above. It would be very difficult and awkward to cut another such shell loose from the ball inside the outer one; but the same effect may be accomplished much more easily by dividing into an outer and an inner portion the shell already formed, which was made rather thick for this purpose. When this is successfully accomplished, the design is exceedingly effective, and persons who have not seen it made, and who naturally suppose that the shells have been cut one after the other from the solid ball, find it hard to believe that it could have been executed with a pocket-knife. The staple and ring represented at the top of the outer shell in Fig. 8, like the chain in Fig. 6, forms no essential part of the design and may be added or left off as found convenient.

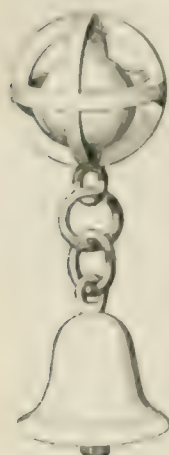


FIG. 6.



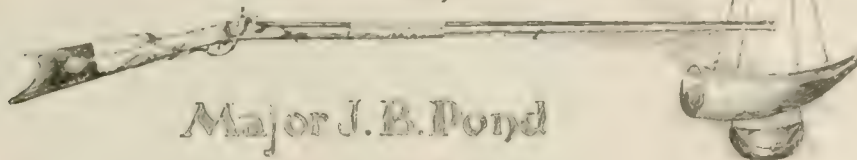
FIG. 8.



MY FIRST GUN

By

Major J. B. Pond



A GOOD many years ago I was a small boy living on the farm of my father, who was a Western pioneer, in the State of Wisconsin. When I was about eleven years old I was hired by a neighbor to work at a job of plowing, and for it I was to receive two dollars in money and a pair of geese. The oxen which I was to have charge of were four-year-old steers, and Mr. McLaury, my employer, thought a great deal of them. Mr. McLaury worked at making his garden, while I managed the oxen and plowed a ten-acre lot. I was instructed not to whip the oxen, but to allow them their own gait; and this they soon found out, and it made my journeys behind the plow very easy. At night the animals were left in the stable, and we always fed them carefully and groomed them as if they had been horses. In one end of the stable there was a bin of barley.

My instructions were to see that the cattle were securely tied in their stalls at night, and I was to give each one of them two quarts of barley and plenty of hay. One morning I found one of the oxen had slipped his halter during the night and was comfortably lying near the barley-bin. I put him back in his stall, and gave them both their usual rations.

When it was time to yoke up for the day, Mr. McLaury came with me to the stable, as I was not large enough to put the yoke on the oxen. He noticed that one of the steers had not eaten the barley in his feed-box, and suggested that perhaps he was not feeling well. So he told me to drive slowly, and if the ox showed symptoms of illness to let him know.

On the way to the field we had to cross a creek, where I was accustomed to stop and let the team of oxen drink all the water that they

wanted. I noticed that this ox hurried and almost pulled his mate into the creek in his eagerness to drink, and I could hardly whip him away from the water after he had been drinking with all his might for at least fifteen minutes.

Finally, I got him across the creek and started to plow, and then I noticed that the ox was beginning to swell. He swelled and swelled until he was more than double his nor-



"I STARTED HOME WITH A GOOSE UNDER EACH ARM."

mal girth, and presently he crowded his mate out of the furrow, and Mr. McLaury saw it and came running into the field. I was fright-

ened, and was almost inclined to "cut" for home; for I knew then that the ox must have been feasting at the barley-bin, and that I had done wrong in not telling Mr. McLaury of my suspicions when I found the animal free from its

"My boy, you should have told me he was loose. Then I could have kept him away from the water, and might have saved him. Now, my beautiful steer is lost."

My heart was broken. I believe I would

have given my life to save that ox; but he died right there, and we took his mate home and turned him out to graze. I was set to chopping wood, and my employer and his wife went away for the afternoon. Soon all the neighborhood knew that Mr. McLaury's ox was dead, and I felt as though they all thought that I was the cause of it.

Mr. McLaury and the neighbors were very kind to me, but I felt so guilty and sorry that I could neither work nor eat, and when Saturday morning came I was really ill, and could not go to work. So I asked if I might go home.

I had been working nine days, and Mr. McLaury told me that he could not afford to give me any money for my work, but that I might have the two geese and take them with me, if I could catch them. He pointed them out among the flock. I caught them, and, tying their legs, started home with a goose under each arm. I was proud of my geese, although I knew I had not earned them, and I really felt that



REMINISCENCE OF THE FIRST GUN I EVER FIRED. ALLEGED TO BE THE SAME THAT I HAD.

halter in the morning. I knew very well how much Mr. McLaury loved the first and only team of oxen he had ever had.

He asked me immediately if the ox was free in the barn when I went out in the morning. I said yes, expecting to be knocked down, for he seemed to be a quick tempered man. But he was very gentle and spoke kindly, saying

by Mr. McLaury's kindness coals of fire had been heaped upon my head.

On my way home I fell in with a party of "movers," as the emigrants were called then. They were camping on the bank of the creek, and while the cattle and pigs grazed near by, the emigrants were preparing their dinner. The dog lay asleep under the wagon, and the

man and his wife and four or five children were sitting around waiting for the dinner to cook, and were, apparently, somewhat embarrassed at my sudden appearance as they were about to

"Worked for 'em."

Just then I caught sight of a gun leaning against the wagon, and, putting down my geese, I stepped over toward it, for I was almost "gun crazy" with anxiety to own a real gun.

"Is that gun loaded?" I asked.

"Yes," said the young man.

"May I look at it?"

"Yes, but be careful."

I took it up and examined, I think, the first gun that I was ever allowed to touch. I remember I tried to draw a sight along the barrel, pretending that I knew all about guns. I could barely raise it to my shoulder.

"How 'll you trade your two geese for the gun?" said the young man.

"But I have n't any money to pay boot with," I replied.

"Have n't you got a jack-knife?"

"No; I had a dog-knife once, but I lost it." A dog-knife was a cheap knife with an iron handle in the shape of a dog.

"Well, what have you got now? Got a pocket-book, or a string? Let's see your pockets," he said.

I was ashamed to turn my pockets inside out, but I did; and



"I STOOD BEFORE THEM, THE MIGHTIEST HUNTER IN THE WORLD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

partake of their humble meal. A young man of about sixteen years of age began the conversation by asking with some curiosity:

"Where 'd you get your geese?"

when he saw that I had not the slightest article of any value with me, he seemed disappointed, and my hopes of ever owning the gun were almost blighted. At last, however, he said:

"Well, I will give you the gun for the geese."

Then my courage came back, and I wanted to know if the ammunition, powder-horn and bullet went with it. He said they did, and the trade was made. It was what they called a "pill-lock gun." Instead of a percussion-cap, a little pill was dropped in a socket underneath the breech, and a pointed hammer exploded it. One quillful of these "pills," a quarter of a pound of powder, a pair of bullet-molds, and some shot went with the gun, which was an old smooth-bore.

Then I felt made. I left the geese, and started home, carrying my own gun. No boy in that settlement had ever owned a gun before.

I walked unexpectedly into the house, carrying my gun on my shoulder, with the powder-horn hung around my neck, as proud as a peacock. Mother was frightened, and the children were panic-stricken, while I stood before them, the mightiest hunter in the world. Presently they recovered their wits, and mother

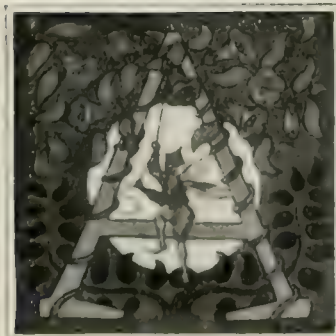
made me tell her how I got the gun and why I had come home from McLaury's. I told her that one of the oxen had died, and that there was then very little for me to do, and that I felt so badly he had let me come away, giving me two geese for my nine days' work. Then I told her that a man who wanted geese more than he wanted his own gun offered to trade me even, and I traded. Mother laughed.

The gun was absolutely worthless; for after I had fired off the few pills that were in the quill, and killed one prairie-chicken, no more ammunition was ever to be found to fit it. So for years the gun hung upon the wall, and reminded me of my first work for pay.

The gun was always a joke in the family; and years after, when I was a man and had come home after four years' experience in the Civil War, I went to my room and found that old gun on the middle of my bed. Mother's laugh echoed up from the parlor, and I knew who was reminding me of my first trade.

POTIPHAR AND THE FAIRIES.

BY ADA SEWALL.



ing rays of the sun the large white mansion. It was a pleasant house, with broad verandas shaded by vines from which little lizards would now and then dart after flies.

Usually there was life and animation all about the place; but the heat had silenced even the generally irrepressible negroes, and nothing was heard but the loud hum of the locusts and the quail's occasional cry, "Ee-lo—White!" In

CLEAR, sunshiny day. To say that it was hot would be speaking too mildly—it was intensely hot. One great live-oak seemed to be defending from the burn-

the shade of a great live-oak whose branches swept the ground, two little darkies might be seen. One was up among the branches, while the other lay at full length on the ground, chewing a piece of sugar-cane.

"'Miah, does you b'lieve in fairies?" said Andy. "Miss Mary showed me dis mornin' a book full ob pictures; an' she say, 'Andy, dey is fairies. De white, beautiful ones am good fairies; an' de little black ones am bad fairies. Now, I ain't so shore 'bout dem fairies. Whar dey get dey clo'es, I wants to know?'"

"If you wants to know 'bout fairies, I am de pusson to instruct you," said a voice.

'Miah turned lazily toward the newcomer, a tall, lank boy of eleven, dressed in a ragged shirt, and a pair of old trousers.

"Dat you, Potiphar? Whar hab you been dis mornin'?" asked 'Miah.

"You 'd better ask dat. You 's de laziest boys

I ebber see. I spec's it will strike in some day, an' you won't be able to move no mo'. While you 're out yere enjoyin' de cool ob dis yere tree, I hab been engaged in de manual labor ob providin' de food for you to enjoy; an' when I 'lowed I would take a little rest from de heat ob de day, I finds you occupying de berry place I picked out. Andy, if you hed de least bit ob gratitude, you 'd come down an' gib your pore, tired brudder dat holler."

"Will you take it now, or will you wait till you can git it?" drawled Andy, jocosely.

"You might as well come down, Andy," said 'Miah looking up into the tree.

Andy, being thus admonished, good-naturedly slipped down from his 'perch. Potiphar immediately occupied the hollow, and, having received the demanded piece of cane, he thus addressed his audience:

"You may not be 'ware dat I 's had pers'nal bus'ness wid de fairies."

"No, we ain't aware," remarked Andy.

"Well, if you ain't, you will be 'fore I 'm froo wid dis yer story. If you hed tooken part



"DEY DRIBES DE HORSES ALL NIGHT TILL DEY 'S TIRE D OUT."

"Oh, I kin wait, an' so kin the 'sperience I was going to tell you."

Suiting his actions to his words, Potiphar threw himself down on the ground, resting his head upon a pile of leaves. Then, having shied an acorn at a group of hens ruffling themselves in the warm sand, he closed his eyes as if for a noonday nap.

"S'pose Potiphar 's been making up some yarn or other," said 'Miah.

"Be still thar, you 'Miah! An' you understand' I don't *make up* no yarns; what I tells you 's de troof!"

"Well, den, git ahead — can't you?—an' tell it."

"If you gib me half ob dat sugar-cane, an' Andy 'll come down out ob dat tree, I 'll tell you what was a most remarkable 'venture, but on no udder 'sideration will I say a word."

in de conversation on de front piazza las' night, as I hed de pleasure ob doin' —"

"Jis' hear dat nigger!" said 'Miah, kicking a shower of leaves over Andy's head; but, regardless of the interruption, Potiphar went on:

"—you 'd have heard from de Judge dat it was Midsummer Eve, de time when de fairies am 'bout, having parties; an' how de wicked uns snarls up de manes ob de horses, an' dribes dem all night till dey 's tired out. Den he changed de topic what we was speakin' on, an' I comed away. De moon was shinin' like day, de chuck-Will's-widder was callin' from de bushes, an' I thought I 'd take a little walk by myself."

"Not like you to take a walk by yourse'f at night. Whar did you go, an' what go fur?" demanded Andy, slyly.

"Well, you see, Uncle Peter said he saw

some coon-tracks down by de spring, an' I thought maybe de old feller would be out, an' I could git a shot at him an' stun him; den it would be easy enough to kill him. Dat 's why I done went alone; I did n't want no one sharin' de honch. I went 'long berry quiet; did n't whistle none."

"S'pose you was scared to hear your own voice," was 'Miah's comment.

"I 'd got jest beyond de spring when I heard a sound. I stopped perfectly still an' listened. It sounded like bells."

"De goats' bells," chimed in Andy.

"'T was kind o' dark in de bushes, de moonlight came froo in spots, an' jest 'cross de path in front ob me, I seed a branch of yaller jasmine full ob flowers; an' on de branch was a little mite ob a fellow, tall as my thumb, a-shakin' dem jasmine flowers. I did n't move; I was dat 'stonished I could n't. He did n't see me, but kep' on shakin' de flowers, like dey was bells.

"An' den presently I heard a sound like de patterin' ob rain-drops, an' I seed comin' from under de gall-berry bushes a percession ob fairies. Dey was all men fairies; an' de one in front hed a crown on his head, an' it sparkled like dramon's; an' he marched 'long berry

but de king spoke berry starnly to dem, an' say: 'You let Potiphar 'lone. He am my partic'lar friend, tho' he ain' know it yit. I wan' him to stay an' see what de fairies do to dem what does de wrong thing.' Den he say to de spearmen, 'Bring in de pris'nuh an' de witnesses.'

"Well, dey goes away, an' bimeby dey comes back wid a lizard — one o' dem wid de green jackets, jus' like dat one dar on de fence. Come to look at him, he am de cousin ob dat berry one."

"How you know?" said both the boys at once.

"'Kase I can see de fam'ly likeness. Now, speak low; he 'd feel mortified if he knowed we speakin' ob de disgrace in his fam'ly. Well, dey brung in next a spider, an' a tomtit, an' last a ladybug; she hed a veil on, an' I could see she was crying under it.

"Well, den de jury, ten black crickets, climb up on a log. Den de king he say to de fairy what came in wid de ladybug, 'What am de crime which de pris'nuh am charged wid?' An' he say, 'My Lord de King, I charge dis yere vill'in wid eatin' up de sister ob this yer lady.' De king den say, 'Pris'nuh, am dat true?' and he say, 'Not guilty.' Den de fust



lizard, an' set down on a toadstool, an' all de othahs stood by.

"S'pose one o' dem hed little 'pear-like lites' ob needles, an' one hed on a 'cown an' carried a book in his han'.

"Den 'cown de little fellows wid de spear, seed me, an' dey was berry angry, an' turned at me

witness — de spider — comes up, an' he speak in de following manner: 'I was making de roof to my mansion down by de dye house, when Miss Ladybag come flyin' 'long. I says good mornin', an' invites her to come in; but she say berry pritty, 'No, thank you,' and goes on to de ledge ob de window. Now, the pris'nuh was on dat

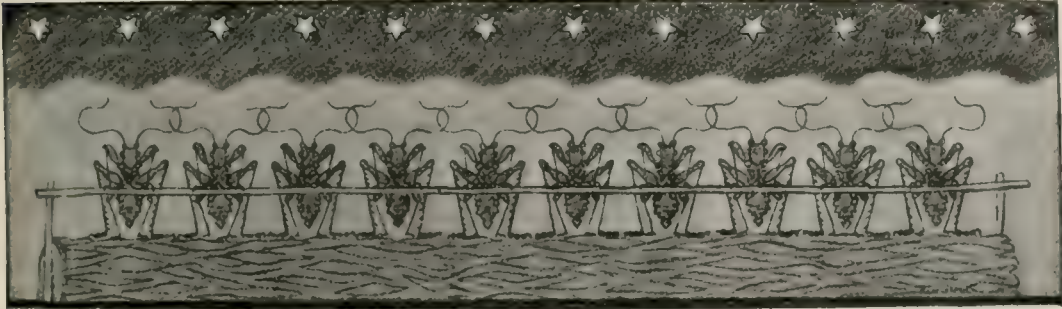
same ledge, an' de minute she lighted down he run his tongue out, an' she was done gone.'

"Den de king he called de next witness, Mrs. Tomtit. She hed her nest right ober de ledge ob de winder; an' she happened at dat berry moment to be lookin' for Mr. Tomtit, who hed gone to get de dinner, an' was late. He

"I tell you, I floundered roun' dar right smart for one spell, an' when I got up de light an' de fairies was done gone.

"I did n't waste no time. I just made for de clearin'. I was covered wid mud from de toe ob my boot to de crown ob my head."

"You ain't got none now," said Andy.



"WELL, DEN DE JURY, TEN BLACK CRICKETS, CLIMB UP ON A LOG."

was mostly late since dey hed de four babies to look arter. So she saw just what Mr. Spider said.

"Den de fairy wid de ladybug made a speech an' charged de jury. An' de king he say to de pris'nuh, 'Mr. Lizard, kin you say anything why de extremes'es' measure ob de law should not be meted out 'pon you?' An' he answer, 'I was under a' allusion; I thought de ladybug was a' ant. I 's mighty sorry I should hab brought infliction on de family ob de deceased. An', besides, I hab suffered de extremes'es' agony ebber sence I swallowed her.'

"Den de fairy wid de book read out ob it dat de law 'lows lizards to eat flies, an' if dey eats anything else de penalty am death. Afterward de king he talked berry solemn to de lizard, an' he tells him he am worthy ob death, but since 't was his fust 'fense, an' because he was under a' allusion, he would only sentence him to a monf's consinement in de jail.

"Den he order de sheriff to light de lantern an' lead on wid de pris'nuh, an' he say to me, 'Potiphar, you come last, fur I wants you to see our prison.'

"Well, I follered on, an' de light it kept bobbin' up an' down. We went through de gallberry bushes an' around de brier-patch, an' just den I struck my foot in de root ob a tree, an' went, caflummux, into de bog!

"I was scared, an' I said, 'Potiphar, dah 'll be a reck'nin' wid you when mammy sees you. I crep' 'long to de cabin. It was all dark; de folks hed gone to bed, an' de screech-owl was hooting in de china-tree. De winder was open 'count ob de heat; I did n't say nothin' to nobody; I just crawled in, chucked my clo'es on de floor, an' drapped into bed. I thought I would have my rest, if I *was* gwine to git a switchin' in de mornin'."

"Now, look a-yere, if you was all over mud, whar 's it all gone to?" Andy persisted.

"Potiphar!" called a voice from the house, "whar is you? If you don't come dis minute, I 'll know why! Did n't I set you to shell-in' dem peas for dinner, an' you done gone an' lef' dem,—you 's good-for-nothin'!"

"Dat is de most remarkablest fact ob all," said Potiphar, slowly getting down from his perch. "When I woke up dis mornin', dar was my clo'es hangin' on a cha'r, all clean; dat am de proof ob what I done tole you."

"You dar, Potiphar—you comin'?" came the mother's voice again.

"Yes, mrammy," was the answer; and as he disappeared round the corner of the house, 'Miah, giving a final kick in the heap of leaves, exclaimed, "Dat Potiphar surely tell de bigges' whoppers on dis yer plantation!"

HOW MATT BECAME A REPORTER.

By W. L. RORDON.

UNTIL about a year ago, Matt Robbins was an office-boy in the city department of a New York daily newspaper. To-day, he is a valued member of its city staff. This is the story of how he "won his spurs" as a reporter.

One morning, soon after one of the cable-roads was put in operation, Matt was returning from police-headquarters on a cable-car, with a batch of copy for the first edition. From choice he stood on the back platform, and, as soon as the car drew

It was a habit of Matt's to read, whenever possible, all the copy that he handled before it reached the city-editor's desk. Even in "rush" hours, when copy was carried to the desk page by page, Matt usually managed to keep up with the reporter's pencil; and he used to boast that he knew the local news even before the city-editor. Of course, all this showed that Matt hoped to rise in the newspaper world. Those who knew the boy thought it also proved that he had the all-important news-instinct—"nose for news."

Matt was reading the last page of the police-headquarters story, when the conductor shouted: "Park Row!" This was Matt's stopping-place; but when the car did not stop, he tried to get off, though both his hands were filled with copy. Matt fell on his side with his left arm under him and, striking his head, was stunned. The car was stopped, a crowd gathered, and a policeman sent in an ambulance call.

Before the ambulance arrived, however, Matt came to his senses—and to his news-instinct at the same moment. Though hardly able to stand, he assured the policeman, who was watch-



"MATT ASKED FOR THE FIRST AND LAST HE WAS 'ALL RIGHT NOW'."

away from Houston Street, he began to read—reading over him, that he was "all right now"—and the "story" of the police-headquarters reporter, made his way through the crowd and tottered



"MATT'S FIRST QUESTION WAS: 'DID I GET A BEAT?'"

down Park Row to his office, still safely holding the police-headquarters story.

When the boy entered the city room he seemed to be about to faint; but, without a word, he laid the "copy" on the city-editor's desk, sat down at a table near by and began to write. Another office-boy, noticing Matt's condition, asked him what was the matter.

"Tell you later," he answered. "I've got a 'beat.' Want to catch the first edition."

For several minutes he did not lift his eyes from the paper. Then, dropping his pencil, he fell back in his chair and rolled to the floor in a swoon.

Once more a call was sent to bring an ambulance for Matt, and this time he was carried off to the Chambers Street Hospital, where it was discovered that his head was bruised and that his left arm was broken.

One of the reporters who had noticed that Matt was writing, gathered up the pages of what Matt had called his "beat," and gave them to the city editor. Matt's story, edited considerably, was printed in the first edition, and it was the only exclusive news the paper

had that day. Here is Matt's news-item just as he wrote it:

The deadly cable-car had its first victim to-day. At 11.23 o'clock this morning Mr. Matthew Robbins, who is connected with the city department of this paper, was hurled from a cable-car near Park Row and nearly lost his life. By a flagrant dereliction of duty the conductor failed to stop the car, and the young man, whose professional duties forced him to get off at this point, was thrown on the street with such force that he was stunned and sustained other painful injuries. It is not the fault of the conductor or of the corporation he serves that the victim now lives. This railroad —

Here Matt's story ended. It was elaborated into a half-column in a late edition.

I was at the hospital the next day as soon as Matt could see a visitor. His first question was: "Did I get a beat?" When assured that his news had been published in no other paper, he smiled contentedly and said:

"Would n't I have been slow if I had let them take me to the hospital before writing up the story? Every paper would have had it."

Two months later Matt was assisting the police-headquarters reporter. In six months he became a regular member of the city staff.



BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

My little mistress Maud and me,
We 're dressed up every day for tea.
We look so sweet, you ought to see!

She has a frock all frills and things,
Her hair is curled in shiny rings,
And I 've a 'normous yellow bow,
And underneath my chin, you know,
A silver bell.

But—don't you tell!
Although we look so very well,
We 're mis'rable as we can be—
My little mistress Maud and me!

When all the comp'ny 's gone from tea,
And there is no one left to see
My little mistress Maud and me,
They take our bows and frills away,
And tell us we may go and play.
We are not pretty any more,
And stylish, as we were before.

I have no bell;
But—don't you tell!
Although we *don't* look very well,
We 're just as glad as we can be—
My little mistress Maud and me!





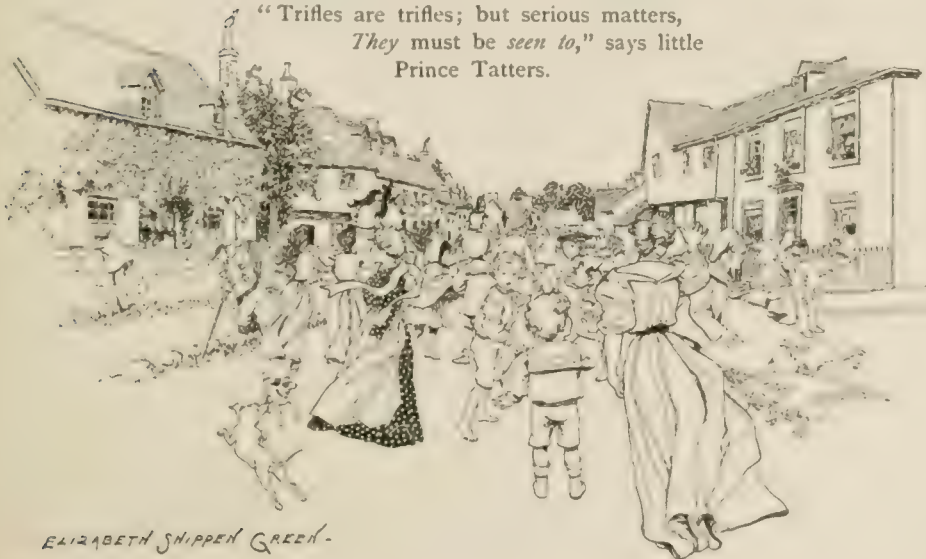
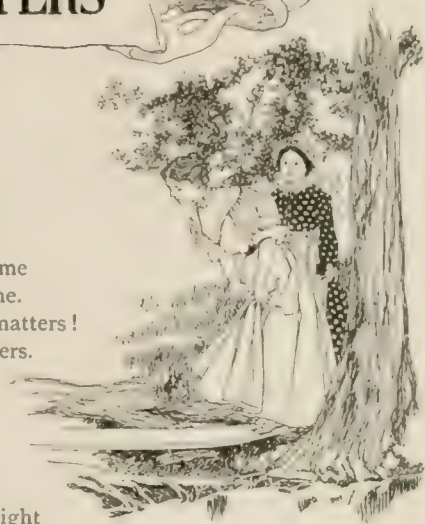
PRINCE TATTERS

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LITTLE Prince Tatters has lost his cap!
 Over the hedge he threw it;
 Into the river it fell "kerslap!"
 Stupid old thing to do it!
 Now Mother may sigh and Nurse may fume
 For the gay little cap with its eagle plume.
 "One cannot be thinking all day of such matters!
 Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat,
 Playing he did not need it!
 "Left it *right there*, by the nanny-goat,
 And nobody never seed it!"
 Now Mother and Nurse may search till night
 For the little new coat with its buttons bright;
 But—"Coat-sleeves or shirt-sleeves, how little it matters!
 Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has LOST HIS BALL!
 Rolled away down the street!
 Somebody 'll *have to find it*, that 's all,
 Before he can sleep or eat.
 Now raise the neighborhood quickly, do!
 And send for the crier and constable too!
 "Trifles are trifles; but serious matters,
They must be seen to," says little
 Prince Tatters.



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN-

ON DECK.

(A *Niagara* from *Panama*. See "Letter-Box.")

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

WHEN Captain MacPherson invited Tom Riley and myself to go on an ocean picnic in his new schooner-yacht, the "Petrel," I accepted at once; but as the trip was a long one, Riley hesitated.

"A steamer is much surer and quicker," said he.

But these objections I warded off.

"Oh, if you prefer din and noise to peace and quiet, I've nothing more to say."

"Who are going?" asked Tom.

"Not more than ten or a dozen people. Marie Van Rensselaer and Julia Gordon, and I think Mrs. Bascom and her son Claud are in the party."

"Oh, I hope they will have Mrs. Bascom in; I used to know her; and Claud I used to know too, but not so well as his mother. Yes, I will go; but *nota bene*, Dick, whenever we are in port, I am to be allowed to look around and explore the town if I choose."

"If this be your only condition, it is easily granted," said I; "for I, too, should like to see how those queer foreigners manage to live. Riley, old fellow, we'll have a grand time; I don't want any more city life at present; those that prefer Gotham, let them have it; I don't want to touch stone pavements again for a month. Just think of the freedom of a life at sea! I abhor tension, and on such a voyage one may relax his mind utterly and secure perfect rest."

So the party was arranged, and one beautiful day in June found the Petrel in order for departure.

The entire gangway was filled with guests who had assembled to bid the travelers God-speed.

My father gave my hand a grip, paternal and affectionate, and said good-by with a throb in his voice. The dear old man is a gentleman of the old school, and such men as these used to be seen oftener than now.

The hour for starting came. On went the Petrel, howling over the waves; one great

breaker dashed across the deck. I thought it a Niagara, but Marie laughed at my dismay.

"You must n't look so sober on a picnic," she said gaily.

"The whole arrangement of this ship is tolerably comfortable," remarked Mrs. Bascom, as she sat in a steamer chair, with a damask cushion behind her head.

"Yes, if you are a Baptist, and like to be immersed," said I, as another wave broke over us. "Or if you want to be always attired in a tarpaulin and rubber boots."

"What a sweet-toned bell that is!" said Mrs. Bascom, as a gong sounded.

"Yes," said Captain MacPherson, joining the group on deck—"yes, that is a bell as *is* a bell. I picked it up in Canton; you know they have beautiful things there, as fine as Rome or Florence. In Canton I once had a curious experience. A man named Rhodes said he was possessed of a demon and could n't walk. I went to talk to him, but you might as well ask the Taj a question. His house was only a hut with a thatched top. He, liable to be detected in his fraud at any time, warned every one to keep away from him. 'I'm not afraid,' said I, and going up to him, I clapped him on the shoulder. He jumped as if he was shot. 'Hello!' said I. He ran away as fast as he could go, and so proved Rhodes' demon a myth after all."

"Did you have queer things to eat in Canton?" said Marie, for she liked to hear the captain's yarns.

"Yes, yes; a mess à la Chinoise can't be beat. Rice is good, too, the way they cook it. But the wealth of the Incas cannot tempt me to go there again. They look upon a sailor as of no more account than a cat or a dog."

"Come, come, Captain Mac, don't be so morose."

"I have reason to be grum; I owe many debts, and I shall owe more before I am able to pay them. I have had bad luck with my boats; the 'Sylph' I lost, rated at \$10,000, and

when the 'Harlequin' ceased to mind her helm I was in despair."

"Never mind, Captain, for a dun cannot reach you now, and we 'll hope for brighter days.

"Yes, yes," said the captain, cheerfully; "and now, how would you like to fish? There is good trolling here."

"First-rate," said I; "come on, we may catch a turbot, Tom. I suppose we can get any kind, eh, Captain?"

"Bar dolphins and sharks," said he, laughing.

The line was no sooner heaved, or cast, than I felt a bite.

"You look as if you had a whale on a tow-line," said Tom; "you must have a big, fat fellow."

"Be he lean or fat, I 'll get him!" said I.

"That spar is in your way," he called suddenly, and I rashly sprang forward, and then the boat gave a lurch and I narrowly escaped rolling downstairs. The mate was coming up.

"What are you trying to do?" said he, grasping me by each arm. I answered, laughing, that I did n't know.

Then I gave up trying to fish, and we joined the party snugly ensconced on deck, watching the frothy waves. The captain began to splice a rope.

"Oh," said Marie, "do show me how to make all those queer knots; what are they called?"

"This," said Captain Mac, "is a turn in use by sailors, and is called a half-hitch; this is a square knot."

"How interesting!" said Marie; "have you been a sailor many years, Captain Mac?"

"Yes, many years; and I have had some strange experiences."

"Oh, have you killed wild animals in strange lands? Do tell us about it."

"Well, I have hunted with an emir, and a tapir was bagged; but my most exciting fights have been with rats. Once I was attacked by a big rat. I, an old sailor, never saw such a large one before or since. A lady who was on board my ship ran around screaming and saying she would swim ashore, or land on some desert island. 'Jess!' I called to my wife, 'take care of this lady while I kill a rat.'

"Take a mop," said she; but I had drowned

him in a tub already. Then the lady insisted on going ashore to gather shells. We were near an island, and she stepped out with great delight on the pebbly sand. Ere she had been there ten minutes she lost her locket. She believed we are always punished for sin of any kind, and said she had no doubt it was because of some fault. Well, she spent a long time hunting for her old trashy locket in vain, and finally had to embark without it. You can believe this tale on testimony of an eye-witness."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer testified to the story.

"I remember her well," said she, laughing at the recollection; "she was always organizing concerts, and she insisted on every one's singing until the caterwauling was something awful. We had a flute, a viol, and a banjo on board, and the performers were all tyros. A Lind could n't have sung with them. Am I ensured against such an experience this trip?"

Captain Mac bethought himself of Claud's cornet, and said slyly, "You are at once liable to an infliction of that sort, Madam."

"Well, then, let us get it over; I am for radical measures," said she gaily.

"Anything musical I ban," said Claud, not anxious to perform.

"You ban," quoth I; "indeed you don't! Play something for us, good sir, at once."

Mrs. Bascom quoted some lines about music.

"Is that Virgil?" I asked.

"No," said she, smiling; "Charles Lamb."

"Oh, I accord 'Elia' praise, but the old poets understood the use of strophe better than the moderns."

"Yes, and the Centaur used to be believed in!" said Marie; "but what has all that to do with our having some music now?"

"Claud," said his mother, "the law of parental authority provides that I have my way in this matter. Get your cornet and play for us."

But just then a bell rang.

"Oho, rations!" said Claud, gleefully; "although you have a parasol in use, the sun has set and the air out here is rather miasmatic. Come in, or you will get a chill, esteemed lady."

And so we all filed downstairs to supper, and the rest of our trip must be the subject of some future history.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 1st of September manuscripts cannot be conveniently be examined at the office of *St. Nicholas*. Consequently those who desire to have their magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last named date.

THE Shaksperian puzzle printed on page 698 of this number contains over ninety names of characters from Shakspeare's plays. The names are hidden in the text of the story, but each may be spelled out in the regular order of the letters. Thus if one wished to hide the name "Nero," it might be done in this way: "On Rome knew," or thus: "A finer oyster."

The answer to the puzzle, giving list of characters, will be given in next month's Letter-Box.

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and live in a suburb of Detroit.

My brother is an officer in the Eighth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Meade, South Dakota. He is at home on a furlough now, but he has to go back in a few days.

I have a little Indian pony, named "Billy," that bucks terribly in cold weather, but in warm weather he is all right. My cousin has a pony too, and we have great fun riding together. I used to drive my pony, but once he tipped me out of the carriage, so I have not driven him alone since, but always ride him.

My pony can open most any kind of a lock we put on his door. Once he got into the oat-box and ate a lot of oats, but it did not make him sick. We have a lock on his door now that he cannot open.

He used to bother us terribly because he got out so much. We used to have to keep the oat-box nailed down so he would not get any oats.

I remain your interested reader,

BESSIE E. BIGLOW.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much, and look forward to your coming with pleasure.

Of all the stories I like "Master Skylark" the best. I met the author, Mr. Bennett, up at Mackinac Island, and think he is delightful. He sent me a proof of "Nick Attwood and the Carpenter," which I have had framed, and am very proud of.

I am your sincere reader, GERTRUDE SCOTT.

We print this letter just as it was received from our young Austrian friend.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an Austrian boy, and am nearly eleven years old. Now we are in Florence, Italy, where I go to an English school, and we have much fun there. We are about twenty-three fellows just now, and play much football, fives, and, before, we also played baseball; but we can't play it any longer, as we broke all the bats. For playing football at the Cascine, only fourteen are inscribed, among whom I am. But generally about ten chaps are coming.

Your faithful reader, LEO JOHN.

CAMBRIDGE, MA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went to Peru when I was a very little girl. We lived in the valley among the mountains, and the name of the town was Arequipa. We lived at the big observatory, built of stone.

We had a great many horses, and my brother and I owned a pony together. We used to go out and ride on him every day. One day when we were going for a ride, the pony reared and William, my brother, fell off his side, and I fell off his tail, so we both had to go into the house, and not take the ride that day. When we got in we said we would not ride on him any more, but our Aunt Esther told us we must.

When we went to town we rode in the panniers placed on the donkey's back, one of us in each, and the stable-man led the donkey. One day when we were going to town the stable-man stopped to see his friends; the donkey meanwhile ran away with us. I cried, but the man heard me and came running after, and very soon overtook us.

There was a volcano near us, and snow lay there all the year round.

On Sunday papa used to take us to walk, and we went to the river. We had to go down about 200 feet of terraces.

We had a native nurse; she was the color of coffee, and wore her braids down her back, and we had to speak Spanish with her, and we could speak Spanish almost as well as we could English. She called me "Mi Madre," and William, "Mi Padre." Mi Madre means my mother, and Mi Padre means my father. My nurse's name was Petronila. We used to go to her house, which was made of sun-burnt brick. The roof was of straw, the floor of earth, and the guinea-pigs ran all over it. There were three stones over which her family cooked their meals, in an earthen pot called an olla. They had no forks and spoons, and no chairs. They sat round on the ground and put their hands in the olla and picked out what they wanted.

One day all of us came down and feasted on the guinea-pigs, and they were very good.

One time I remember that Petronila carried me very quickly on to the balcony to see an eclipse of the moon, and it was all red. Mama pointed out the fires lit by the natives all over the valley. They do it because they think it helps the moon. When there is an earthquake the dogs bark, and the church-bells ring, and the natives run out of their houses, for sometimes the earthquakes bring down the whole city.

I am your interested reader,

ESTHER PICKERING.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose a good many of your boys and girls have never seen an orange-tree, and may like to hear from a boy who lives in a twenty-acre orchard of them, with other orchards all around. While ST. NICHOLAS and his neighbors are frozen up solid, we are picking oranges in fine, warm weather.

The picking here in Redlands begins in November, but the fruit is really not ripe then. We Californians never think of eating it before January. My papa picks the early fruit for market with everybody else, and he says that the Eastern people know it is not ripe, and that they want it only for decorating at Christmas time, but I think it is too bad to stop growing them so early.

The best way to try them is to cut them open and find a navel orange from the tree in May; it would be just as sweet as honey, and with the juice almost as thick.

Oranges will hang on the tree a year and I don't know how much longer. The other day when papa was picking, he gave me an orange that he said belonged to the crop of last year. Often such old oranges are puffed up and pithy, and are not fit to eat, but sometimes they are perfectly delicious.

Before the crop is all off the blossoms come for the next year, for it takes about a year to grow an orange from the blossom to the full ripe fruit; so we have the yellow fruit and the sweet waxy blossoms all at once. Oranges are not picked as apples are, but the stem of each one is clipped with a pair of shears made for the purpose, and the fruit is then placed in a rack, never a basket, and from there emptied carefully into a box. Then it is taken to the packing-house, where it is separated into two qualities, fancy and choice, beside "culls," that are not good for anything, and graded into two or three sizes. Then each orange is wrapped in a piece of tissue-paper, and packed in the box for shipment.

From our orchard we look out across the valley to the Sierra Madre, or Mother Range, some of the peaks of which rise to a height of nearly 13,000 feet.

We call our home "El Nido," which is Spanish for The Nest, and we gave it that name partly because so many and such a great variety of birds live in the orange-trees.

Yours truly,
BOYNTON MORRIS GREEN.

PARSONS, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I take ST. NICHOLAS. Once when we were in St. Louis mama bought a ST. NICHOLAS while we were waiting for the train. When we came home we took it. I have a young alligator. We did have two, but the big one died. Papa sent them from New Orleans when he was down there. The day after we got him he got out. We found him behind a box.

Your friend,
DREW TEN BROOK.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A strange thing happened when I was at Rockport, Massachusetts, last summer.

A little boy was flying a box-kite, one day, when the string broke and the kite sailed off to sea.

The kite had a tag on it, with the boy's name and address, as it had been sent to him by express, and a piece of blotting-paper with his sister Ruth's name written on it, stuffed in the frame to make it steadier.

After several weeks, a letter came to the boy from Cape Sable Island, Nova Scotia, saying that a box-kite had been found, caught in an apple-tree on the writer's place. By the tag he knew the owner's name and address, but as his little daughter's name was Ruth, he asked if he might keep the kite.

It had traveled nearly a thousand miles in about thirty-six hours, and landed unharmed in a tree far away.

Your friend,
JOSEPHINE L. DORR.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for a number of years, and like you very much. Perhaps it may interest you if we tell you about the city we live in.

Yokohama was a little village when Commodore Perry anchored off it in 1854. He gave American names to several points in the neighborhood; for instance, Mississippi Bay, Camp Hill (because troops camped there at that time), and several others. When it was agreed to open a port in this part of Japan, the choice fell, *not* on Yokohama, but on the thriving town of Kanagawa, on the opposite side of the small bay. The Japanese found Kanagawa inconvenient on account of the difficulties between foreigners and the retainers of the daimios, Japanese feudal lords, who passed to and fro from the

capital; and so the foreigners settled in Yokohama. The greater part of the Yokohama settlement, as it is now, dates from after the fire of 1866, and the Bluff, on which most of the residents have their homes, was first leased for building purposes in 1867. The present capital is Tokio, formerly called Yedo; but from the twelfth until the middle of the fifteenth century Kamakura, a seaside town, used to be the capital. Tokio became the capital in the year 1590, and at that time it was little more than a rude fortress surrounded by a few scattered villages. In 1601 the whole city was burned down. The roofs of the houses were then thatched with grass; and when a single merchant went to the expense of covering half his roof with tiles it was considered an extraordinary piece of extravagance. Tiles were first made in Yedo in the year 1646. On November 11, 1855, the last great earthquake took place, when over 14,000 dwellings were thrown down. The loss of life was stated at over 100,000, but there is no trustworthy authority for these numbers.

Long life to ST. NICHOLAS is the wish of your sincere friends,

LILLIAN MORSE,
GERTRUDE MENDELSON.

WE gladly print these clever verses by a young friend and reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

SILLY JOHNNY.

BY THUD M. JOY.

THERE lived a little fisher's lad beside the briny sea:
A silly little, foolish little fisher's lad was he.

One day he said, "I think I'll sail upon the rippling bay.
The sea is calm, the sky is blue—my father's gone away."

He took his little fishing-rod and line with hook and float,
And out upon the dancing waves he launched his little boat.

He rowed until quite out of sight of people in the town,
And then into the water dark his fishing-line dropped down.

He caught a baby sword-fish, and it made the sword-fish mad.
He winked his eye, and said, "Just watch me fix this fisher-lad!"

Right in the bottom of the boat the sword-fish made a hole,
And now o'er Johnny's watery grave white-crested billows roll.

INDIAN ROCK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle sends you to me for a Christmas present, and I enjoy your stories *very* much. We have two horses and ride and drive a great deal.

Last year papa took us up to the Peaks of Otter. We started very early in the morning and reached the peaks about eleven o'clock. In going we crossed one creek forty times. When we got to the top we found that another mountain not very far off was on fire, and the atmosphere was so smoky we could not see as we had expected. A man told us that on a clear day you could see Lynchburg, which is fifty miles distant. The Natural Bridge

is not very far from here, and we often drive down to see it. It is two hundred and fifteen feet high and is very grand. It is said that George Washington carved his name in the rock higher than anybody else has been able to climb. I have never seen this, though I have often looked for it. Under the arch some moss has been formed which is an exact representation of an eagle (and some say a lion too). There are a great many wild flowers in the woods here, and we have been gathering them ever since the middle of February.

I am your interested reader,

ESTE PAXTON.

CETTE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl living in France. I have been abroad for two years. I have three sisters, two of whom are twins. When we first came to France we lived in Paris, and there we all went to school, and for vacation-time we went to Bretagne. In Bretagne we saw the ancient monuments of the old Druids, at the town of Carnac. On the 23d of July there is each year a pilgrimage to St. Anne d'Auray. It is very interesting to see the peasants on their knees climbing up the staircase to the Altar of St. Anne. After our vacations we returned to Paris, and went six months to school, and for the vacation we came to Certe. Certe is the second port on the Mediterranean Sea, after Marseilles. It is admirably situated. On one side there is the Mediterranean, on the other side a large lake, and behind is a mountain called Mont St. Clair. There is a pilgrimage on the 1st of August. Certe's principal industry is the making of wine and barrels. I can speak English and French, and play the piano. My *professeur* is a French one, and makes us play nothing but German music.

My mother and I ride bicycles. The roads here are very nice, but a little uphill. I have taken your delightful magazine for five years.

Your little friend,

TULA LATZKE.

POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Scotch boy living in a suburb of Glasgow. The way I first came to know of you was through my brother, who is an electrician on board a cable-ship, and frequently visits New York. I have taken you for about five years. I have noticed in the letter-box numbers of letters about "Owney," the mail-dog, so I thought some of your readers might like to hear of a dog we have here in Glasgow, which runs out with the Fire Brigade. The dog's name is "Wallace." It is named after William Wallace, the Scottish hero, of whom we learn in our history books at school. The dog starts off whenever the doors are opened to let the fire-engine out. It runs on far ahead. Sometimes the engine goes down a side street; then the dog comes running swiftly back, and quickly takes the lead again. Glasgow is a very busy city. When I am at the coast for my summer holidays, I see numbers of ships going down the river Clyde, bound for New York and other American cities.

I remain yours,

GILBERT D.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Memphis, Tennessee. It is on a high bluff. We went sixty miles over

African in the steam boat. It ran right through people's back-yards. You could see only the chimneys of some houses. A man made him a kind of a home in the top of a tall tree. He had a little stove up there. But the water got so high he had to move. The water rose so fast, lots of negroes had to get on top of their shanties. They sat holding big bundles of bed-clothes. Some of the little children had children and dogs and cats. The boats brought so many negroes to the city, they had to

make a camp out in the country for them; and then they gave them plenty of food and clothes. They had the best times they ever had in their lives. The men would not work, even for money. Mother and I drove out to the camp in the pony phaeton. The tents looked very pretty.

I am your interested reader,

KATHERINE LORING CAMPBELL.

BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been across the ocean five times, and although I am a real true little American girl, I was born in Paris, France.

I spent three winters in Cannes. It is a beautiful place in the south of France, where it is so warm that the palm-trees grow, and you can pick flowers all winter long. They do not have snow there very often, but once there was quite a storm, and I watched the children build a snow man. They worked hard, and got all the snow there was in the garden to make him of; and when he was done, the children picked a lot of violets and made a wreath and put it on his head, and put a bunch of roses in his hand. Then they had to go in to dinner, and when they came out later to look at their snow man, there was nothing to be seen but a big mud-puddle with a wreath of violets and a bunch of roses swimming about in it! Was n't that funny?

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY STRAINE.

A MAY-DAY PARTY.

BY NANNETTE F. HAMBURGER.

(Eight years old.)

RUNNING, singing, shouting, on the lawn they play,
With their King and Queenie, all the livelong day.
Happy seem the children, cheerful, bright, and gay —
Happy as the sunshine of the summer day;
Happy as the birdlings up among the trees.

(When the mother brings them food

You should see the little brood!)

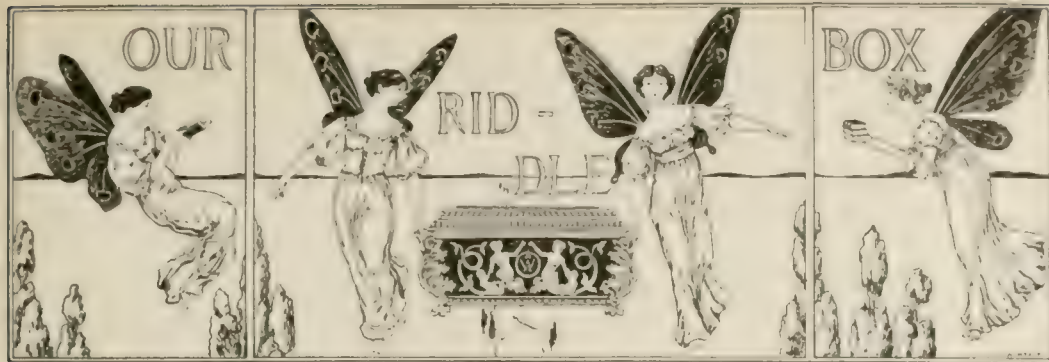
Just so the little children, when the goodies are to come,
Scrambling for their places, Queen, King, and every one.
Play is now forgotten, eager hands outstretched;
Tired limbs are resting, work seems but a jest.

Soon they all will homeward go, weary boys and girls,

Trusting that the next May-day

They may meet again and play.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Helen Alice —, Louise Cox Lanneau, Janet C. Patterson, Rowdell Woodward, Florence Peck, Augustus W. Bell, Clarence M. Smith, Carrie Richards, Cyrus McCormick, Christine G. Memminger, Alice Goodwin and Wardie Glendening, Bessie M. Williams, Kate de Forest Prentice, Raymond E. Schenck, Charles Scott Ristine, W. B. Dale, Jr., Hardy D. Schramm, Eugenia Greenough, Edna L. Parker, Mary and Katherine, Laura E. Turner, Helen Kaufman, Nathalie Ray Greene, Phyllis Rice, Jennie Loomis, Fanny Frost, Louise Lyon, James Francis Balintine, Charlotte T., John F. Gillians, Jr., Elizabeth W. Tompkins, Alfred Potwin, Theodore B. Metzger, Mary Gray, Alice E. Wardwell, Margaret Stevens, Dorothy M., Mildred Tirrell Hastings, James M. Fair, E. L., Clarissa M. Hall, Marion H. Gilder, Dorothy Rich, Violet Keen, Edith B. Webster, Gertrude M. Scott, Margery T. Bird, Miriam Avery, T. Warren, Myra R. McLeod, Jessie B. Ridgway, Alice Rodgers, Irene A. Bainbridge, Margery Jenks.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE 1. Orlop. 2. Rhine. 3. Linen. 4. Onera. 5. Penal.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND 1. J. 2. Rut. 3. Rupee. 4. Jupiter. 5. Tetel. 6. Ecl. 7. R. 11. 1. E. 2. Orb. 3. Odyle. 4. Frycina. 5. Blind. 6. Lind. 7. A. 111. 1. E. 2. Ore. 3. Olive. 4. Erigena. 5. Event. 6. Ent. 7. A. IV. 1. N. 2. Sap. 3. Sarah. 4. Narycia. 5. Paces. 6. His. 7. A.

CHARADE. Paradise.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE 1. Anger. 2. Nerve. 3. Groan. 4. Evade. 5. Renew.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Joan of Arc. 1. Jay. 2. Top. 3. Pea. 4. Gnu. 5. Owl. 6. Aft. 7. Sea. 8. Orb. 9. Cat.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Beethoven. 1. Buddhism. 2. Eloquent.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Paul Reese—"Allil and Adi"—Nessie and Freddie—Josephine Sherwood.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "Plowman," 3—M. E. R. L., 5—Clarence R. Schuyler, 1—Viola E. Hyde, 1—Isabel Amelie Guilbert, 1—Veno and Kagg, 6—Florence Russell, 1—"Four Weeks in Kane," 10—J. Howard Rhoads, 8—"Two Little Brothers," 10—"Class No. 19," 8—"The Trio," 7—Florence and Celia Pearsons, 4—Effingham A. Pinto, 1—F. A. L., 8—Alice T. Huyler, 7—Mabel M. Johns, 10—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—"Nutshell Quartette," 5—F. S. Cole, 7—William C. Kerr, 8—Daniel Hardin and Co., 8—Uncle Will, Fannie J. and E. Everett, 6—Lilian Boynton, 2—Sigourney Fay Ninger, 11—Marjorie N. Gould, 1.

DIAMOND.

1. In winter. 2. A color. 3. Furious. 4. The surname of a great statesman. 5. A little tuneful song. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In winter. J. O.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS:

- I. I LIKE to pick, when day is done,
A jumble ripened in the sun.
 2. But should it thunder good and loud,—
Should lightnings flash from cloud to cloud,
 3. 'T were needless then my way to push
Through brambles to the jumble-bush.
 4. Send wiser folk than I to pick
The jumbles falling fast and thick.
- Yet in the primals many say
They pick the finals every day.

ANNA M. PRATT.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the names alluded to contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed and placed one be-

low another, the central letters will spell the name of an ancient queen.

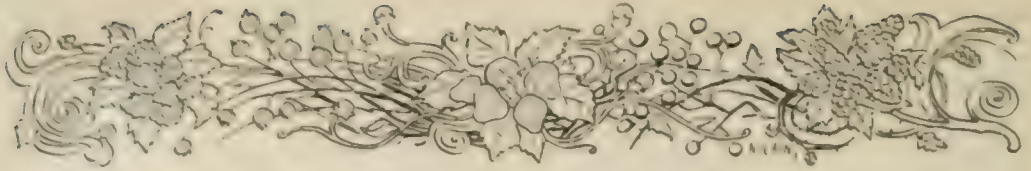
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A cook-room. 2. A breastwork. 3. An oaten cake. 4. Something out of the usual course of nature. 5. To infuse. 6. Calm. 7. Frankness.

ALLIL AND ADI.

DIVIDED WORDS.

- I. 1-2-3 4-5-6-7-8 and strife, ere fairly begun,
Lest they 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 your peace.
If this were the custom of every one,
How soon all quarrels would cease!
- II. When I my pony 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8
And canter and gallop like mad,
I certainly have the 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8
That any brave horseman e'er had.
- III. Here 's the message as 't was sent:
"It is 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 to be seen, my dear,"
Here 's the message as 't was meant:
"It 's 1-2-3 4-5-6-7 to be seen." How queer
The blending of two words in one
Such a difference should make!
Just one word, and we 're undone;
Loss it means; we 've cause to quake.
We read it over in affright,—
It 's two words, so all is right.

E. R. BURNS.



TEN CURIOUS BERRIES.

There's a berry which makes my pony's bed;
And another one which is green when red;
And there's one which rubs you all the wrong way;
And another which swans and quacks all day;
There's one you can play, to beguile your care;
And one at their necks the ladies wear;
There's a berry which seems to be much depressed;
And one is a bird with a speckled breast;
There's one we can see when the tide is low,
And the last you will be when you older grow.

F. A.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

"O, we prefer din and dirt and distracting activity to this sylvan quiet, so we are to live in New York or Chicago." You would like her, she is so frank and pleasant, and so detests all show and sham. Let me see, can't you dine with us next Thursday, and meet the Lloyds and Mrs. Yale? Arthur Egan, perhaps, will be here, too. I hoped to see your sister again before she went back to the city, but the first thing I knew she had gone! Rilla does not always treat me well; but I bear no rancor. Delia has just purchased a bicycle of Ben Edick. He says "it cannot be beat." Rice and Co., Chicago, are the makers, and it is called the "Roamer." Claud, I owe you still for that cyclometer you ordered of McCormac; Beth reminded me of the fact to-day. Here is the money, and I am greatly obliged to you. There comes Arthur with Carlo, as usual. Beth told him the other day that the dog was under ban; quoth he, "Love me, love my dog." Will you please let them in.

J. M. JONES.

CHARADE.

You may search me for my whole again and again,
But I fear you may have to wait;
My *first* and my *second* you'll find at ten,
While my *third* and my *fourth* you ate.

L. E. JOHNSON.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed and written one below another, their initials will spell the name of the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A country of northern Europe. 2. A famous city of ancient times. 3. A country of South America. 4. A European sea. 5. A very famous river. 6. One of the Western states. 7. A country of North America. 8. A country of Europe.

HORACE P. COOPER.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

READING ACROSS: 1. In reason. 2. A sleep. 3. A wanderer. 4. A Mohammedan. 5. A German. 6. By 6. Dozens. 7. In reason.

READING DOWNWARD: 1. In reason. 2. To snatch. 3. A feminine name. 4. An annual fast of the Mohammedans. 5. Walked slowly. 6. A dingy place. 7. In reason.

M. E. FLOYD.

CONCEALED SHAKSPERIAN CHARACTERS.

(FIND twenty names of men and women taken from Shakspeare's plays.)

Come in! Don't pretend that you're shy! Lock the door, please, for the catch is weak. So you are back from Fairport? I am glad to see you looking so well. What news, you ask? O, the Lloyds have returned from South America. Mrs. Lloyd, you know, wrote "A Legend of the Andes," a dream and ideal, but traveler and phantom guide, all figure in it, and make it a weird tale. I knew her when she was Lelia Gordon and lived in Rome. O, Rome, New York, and Italy. She is Julie Todd's cousin. You know Mr. Lloyd, perhaps? He is a good, brave, and honest, and a Christian, and a noble man, and a true one, and you will really meet him. I asked Mrs. Lloyd if they intended to settle here, and she replied:

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. AN exploit. 2. To draw. 3. A pain. 4. At that time.

II. 1. To heal. 2. A mountain range. 3. Engines of war. 4. Other.

HELEN M. KELLY.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

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I. FIRST DIAMOND: 1. A bundle. 2. Age. 3. A Greek theater. 4. Bristled. 5. Disordered. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In bundle.

II. SECOND DIAMOND: 1. In bundle. 2. A glass or stone vessel. 3. A masculine name. 4. A young girl. 5. Replaced. 6. To fasten. 7. In bundle.

Central letters, indicated by stars, the title of a beautiful poem.

M. E. FLOYD.



THE TAKESHI FIGHTING CREW

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

JULY, 1898.

No. 9.

THE VANES OF NANTUCKET.

BY MARY E. STARBUCK.



WEATHER-SIGNAL AT NANTUCKET.

IN no other spot I know are found weather-vanes so interesting as in Nantucket; and there is at least one on the premises of every householder, for the weather has a great deal to do with Nantucket life. There is more of it than of anything else at the island, and the true Nantucketer has almost all he can do, or, perhaps, cares to attend to, in predicting and watching its changes. Afterward, if there is time, he arranges his business affairs accordingly; if not, he is likely to postpone them until "settled weather."

But perhaps you don't know about Nantucket. It is a little island lying off the coast of Massachusetts, but so far out on the edge of the world that the boys of Christopher Columbus's time would have wondered why it did n't fall off. However, it "stayed put," and there it is still — a little low-lying, sandy, wind-swept island, but to those who have once fallen under its spell no other place is ever quite so dear.

After leaving the mainland it seems just a lucky chance that we ever hit Nantucket; but we never fail to find it, for, as a shipwrecked sailor once said, "it lies right in the way of navigation."

As we pass the sandy cliffs and round Brant Point into the lovely harbor, suddenly a beautiful little city rises up before us out of the water; but somehow it is different from any inland city — and that brings me to the weather-vanes again.

Almost the first sight that catches the eye as we leave the wharf is the group of government weather-signals and vanes on the roof of the historic custom-house; for Nantucket is one of the most important signal-stations along the east coast.

Going up into the town, we soon find that the most popular vane is that called by the children the "sailor-man"; and he is indeed an attractive little fellow. He is always dressed in white trousers and blue monkey-jacket, and he wears



This little man has broad-bladed oars securely fastened in his chubby hands, and, perched aloft on a pole, he swings gaily about on a pivot with the breeze, while his oars revolve as the wind chooses. Sometimes he seems to be making

on the back of his little black head a brilliant black hat. It is n't a regular tarpaulin, you know, but it is something like the hats the girls wear and name "sailors"; and that may be the reason that he wears it, for a true sailor is a very chivalrous sort of person.

friendly signals, sometimes signs of distress, and often he appears to be violently whirling Indian clubs, as if he were taking his exercise on his own main truck.

This sailor vane is in such demand by summer visitors that making him has become a fairly paying business. One islander sold five hundred in one year. And this Nantucket product, like the real sailor himself, travels to all parts of the world. Whether he works as surely and vigorously in a land breeze, we are not able to say. Perhaps he is even more frisky, as true sailor-men are said to be when they go ashore.

Next in favor to the rather flat-faced sailor is a Roman soldier, who is armed with a broadsword in one hand, and protected by a shield in the other. He also wears a helmet, and he is usually all of one color—a sort of golden brown, because he is only shellacked.

He does n't caper quite so merrily as the sailor, and he looks rather more dignified, as, indeed, he should; for in the old whaling days, at least, there was no time on shipboard for daily drills or dress-parade. Jack Tar had to be on deck when he was needed, and how he got there, or how he looked when he did get there, nobody knew or cared.

The soldier, however, is related to the sailor,



as any one may see who watches him at work when the wind blows. At first he swings indolently about on his pole, giving his sword a slow turn to get a good grip. Then, raising his shield defiantly, he seems to gain confidence as the wind increases; his battle fervor rises, and he plies his little sword so vigorously, and swings his shield so dexterously, that no enemy of his own size would ever think it worth while to attack him, at any range.

Long ago, when the only Nantucket boys were Indian boys, the only boats were canoes; and so, though nowadays no white Nantucket

boy, however sun-burned, deigns to think of trading a dory for any kind of canoe, even the winner of a university race, it seems right that a token should in some object be kept, if only in a weather-



THE INDIAN IN HIS BARK CANOE.

ago paddled about the same blue and silver harbor under the same blue and tender sky.

The picture does n't show a very handsome boy, though it is a good likeness of the Indian youth who now dips his paddles idly into the soft air, as his canoe changes its course with the breeze. But a high wind sometimes excites him so much that his paddles fly around as if he were eager to get back to the sea, which is so hopelessly far away.

Last of all the favorites—and perhaps he

ought to have been mentioned first, because to him is due the prosperity of old Nantucket—is the whale. He is usually painted black all over, but sometimes there is a white spot near



"THE WHALE IS NOT SO ASTONISHINGLY AGILE AS THE LITTLE MEN."

the head to show where the fin should be. He is not so astonishingly agile as even the least active of the little men, but his dark silhouette is very imposing against the glorious Nantucket sky. It is interesting to watch him heading lazily up into the wind, or coming suddenly about as if he had jibed, when a flaw strikes him. Of course he can't dive, for he, too, is pierced through with a long spike that holds him securely to the pole, though he is free to look about him at the call of the wind.

And since he can't dive, of course he can't come up to blow. But he moves around as much as he can, and wherever he looks he sees the changing sea, and thinks, perhaps, that he might just as well be made fast to a flagpole as

to be hunted by ruthless enemies, who would wound him with sharp lances, or bombs that explode far down out of sight in his huge bulk,

and who would then tow him alongside a ship, and strip off his fat with blubber-spades, that it might be boiled up in the big iron pots, and

would pull out all his teeth, with no laughing-gas at hand. All these indignities he is spared.

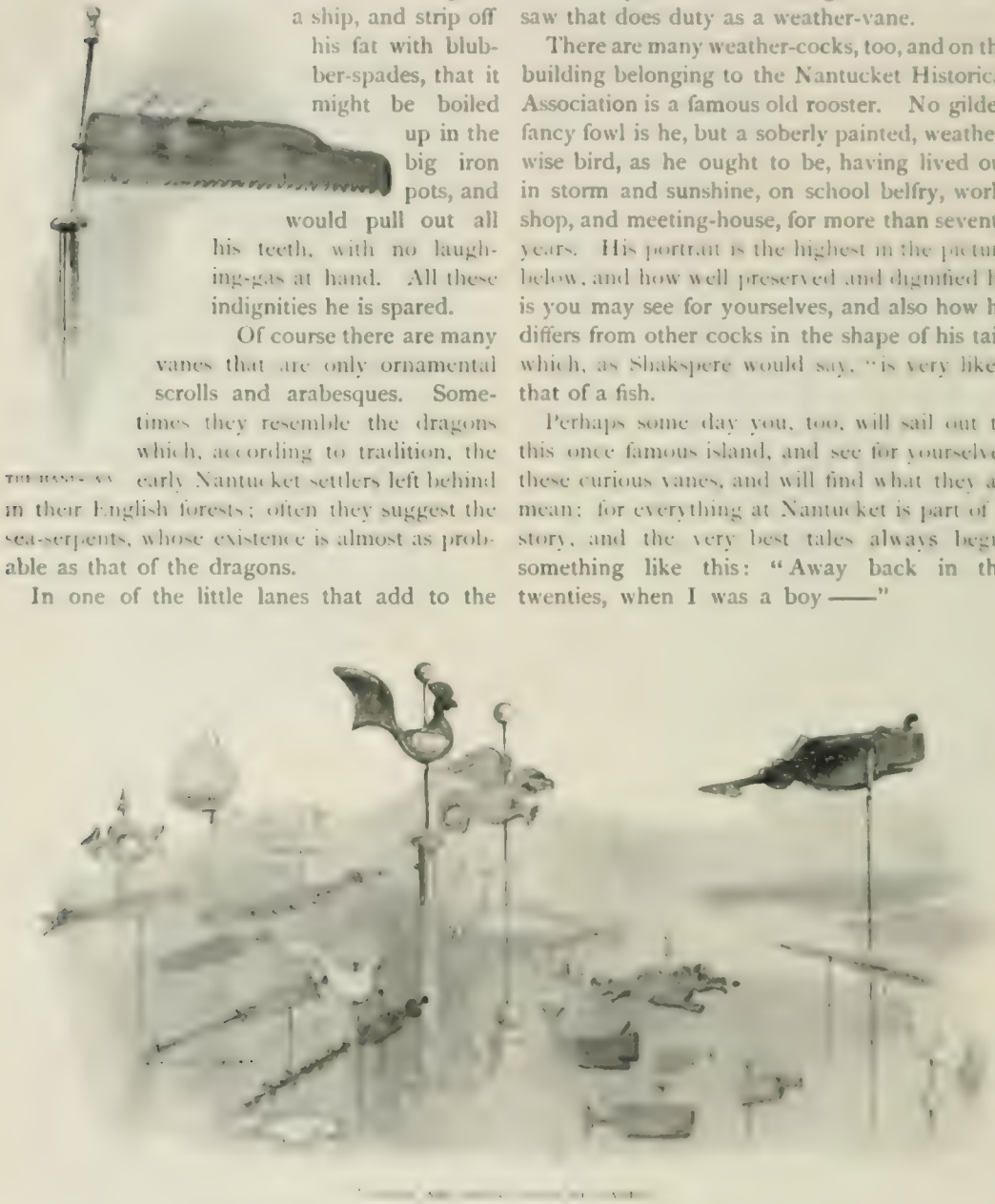
Of course there are many vanes that are only ornamental scrolls and arabesques. Sometimes they resemble the dragons which, according to tradition, the early Nantucket settlers left behind in their English forests; often they suggest the sea-serpents, whose existence is almost as probable as that of the dragons.

In one of the little lanes that add to the

charm of this old town is a huge half-closed hand pointing a warning forefinger to windward; and in a secluded, shady yard two doves seem to be enjoying a never-ending conversation as they balance on the edge of an old hand-saw that does duty as a weather-vane.

There are many weather-cocks, too, and on the building belonging to the Nantucket Historical Association is a famous old rooster. No gilded fancy fowl is he, but a soberly painted, weather-wise bird, as he ought to be, having lived out in storm and sunshine, on school belfry, workshop, and meeting-house, for more than seventy years. His portrait is the highest in the picture below, and how well preserved and dignified he is you may see for yourselves, and also how he differs from other cocks in the shape of his tail, which, as Shakspeare would say, "is very like" that of a fish.

Perhaps some day you, too, will sail out to this once famous island, and see for yourselves these curious vanes, and will find what they all mean: for everything at Nantucket is part of a story, and the very best tales always begin something like this: "Away back in the twenties, when I was a boy——"



THE BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



[This series was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PIRATE OF THE BURIED TREASURE.

AMONG all the pirates who have figured in history, legend or song there is one whose name stands preëminent in America as the typical hero of the dreaded black flag. The name of this man will instantly come to the mind of almost every reader, for when we speak of pirates we usually think of Captain Kidd.

In fact, however, Captain Kidd was not a typical pirate, for in many ways he was different from the ordinary marine freebooter, especially when we consider him in relation to our own

country. All other pirates who made themselves notorious on our coast were known as robbers, pillagers, and ruthless destroyers of life and property, but Captain Kidd's fame was of another kind. We do not think of him as a pirate who came to carry away the property of American citizens, for nearly all the stories about him relate to his arrival at different points on our shores for the sole purpose of hiding the rich treasures which he had collected in other parts of the world.

This could not fail to make Captain Kidd a most interesting personage, and the result has been that he has been lifted into the region of legendary romance. There are two Captain Kidds—the Kidd of song and story, and the other the Kidd of fact, and we will consider these separately.

In almost any rural settlement along the coast of New Jersey or Long Island, some old resident would probably point out to us the blackened and weather-beaten ribs of a great ship which had been wrecked on the sand-bar off the coast during a terrible storm long ago; he would show us where the bathing was pleasant and safe; he would tell us of the best place for fishing, and perhaps show us the high bluff a little back from the beach from which the Indian maiden leaped to escape the tomahawk of her enemy, and then he would be almost sure to tell us of the secluded spot where it was said Captain Kidd and his pirates once buried a lot of treasure.

If we should ask why this treasure had not been dug up, he would probably say that if anybody did find it they never said anything about it; and it was his opinion that if Captain Kidd ever put any gold or silver, or precious stones, under the ground on that part of the coast that these treasures were all there yet.

Many extensive excavations have been made along the coasts of our northern States, and even in quiet woods lying miles from the sea, to which it would have been necessary for the pirates to carry their goods in wagons, people have dug and hoped and have gone away sadly to attend to more sensible business. Far up some of our rivers — where a pirate vessel never floated — people have dug with the same hopeful anxiety, and have stopped digging in the same condition of disappointment. Sometimes companies were organized, stock was issued and subscribed for, and the excavations were conducted under the direction of skilful treasure-seeking engineers.

What has been said about the legendary Captain Kidd will give a very good idea of the estimation in which this romantic being has been, and still is, held in various parts of the country, but of all the legitimate legends about him there is not one which recounts his piratical deeds upon our coast. The reason for this will be seen when we consider in the next chapter the life and character of the real Captain Kidd.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD.

WILLIAM KIDD, or Robert Kidd as he is sometimes called, was at first a sailor in the merchant service who had a wife and family in New York. He was a very respectable man and had a good reputation as a seaman, and about 1690, when there was war between England and France, Kidd was put in command of a privateer, and in two or three engagements with French vessels he showed himself to be a brave fighter and a prudent commander.

Some years later he sailed to England, and while there he received an appointment of a peculiar character. It was at the time when the King of England was doing his best to put down the pirates of the American coast, and Sir George Bellomont, the recently appointed governor of New York, recommended Captain Kidd as a suitable man to command a ship to be sent out to suppress piracy. When Kidd agreed to take the position of chief of marine ~~posted he was not employed by the Crown, but~~ by a small company of gentlemen of capital,

who formed themselves into a sort of trust-company or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Merchantmen, and the object of their association was not only to put down pirates but to put some money in their own pockets as well.

Kidd was furnished with two commissions, one appointing him a privateer with authority to capture French vessels, and the other empowering him to seize and destroy all pirate ships. Kidd was ordered to keep a strict account of the booty captured on his cruise in order that it might be fairly divided among those who were stockholders in the enterprise, one tenth of the total proceeds being reserved for the king.

Kidd sailed from England in the "Adventure," a large ship with thirty guns and eighty men, and on his way to America he captured a French ship which he carried to New York. Here he arranged to make his crew a great deal larger than had been thought necessary in England, and by offering a fair share of the property he might confiscate on piratical or French ships, he induced a great many able seamen to enter his service, and when the Adventure left New York she carried a crew of one hundred and fifty.

With a fine ship and a strong crew, Kidd now sailed out of the harbor apparently to put down piracy in American waters; but his methods were very peculiar, for instead of cruising up and down our coast he gaily sailed away to the island of Madeira, and then around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and the Red Sea, thus getting himself as far out of his regular beat as any New York policeman would be if he should walk a beat in the dominions of the Khan of Tartary.

By the time Captain Kidd reached that part of the world he had been at sea for nearly a year without putting down any pirates or capturing any French ships. In fact, he had made no money whatever for himself or for the stockholders of the company which had sent him out. His men, of course, must have been very much surprised at this unusual neglect of his own and his employers' interests, but when he reached the Red Sea he boldly informed them that he had made a change in his base-



"CAPTAIN KIDD LANDED HERE WITH HIS SAVAGE CREW."

ness, and had decided that he would be no longer a suppressor of piracy but would become a pirate himself, and instead of taking prizes of French ships only — which he was

legally empowered to do — he would try to capture any valuable ship he could find on the seas, no matter to what nation it belonged. He then went on to state that his present pur-

pose in coming into those Oriental waters was to capture the rich fleet from Mocha which was due in the lower part of the Red Sea about that time. Allured by his attractive proposals, the crew of the *Adventure* readily agreed to become pirates.

Kidd waited a good while for the Mocha fleet, but it did not arrive; and then he made his first venture in actual piracy. He overhauled a Moorish vessel commanded by an English captain, and thus boldly broke the marine laws which governed the civilized world, and stamped himself an out-and-out pirate. After the exercise of considerable cruelty he extorted from his first prize a small amount of money. Although he and his men did not gain very much booty, they had whetted their appetites for more, and Kidd cruised savagely over the Eastern seas in search of other spoils.

One of the men, a gunner, named William Moore, one day became impertinent because Kidd did not attack an English vessel, and he and Captain Kidd had a violent quarrel, in the course of which the captain picked up a heavy iron-bound bucket and struck the dissatisfied gunner such a powerful blow that the man died the next day.

Kidd now ravaged the East India waters with great success and profit, and at last he fell in with a very fine ship from Armenia, called the "*Quedah Merchant*," commanded by an Englishman. Kidd's conscience had been growing harder and harder every day, and he did not now hesitate to attack any vessel. The great merchantman proved to be one of the most valuable prizes ever taken by a pirate, for Kidd's own share of the spoils amounted to more than sixty thousand dollars. This was such a grand haul that Kidd lost no time in taking his prize to some place where he might safely dispose of her cargo and get rid of her passengers. Accordingly he sailed for Madagascar. While he was there he fell in with the first pirate vessel he had met since he had started out to put down piracy. This was a ship commanded by an English pirate named Culliford; and here would have been a chance for Captain Kidd to show that, although he might be called the law-breaker, he would be

true to his engagement not to allow other people to do so; but he had no idea of putting down piracy, and instead of apprehending Culliford he went into partnership with him, and the two agreed to go pirating together.

This partnership, however, did not continue long, for Captain Kidd began to believe that it was time for him to return to his native country and make a report of his proceedings to his employers. Having confined his piratical proceedings to distant parts of the world, he hoped that he would be able to make Sir George Bellomont and other stockholders suppose that his booty was all taken from French vessels cruising in the East, and that when the proper division should be made he would be able to quietly enjoy his portion of the treasure he had gained.

He did not go back in the *Adventure*, which was probably not large enough to carry all the booty he had amassed, but putting everything on board his latest prize, the *Quedah Merchant*, he burned his old ship and sailed homeward.

When he reached the West Indies, however, our wary sea-robber was very much surprised to find that accounts of his evil deeds had reached America, and that the colonial authorities were so much incensed by the news that the man who had been sent out to suppress piracy had become himself a pirate, that they had circulated notices throughout the different colonies, urging the arrest of Kidd if he should come into any American port. This was disheartening intelligence for the treasure-laden Captain Kidd. But he did not despair; he knew that love of money was often as strong in the minds of human beings as love of justice. Sir George Bellomont, who was now in New York, was one of the principal stockholders in the enterprise, and Kidd hoped that the rich share of the results of his industry which would come to the governor might cause unpleasant reports to be disregarded. In this case he might yet return to his wife and family with a neat little fortune and without danger of being called upon to explain his irregular performances in the Eastern seas.

Of course Kidd was not so foolish and rash as to sail into New York harbor on board the *Quedah Merchant*, so he bought a small sloop

and put the most valuable portion of his goods aboard of her, leaving his larger vessel, which also contained a great quantity of merchandise, in charge of one of his confederates; and in the little sloop he cautiously approached the coast of New Jersey. His great desire was to find out what sort of a reception he might expect, so he entered Delaware Bay. And when he stopped at a little seaport in order to take in some supplies, Kidd discovered that there was but small chance of his visiting his home and his family, and of making a report to his superior in the character of a deserving mariner who had returned after a successful voyage.

Some people in the village recognized him, and the report soon spread to New York that the pirate Kidd was lurking about the coast. A sloop of war was sent out to capture his vessel, and so Kidd sailed northward and entered Long Island Sound.

Here the shrewd and anxious pirate began to act the part of the watch-dog that has been killing sheep. In every way he endeavored to assume the appearance of innocence and to conceal every sign of misbehavior. He wrote to Sir George Bellomont that he should have called upon him in order to report his proceedings and hand over his profits were it not for the false and malicious reports which had been circulated about him.

It was during this period of suspense, when

the returned pirate did not know what was likely to happen, that it is supposed, by the believers in the hidden treasures of Kidd, that he buried his coin and bullion and his jewels, some in one place and some in another, so that if he were captured his riches would not be



CAPTAIN KIDD ATTACKS THE "QUEDAH MERCHANT."

taken with him. Among the wild stories which were believed at that time, and for long years after, was one to the effect that Captain Kidd's ship was chased up the Hudson River by a man-of-war, whereupon the pirates, finding that they could not get away, sunk their ship and fled to the shore with all the gold and silver

they could carry, which they afterward buried at the foot of Dunderberg Mountain. A great deal of rocky soil has been turned over at different times in search of these treasures, but no discoveries of hidden coin have yet been reported. The fact is, however, that during this time of anxious waiting Kidd never sailed

turbid and anxious pirate concluded that it was a dangerous thing to keep so much valuable treasure on board his vessel, which might at any time be overhauled by the authorities, and he therefore landed at Gardiner's Island on the Long Island coast, and obtained permission from the proprietor to bury some of his superfluous stores upon his estate. This was a straightforward transaction. Mr. Gardiner knew all about the burial of the treasure, and when it was afterwards proved that Kidd was really a pirate all the hidden booty was given up to the government.

This appears to be the only case in which it was positively known that Kidd buried treasure on our coast, and it has given rise to all the stories of the kind which have ever been told.

For some weeks Kidd's sloop remained in Long Island Sound, and then he took courage and went to Boston to see some influential people there. He was allowed to go freely about the city for a week, and then he was arrested.

The rest of Kidd's story is soon told; he was sent to England for trial, and there he was condemned to death.

west of Oyster Bay in Long Island. He was allowed to approach New York, although he had frequent communication with that city, and was joined by his wife and family.

About this time occurred an incident which has given rise to all the stories regarding the buried treasure of Captain Kidd. The dis-

About the time of Kidd's trial and execution a ballad was written which had a wide circulation in England and America. It was set to music, and for many years helped to spread the fame of this pirate. The ballad was a very long one, containing nearly twenty-six verses. Here are a few of them:



KIDD'S BURIED TREASURE.

My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
 My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed;
 My name was Robert Kidd,
 God's laws I did forbid,
 And so wickedly I did, as I sailed.

I was sick, and nigh to death, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I was sick and nigh to death as I sailed;
 I was sick and nigh to death,
 And I vowed at every breath,
 To walk in wisdom's ways, as I sailed.

I thought I was undone, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I thought I was undone, as I sailed;
 I thought I was undone,
 And my wicked glass had run,
 But health did soon return, as I sailed.

I spied the ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships from France, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships from France,
 To them I did advance,
 And took them all by chance, as I sailed.

I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed;
 I spied the ships of Spain,
 I fired on them amain,
 Till most of them were slain, as I sailed.

I 'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed, as I sailed;
 I 'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed;
 I 'd ninety bars of gold,
 And dollars manifold,
 With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die;
 Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die;
 Thus being o'ertaken at last
 And into prison cast,
 And sentence being passed, I must die.

It is said that Kidd showed no repentance when he was tried, but insisted that he was the victim of malicious persons who swore falsely against him. And yet a more thoroughly dishonest rascal never sailed under the black flag. In the guise of an accredited officer of the government, he committed the crimes he was sent out to suppress; he deceived his men; he robbed and misused his fellow-countrymen and his friends; and he even descended to the meanness of cheating and despoiling the natives of the West India Islands with whom he traded. These people were in the habit of supplying pirates with food and other neces-

saries, and they always found their rough customers entirely honest and willing to pay for what they received, for as the pirates made a practice of stopping at certain points for supplies, they wished, of course, to be on good terms with those who furnished them. But Kidd had no ideas of honor toward people of high or low degree. He would trade with the natives as if he intended to treat them fairly and pay for all he got, but when the time came for him to depart and he was ready to weigh anchor, he would seize upon all the commodities he could lay his hands on, and without paying a copper to the distressed and indignant Indians he would gaily sail away, his black flag flaunting derisively in the wind.

But although in reality Captain Kidd was no hero, he has been known for a century and more as the great American pirate, and his name has been representative of piracy ever since. Years after he had been hung, when people heard that a vessel with a black flag — or one which looked black in the distance — flying from its rigging had been seen, they forgot that the famous pirate was dead, and imagined that Captain Kidd was visiting their part of the coast in order that he might find a good place to bury some treasure which it was no longer safe for him to carry about.

Human beings are so credulous, and at the same time so anxious to get a large amount of money with a small amount of work, that stories of Kidd's buried treasures are still told and believed, and people are still digging for them.

There were two great reasons for the fame of Captain Kidd. One of these was the fact that he had been sent out by important officers of the Crown, who expected to share the profits of his legitimate operations, but who were supposed by their enemies to be perfectly willing to take any sort of profits provided it could not be proved that they were the results of piracy, and who afterward allowed Kidd to suffer for their sins as well as his own. These opinions introduced certain political features into his career and made him a very much talked of man. The greater reason for his fame, however, was that wide-spread belief in his buried treasures, and this made him the object of the most intense interest to hundreds of misguided

people who hoped to be lucky enough to share his spoils.

There were other pirates on the American coast during the Eighteenth Century, and some of them were very well known, but their stories are not uncommon and we need not tell them here. As our country became better settled, and as well-armed revenue cutters began to cruise up and down our Atlantic coast for the protection of our commerce, pirates became fewer and fewer, and even those who were still bold enough to ply their trade grew milder in their manners, less daring in their exploits, and — more important than anything else, — so un-

successful in their illegal enterprises that they were forced to admit that it was now more profitable to command or work a merchantman than to endeavor to capture one, and so our sea-robbers gradually passed away.

In these later days the term piracy has been generally confined to unprincipled persons in the book-trade who seize upon the works of authors and make use of them without right or authority. But the international copyright law has almost done away with this kind of piracy, and those who practise it would now be almost as difficult to find as a Buccaneer, a Blackbeard, a Bonnet, or a Kidd.



THE BOY AND THE HERON.

THE TREASURE AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

BY A. E. BONSER.

THE old King of Curios was an enthusiastic collector of everything strange or rare, and he spared neither pains nor time nor money in adding to his treasures. A slight idea of the value of his collection may be gained from the fact that it contained, among other curiosities, the cloak of Little Red Riding-hood; a nightcap of one of the Seven Sleepers; the tuffet on which sat Miss Muffet; the pail of Simple Simon; a chimney-pot from the house that Jack built; and pickled peppers picked by Peter Piper.

Now, it happened, one day, that the King heard of the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow, and nothing would do but he must have *that*; and he forthwith summoned the chancellor of the exchequer.

"Oh, but really, your Majesty," said that functionary, "there is only just enough money in your Majesty's coffers to meet the expenses of the state, and we had to raise a loan on part of the regalia to get the peppers. It is against the law to put an extra tax on the people, or we might do it that way. Oh, dear!" he ended ruefully; "if we can't, how can we?"

The difficulty of the position only increased the King's desire. He passed sleepless nights in consideration, and then issued a proclamation:

"Oyes! Oyes! Oyes! Whoso shall bring to his Majesty the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow shall marry his daughter, her Royal Highness the peerless Princess Bloochina. And may the King live forever!"

It was indeed a most tempting prize, for the lady was celebrated all the world over for her beauty and goodness. Two princes, four barons, a lion-tamer, a thistle-sifter, the owner of a Jerusalem pony, and a score of other adventurers immediately resolved to try their luck. But six months of hardship was quite enough for the princes. As to the barons, they traveled together for company, but continually squabbled over trifles — such as who should go

first. Some of the suitors thought the treasure was far out on the ocean, and could not reach it for seasickness; others lost themselves in



"THE KING PASSED SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN CONSIDERATION."

wandering over the mountains; and so it fell out that, at the end of a year and a day, all but one had returned to their homes and given up the quest as quite hopeless. The only one who did not despair was a handsome youth named Nicnack.

Try to get to the end of the very next rainbow you see. Walk for an hour, and you will probably find that you are no nearer to it than when you started. You will then more easily understand Nicnack's difficulty. Now, his god-mother, instead of presenting him at his christening with the traditional mug, gave him what was far more useful — a bottle of ink. It came

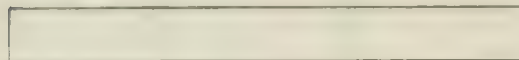
from the East had descended originally to the Sultan Abdul-as-is-n't, and was magical ink.

Nicnack poured the contents of the bottle into a broad, shallow basin, and, keeping the rainbow in mind, looked long and steadfastly at the inky surface. At first he could see only a reflection of his own face; then it clouded over. By and by he saw a tent, and after a time a negro, waving a flag in each hand, one white, one red. Then followed the sultan himself, on horseback. He disappeared, and the inky surface was again clouded. Nicnack gazed, holding his breath, and lo! an invisible hand wrote in crimson the following couplet:

You must look
In Merlin's book.

So far, you see, Nicnack's difficulties had multiplied by two: he had to find the rainbow, and now, before he could do that, he must find Merlin's book. He had heard, of course, of the famous wizard; but as to his book—it might have been buried with him, for aught Nicnack knew. As it contained magic, it was a dangerous volume for the general public to get hold of, and it struck him that Merlin might have left instructions in his will as to what was to be done with it. So he went to the Curios Record Office, and asked to look at it. It was written on an enormous sheet of yellow parchment, and he spent a lot of time laboring through the crabbed writing, without success; then there followed a codicil, and he waded through that. Alas! he could find no mention of the book!

There is no denying that Nicnack felt grievously disappointed. Closing the will, he sat staring at the heading, and read mechanically, "Will of Merlin, the Great Wizard." Then followed the motto, *Dum spiro, spero* ("While I breathe, I hope"); and underneath an oblong frame, thus:



He began to examine it closely, and as he did so he noticed what looked like writing; but if it was really writing, it was of a very ghostly kind, for it kept appearing and then fading away in the most tantalizing manner. A sud-

den thought flashed through his brain. "While I breathe, I hope"—"while I hope, I breathe." Was it his breath which brought into view the hidden words? He breathed along the vacant space, when, to his great joy, the writing was plainly to be seen, and with ease he read:

You may make Yet wonder, You see; Be brave, and you
Is it Easy? Beware, beware! But do take care!

As he finished reading, the mysterious writing again faded from view; but he knew now the next step to take.

It chanced that a vessel, named, strangely enough, the "Beware," was lying by the quay side, ready to sail for a port not far from Ta'care, with a cargo of mouse-traps and umbrellas; and Nicnack engaged a berth on board her. She was built of cakes of compressed oil, which, oozing as she sailed, calmed the troubled waters. Her puncture-proof pneumatic keel was a security against sunken rocks. Her masts and spars were made of "rock variety" and "hard-bake," so that those aboard might not be without creature comforts in an emergency. The sailors kept glass eyes in their pockets, and had crutches strapped to their backs, in case of accidents. The vessel carried a duplicate captain and crew—as the crew proper might be carried off by pirates. All dangerous places were plainly labeled, "BEWARE," and the letters on her bows spelled the same word in luminous paint, easily readable at night, and so lessening the dangers of collision.

The voyage was pleasant and uneventful, and in due course the vessel reached her destination. It was then but a two days' journey across the hills to the city of Ta'care.

The inhabitants of Ta'care, as you have probably read, are celebrated for their forethought. To a stranger the place, seen from a distance, presents a curious appearance, which is increased on a nearer view. Its houses are built of hard gingerbread, captains' biscuits, stale bread, frozen fish—anything, in fact, of a sufficient building consistency combined with nourishing qualities. This is a precaution taken against a possible famine; for, though the surrounding country is very fertile, and provisions are abundant, at any time the crops might fail

or the harvests be destroyed. In this event the inhabitants could eat their own houses.

Again, each dwelling, each public building, is shored up, as a precaution against its tumbling down; and this affords work for a class of persons called "proppers," whose duty it is

Anyhow, was it their duty to alarm the town? While they were debating, a wearied rider arrived on a jaded horse.

"Good evening," said the stranger. "Would you kindly direct me to the nearest inn?"

As a matter of precaution no one answered,



"QUITE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE WERE DOING THE SUPPER-MILE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to keep the supporting props in good order. The streets and sidewalks are laid with india-rubber, in case any one should fall; the ends of the thoroughfares are protected from drafts; and at intervals pillars are set up, with taps, which, on being turned, supply medicines — "for," say the wise people of Ta'care, "prevention is better than cure."

One evening a group of proppers on the outskirts of the town were eagerly engaged over an important question. The moon was at the full, and so near and large and bright that they had doubts as to her being quite safe. Suppose she were to fall? It was an awful thought. Her fastenings might be worn out with age!

but all looked at the eldest propper, who replied, after a pause:

"First to the left, first to right,
But even then you 're not there quite;
Go round the corner and cross the square,
And when you 've got there, then you 're there.
If you ride quickly you 'll get there soon.
We 'd show you the way, but we 're minding the moon."

The stranger thanked them for their courtesies, and rode in the direction indicated. He put up at the inn, and at once ordered supper. The walls of the room in which he ate it were adorned with proverbs and wise sayings instead of pictures, and each dish and plate upon

the table bore upon it the reminder: "Enough is as good as a feast." When the waiter cleared away he placed a framed card upon the cloth: "After supper walk a mile." The stranger, half vexed and half amused, rose from the table and put on his hat to go out. As he was leaving the hotel, the porter said, pointing, "You'll find the supper-mile over there, sir."

Quite a number of people were doing the supper-mile, but the stranger took no notice of any one, and paced steadily along, lost in thought. He was a man with an idea in his head, and was trying hard to work it out.

Returning to the inn, he found the front illuminated with the proverb:

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

So, conforming to the custom, he went to bed, and, tired with his journey, soon fell fast asleep.

In the midst of Ta'care is an immense open space, containing in the middle a huge fire-proof building, the Museum, where everything of value and importance is carefully stored. Early in the morning, as soon as it was open, Nicnack—for the stranger was he—entered the Museum and asked to see Merlin's great Book of Magic.

"Bless me!" said the curator; "why, we have not had a single inquiry for it during the last hundred years! It is so dangerous that it is kept by itself in an underground room. But is your motive curiosity?"

"No," replied Nicnack.

"To make money, perhaps?"

"Certainly not."

"All right, then," said the curator; "you can look at it; but you must be alone, and don't be afraid of anything that may occur."

Nicnack could not help feeling very nervous when the door of the room deep down below the surface of the earth shut with a bang, and left him alone with the object of his search, and in a dim light. Secured to the four walls by seven chains was the enormous book, tightly bound by seven clasps. With fairly steady motion he undid first one and then another, and resolutely turned the cover, which was so heavy that he had to put forth all his strength.

As he did so, a flash of lightning lit up the

room, and the thunder that followed shook the walls. In the moment that the flash lasted he had just time to perceive written on the open page in ancient characters these words:

Who'er wolde finde ye Booke
Toe Fairielande muste goe;
The Fovle, Phoenix pcept, righte soone
Forth from ye Mountains of ye Moone,
Dim blindfolde shall conveye
Toe countrie of ye Faye.

Another vivid flash of lightning illumined the page, and the letters seemed graven in characters of fire. A crash of thunder even louder than before shook the place to its foundations. Then the dim light again prevailed in the vault; and lo! the big volume was closed, the seven clasps had been refastened, and everything was as when Nicnack entered.

Now, the best way to reach the Mountains of the Moon is on the back of a unicorn. The only one to be found at Ta'care was in the Zoological Gardens; but Nicnack was fortunate enough to be able to borrow it, and lost no time, you may be sure, in starting. Day by day he traveled across the desert; night by night he scooped out a hole in the sand, and slept with his body warmly buried below and only his head visible above, while the unicorn rested near him, tethered by its horn. Never had a traveler a better steed, but, fast as they sped, it was fully a month before they approached the Mountains of the Moon and saw the lofty summits piercing the sky.

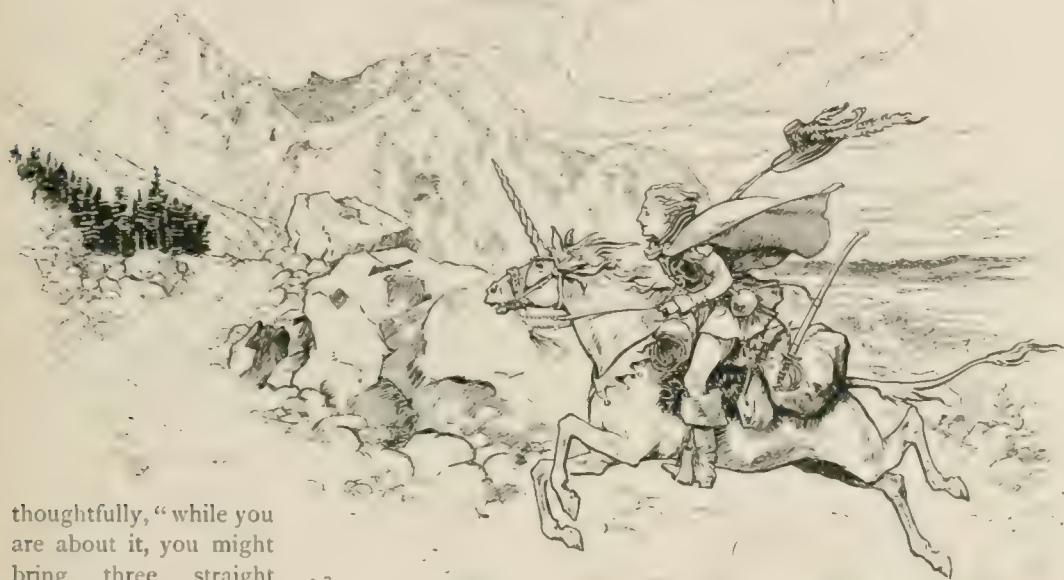
Nicnack's first care was to find a nice dry cavern in which to stable the unicorn; then he attentively considered the big range before him. He noticed not far away an isolated peak on whose topmost point the moon's rays seemed to center so that it was always bathed in light. Here he hoped that he might find the Phenix. Up and up he clambered, and, as he drew nearer, every now and then a flash of light, as if from a mirror, streamed in his eyes. It came from the peak, and surely he caught the flutter of wings—the golden wings of the Sun-bird!

As he advanced, he was surprised to hear his name called in melodious accents.

"Nicnack," said the Phenix, peeping over

the edge,—for it was indeed the royal bird,—“is that you? I have been expecting your visit. You can help me, and I can help you. I am short of cinnamon sticks. Down where you stand you can see over yonder a grove of the spice. The unicorn will take you to it. Please get me some; and,” the Phenix added

my funeral. You see, I am building my funeral pyre—cinnamon, myrrh, and frankincense. At noon, when all is ready, I shall mount the pyre, and you can light it with this burning-glass. Before I die I will sing you a beautiful song. Directly I am burned I shall rise—a new bird—from my ashes. As I soar, you



thoughtfully, “while you are about it, you might bring three straight young palm-trees.”

Down climbed Nicnack; off he sped on the unicorn's back, and soon returned with the spice and palms.

“Thank you, Nicnack,” said the Phenix; “but you're tired, so sit down and rest, and tell me what you want in Fairyland. You see, I know a good deal about you already.”

Nicnack was more than ever astonished; but he frankly told the Phenix of his adorable Princess, and how he hoped to win her by finding the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow. The bird listened attentively, and then remarked:

“You're a lucky fellow, you are! I'm five hundred years old to-morrow. Dear, dear! How time flies! Yes; you're decidedly in luck! To-morrow, as I observed, is my birthday. I, the Sun-bird, have come to the Mountains of the Moon to die, and you can assist at



“THEY APPROACHED THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, AND SAW THE LOFTY SUMMITS.”

must spring on my back, and I will take you to Fairyland. Your difficulty will be to get through the flames without being burned; but I will tell you to-morrow how it can be managed.”

During the rest of the day Nicnack helped the Phenix so willingly that it was greatly pleased. “Good night,” it said; “and when you come in the morning remember all that I have told you.”

You may imagine that Nicnack was up betimes, and climbed to the peak. He found the bird much changed, and evidently weaker.

"Ah, there you are!" it remarked, with a sad smile. "I am glad you have come so soon, as we still have plenty to do."

The two worked away busily at the funeral pyre, which was finished an hour before noon.

"And now," said the Phenix, "you will see what I wanted the palm-trees for. Let us set the stems up so, in the form of a tripod. At the top you will be out of reach of the fire, and can easily jump from them on to my back."

It was now within a few minutes of twelve o'clock; so the Phenix mounted the funeral pyre, and then Nicnack, having lighted it by means of the burning-glass, climbed to the top of the tripod. Soon the spices began to give out a delicious fragrance, and the Phenix began to sing. It was as if a hundred nightingales were singing. As the flames rose higher so the strains grew feebler, until slowly they died away into silence.

Nicnack looked. Naught remained of the splendid Sun-bird but its ashes! And lo! as he looked, forth from those ashes there rose another Phenix, more beautiful even than the first; and as it soared upward he leaped upon its back. Higher and higher it mounted through the boundless realms of air, on broad, strong pinions that never for a moment flagged, away, away, toward Fairyland.

A fairy's life is by no means all play — "nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in"; not a bit of it! Idleness is misery, and "all play and no work" is, if anything, worse than "all work and no play," and happiness is found between the two. A vast deal lies in taking a thorough interest in what one has to do, and doing it with one's might; and of all work, that of the fairies is perhaps most interesting.

In many parts of Fairyland there are hospitals where gnats, flies, bees, and other humble creatures are taken in, when injured, and carefully tended. There are schools for teaching spinning to spiders and caterpillars, and weaving to the weaver-bird; schools for the blind, where moles may learn to burrow; swimming schools for fishes; flying schools for birds and such fishes as care to learn; perfume factories,

where the perfume is made that scents the jasmine, sweet-pea, the lily, and the rose. There are storehouses, too, of splendid dreams and castles in the air. When you see a baby's face rippled with smiles as he sleeps, you may be sure that the fairies are whispering beautiful thoughts or showing him lovely pictures.

But the part of Fairyland to which Nicnack had come was devoted to quite different occupations: it was a store-place of wonders. Here the aurora-borealis was treasured; here, too, might be seen an assortment of halos, mock suns, mock moons, and the various forms of mirage. But, what was of far more concern to Nicnack, this was the place where the rainbow was kept. When it had done duty in the sky, and gladdened the eyes of men, it was taken down by the fairies, carefully dusted, and then folded and set aside until wanted.

Nicnack had been full of curiosity as to what the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow could possibly be. He now found that it is a magic crystal prism. When the rainbow is first set up in the sky it is perfectly invisible. The prism being placed at one end of the arch, the colors are flashed along, and all appear in their proper order. The crystals are kept carefully wrapped in thistle-down, and a fresh one is used every time. This gave Nicnack his opportunity.

He first sought out the fairy Iris, to whose charge the rainbow is specially intrusted. She listened attentively to the whole story, and hesitated, as the request was a bold one and most unusual; but the Phenix spoke so warmly in Nicnack's favor that she at length was persuaded to consent.

"Very well," she said; "I will grant your request. The very next time the rainbow is used your friend shall have the magic crystal."

Nicnack was overjoyed, and, you may be sure, kept a sharp lookout. Nor had he long to wait; for, after a heavy downpour of rain, the sun suddenly burst forth. In a twinkling the bow was produced; the busy fairies ran up the golden sunbeams, and deftly hung out the arch until it spanned the sky. At the same instant Iris herself selected the crystal, and carefully placed it at the end of the bow, when the colors shone out in all their splendor.

"There," said the fairy to Nicnack; "now

wait until the colors fade, and I will tell you the exact moment to seize the crystal."

Nienack eagerly waited, and by and by the hues of the bow began to pale. Then, just as they faded altogether, Iris said: "Now take it up!" Nienack stooped and took it carefully

you wanted, no doubt you will be glad to place it in the King's hand as soon as possible. Come, then; I am ready to take you back."

So, Nienack mounted, and the bird, soaring aloft quickly, carried him back to the peak of the Mountains of the Moon.

"See," said the Phenix, "in that little hollow you will find three of my feathers, which I purposely set aside for you as a keepsake. Now, farewell; and in the happy days to come remember me."

"Oh, how can I possibly thank you!" said Nienack. "As long as I live, you may be sure I shall not forget your kindness."

Then the Phenix flew upward, and as it mounted higher the sun shone out. When the rays of light caught the golden plumage the bird poured forth a song, not sad and plaintive, as that it sang before, but one wild rapture of joy and gladness, that seemed to fill all space and held the listener enchanted. But the notes grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and Nienack watched until the bird was lost to sight. Then, taking with him the feathers, he rejoined the waiting unicorn. The pair retraced their way across the deserts, and in due time arrived safely at Ta'care. Nienack returned the unicorn to the Zoölogical Gardens with many thanks, and, mounting his horse, started for the coast. There he was so fortunate as to find a vessel on the point of sailing for Curios; so he embarked forthwith, and



"THE PRINCESS WATERED THE FLOWERS IN THE PALACE GARDEN."
(SEE PAGE 726.)

into his hand; and as its marvelous colors flashed in the light he was struck with amazement. Here, indeed, was a gift for a king! Lost in admiration, he stood looking at it, quite forgetful of his surroundings. But the Phenix, in haste to depart, recalled him to himself. "Well," it said, "now that you have got what

safely reached his port after a quick and prosperous voyage.

Hastening home, Nienack dressed himself in his very best, and, with the precious treasure carefully concealed under his cloak, hurried off to the palace, and asked an audience of the King on most important business.

"Why, don't you know?" was the answer: "His Majesty is traveling on state affairs."

Here was a blow to Nicnack's hopes. He could scarcely disguise his disappointment.

"When will his Majesty return?" he asked.

"Oh, maybe in a month, or perhaps a year; really, there 's no knowing!"

Nicnack turned away. This was terrible. Finding that he could not settle to anything, the next day he set out again for the palace, hoping that he might chance to see the Princess. He lingered for a long time without success, when



THE PRINCESS HEARD THE WHIRL OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

as he was about to turn away, he caught the whirr of a spinning-wheel. It came from an open window, and, drawing near, he heard a voice—surely *her* voice—singing softly to the spinning-wheel accompaniment. This is what he heard:

"Brum, brum, brum, brum!"

Listen to the swift wheel's hum!
I'm weaving the Siren's Thread,
Which is the thread of destiny.

"Hum, hum, hum, hum!"

What the music I never come?
Ours, the business, rather how I'de
To be the worthy of a Prince?

"If the future I could see,
I could better patient be.
Trum, trum, trum, trum!

Listen to the swift wheel's hum!"

The voice stopped with the sound of the spinning-wheel; yet still Nicnack lingered. The singer came to the window and leaned out, when, seeing that some one was below, she started, and in so doing dropped the spindle she held in her hand. It fell at Nicnack's feet. He picked it up, and, doffing his cap, reached upward and gave it to the Princess. Then, before she had time to recover herself, he was gone. "What a very handsome youth!" she thought, "I wonder who he is?"

Several days passed, and Nicnack had not been able to get even a distant glimpse of the Princess. She had often thought of him, and wondered if she should see him again. One afternoon he was very much in her mind as she watered the flowers in the palace garden. Nicnack was again in luck, for just then he passed by the low wall, and could watch her flitting to and fro. She was to him such "a vision of delight" that he involuntarily sighed.

Perhaps she heard. At any rate, she turned and saw the object of her thoughts. She flushed with pleasure, and in a charming, simple manner greeted him.

"I am glad," she said, "to be able to thank you for restoring my spindle the other day."

"Nay, pardon me, your Royal Highness," replied Nicnack, bowing low, "it is I who have to thank you for the opportunity."

"You are a stranger here?" the Princess asked.

"Somewhat," answered Nicnack; "for I have been away from Curios nearly two years, traveling in foreign lands."

"Indeed?" said the Princess, with interest. "That is an advantage I have never enjoyed."

"Yes; but I went on business, and that is rather different from traveling for pleasure," said Nicnack. "It is so nice to be able to linger on the way, and turn aside on every tempting occasion; but a business man has a special object before him which forbids him to tarry."

"I feel sure," the Princess said graciously, "that your business was successful."

"I am happy to say that it was, your Royal Highness—thanks mainly to a bottle of ink."

The curiosity of the Princess was roused; but as she was too well-bred to ask how or why, seeing that Nicnack did not volunteer

further information, the conversation passed to other topics; and then the Princess returned to her flowers, her thoughts more than ever occupied with Nicnack.

For some days after, though he hovered about the palace and palace grounds, he failed to see her again. But one morning the city was all astir. The streets were decorated; the royal bodyguard had turned out; for the King was expected! And by and by the troops escorted him through the town, the royal standard floated over the palace, and everybody was very glad—but Nicnack most of all. “Tomorrow,” he thought, “I shall see his Majesty.”

To while away the long hours, he got out his treasure, and fell to work cleaning and polishing it until it shone again. In the morning he was off to the palace at the earliest hour that etiquette permitted, and asked, as before, to see the King. He was handed over to the gentleman in waiting, who asked his business.

“Tell his Majesty that I bring him the Treasure from the End of the Rainbow.”

Nicnack was ushered into the anteroom to await his Majesty’s pleasure. He had scarcely taken a seat when the door opened, and the King himself bade him enter.

“Well, well!” he exclaimed, disregarding all ceremony, “have you really got the treasure?”

“Yes; here it is, your Majesty,” replied Nicnack; “and if you will deign to hold it up to the light, your Majesty will be better able to catch the reflected colors.”

The King’s hand quite shook with excitement as he held the wonderful prism in front of the window; and when he saw its marvelous beauty he was silent with amazement. As soon as he had recovered himself somewhat, he sent for the Princess to come to him immediately. She was feeling very low-spirited; for the news had reached her that a stranger had arrived with the long-hoped-for treasure, and him she must wed, willing or not!

Was he a thistle-sifter, a lion-tamer, or the owner of a Jerusalem pony? Some horrid adventurer, perhaps—ugly, sordid, and mean; or some old rogue who more by luck than by wit, had obtained the right to call her his own! Until now she had not fully realized her

desperate position. And then she thought of Nicnack. Ah, if only it had been he!

On entering the room she did not at first see him, but she was attracted at once by the beautiful object in the King’s hand.

“Do but look at it!” said his Majesty, holding it in different positions. She did so, and as the brilliant colors stole forth, one melting into another, she was transported with its beauty.

“Without a doubt,” the King continued, “it is the greatest treasure I possess. And for this, my dear, I have to thank your future husband over yonder!”

All her forebodings came back with a rush. With a sharp pain at her heart, she turned, and lo! there stood he whom she loved—the handsome stranger! Her confusion added to her beauty, and Nicnack felt himself more than ever fortunate in winning such a prize. He stepped forward and, bending on one knee, kissed her hand.

“Your Royal Highness has now proof of the complete success of the business upon which I journeyed into foreign parts.”

“‘Thanks to a bottle of ink,’ you said, I think,” replied the Princess. “I am really quite curious to know how that could be.”

“A bottle of ink?” said the king. “I should like to hear the whole story.”

So Nicnack told it them from the very beginning, and showed them the feathers of the Phenix.

Well, that was a red-letter day, you may be sure. The delighted King forthwith created Nicnack Prince of Curios, giving him for a coat of arms three phenix feathers, with the motto, *Dum spiro spero*. Preparations on the most extensive scale were made for the wedding, which took place shortly after. Then the bride appeared lovelier than ever; nor did the newly created Prince look unworthy of her.

Since that day prisms have become pretty plentiful; but if you want to see the magic one, the very largest and the most magnificent, you must go to the royal museum at Curios, after first obtaining permission of Nicnack, the now reigning King. You will find it just between one of the tarts made by the Queen of Hearts and Cinderella’s glass slipper.



•TIM•

A Parrot Story.

By
Charlotte Boner.

(A true story.)

I HAVE read of a father who would not let his children tell their dreams, because there is in such narrative too great temptation to wander from the truth. Parrot stories are too often like dream-stories—only half true; and they are sometimes—plainly, to any who know the true talking-power of these birds—made up entirely or greatly exaggerated. While the parrot has a certain unmistakable sense of humor, and is correspondingly wise, none of the various species is, or ever was, capable of the original wise and witty talk familiar to us in newspaper anecdotes.

In fact, the parrot is never *original* in speech; it is altogether imitative; and a bird that has never heard spoken words has surely never uttered a syllable.

But judging from parrots' clever use of what they learn to say, it is almost certain that they come to know, in a measure, the meaning of the phrases they learn.

For example, my Cuban bird, "Tim"—named after Colonel Timothy Lee, a New York commanding officer, who presented him to me—never confuses morning and evening. He is prompt with his salutation of "Good morning" to the one that uncovers his cage in the morning—for tame parrots are fussy about having their cages covered at night with some kind of

cloth, to shield them from the light and give them a quiet place for sleeping. When he is fixed snugly away for the night he invariably says, "Good night," often repeating it many times. These courtesies he has been taught; but without a bright spark of intelligence behind his mimicry he would confuse the morning and the evening addresses.

Soon after Tim came into my possession, I noticed that at nightfall he became restive; and often while making ready his cage for the night I said: "Tim wants to go to bed," or, "He wants to go to bed," frequently adding "so bad." It was not long before, at the first shade of twilight, he would let me know he was sleepy by saying: "Tim wants to go to bed. He wants to go to bed so bad,"—always speaking of himself in the third person. Afterward, by teaching, he acquired the use of the word "I." Now, on hearing sunflower or other seed poured into his cup for feeding, he will exclaim: "Oh, I'm going to get such a nice dinner!" For it happened that I spoke of his food as "dinner" whenever I gave it to him, and having heard it so called, he cannot be induced to change the phrase to "breakfast" or "supper."

Sometimes before covering him at night I say: "Kiss your mother good night—here," presenting my lips and smacking them; at which he will sidle to the bars of his cage and very gently touch my lips with his open bill.

Only once he, like the monkey that married the baboon's sister, "kissed so hard he raised a blister." I scolded him severely for the rudeness, and he seemed to understand. If I do not kiss him good night he is sure to say: "Kiss your mother good night—here," smacking his bill. He never says, "Kiss *me* good night."

Tim has never known the commonplace name of "Polly," and he has never been asked by me if he wanted a cracker. I have always been alert to check any visitor who was about to ask the old question, "Does Polly want a

exclaimed: "Why, howdy do, Polly?" He immediately corrected her by replying, "Say, howdy do, *Tim*?"

So much by way of illustrating the fact that a parrot knows how to apply intelligently the phrases that he acquires in mimicry. In the few further examples that I shall give of Tim's talking, let it be understood that he repeats only what he has heard, but the reader will notice his tact in applying his remarks, as if he knew their meaning.

Frequently, when my husband is leaving for the city, Tim calls after him, "Good-by, John."



"IT IS A COMMON THING TO HEAR THE PARROT SHOUTING, 'WHIP HIM, DON'T WHIP HIM! WHIP HIM!'"

cracker?" With the same caution I have checked the "Howdy do, Polly?" by requesting the visitor to say, "Howdy do, *Tim*?"

Tim seemed to have noted my wish to exclude "Polly" from his list of words. One day a lady called, and, on discovering the bird,

It need hardly be explained how the bird learned that phrase.

In some way he knows when we are eating at table, perhaps from having occasionally been in the dining-room at meal-time, and from noting the table-noises made by knife and fork,

cup and saucer, etc. He often calls out at such time, wherever he may be, "What are you eating? Is it good?"

We have a Scotch-Irish terrier named "Jack," and a huge jet-black cat named "Tony," who often engage in a friendly tussle. Sometimes, when Jack has been too rough for Tony, I have encouraged the cat by saying, "Whip him, Tony! whip him!" As the cat and dog are almost hourly at their play of racing and wrestling, it is a common thing to hear Tim, who may either see or only hear them, shouting, "Whip him, Tony! whip him! whip him!"

Jack sometimes expresses his affection for me by tousling my skirt, and I feign to be alarmed at him, and cry: "Oh, p'ease don't, Jack! — p'ease don't!" in baby talk. One day, when Tim was sitting on a lady visitor's lap, Jack playfully began to nip and bark at him. With outstretched wings and feathers all a-ruffle with real or affected fear, the bird cried: "Oh, p'ease don't, Jack! — p'ease don't!"

This dog we were compelled to name Jack because of Tim. We had owned a dog of the same breed and name, that was slain by our country-road trolley, and Tim was continually saddening us by calling him. It was my custom, when the dog was out in the park somewhere, to go to the door and call: "Here, Jack!" — whistling — "here, Jack!" occasionally saying to myself, "Where *is* Jack?" This the parrot repeated over and over, time and again, after the death of the dog: "Here, Jack!" — whistling — "here, Jack! Where *is* Jack? — where *is* Jack?" And that dog used to run to meet the postman and bring our mail to the house in his mouth. Whenever I heard the whistle of the postman, I would call the dog and tell him to go get the letter. Tim — in his mimetic command pat — "Come, Jack! go get the letter." So when, after the death of our dog, we were fortunate enough to get another of the same family, the new one also was called "Jack."

Tim has learned to imitate the postman's whirring whistle so perfectly that in summertime, when he hangs in the front or the back porch, he often causes confusion to him by their doors expecting the letter-carrier. Last summer, to the great worry of conductors, he

learned how to stop the trolley-car that runs near our house. Mimicking the call of a certain gentleman whom he had heard hail the car, he would cry, "Hey, there! — hey!" and whistle shrilly. Several times the conductor hurriedly signaled the motorman, who frantically shut off the current and put on the brakes. At first they were quite nonplussed at seeing nobody; for they could not see Tim because of the vines on the porch, and probably would not have suspected him if they had seen him, so human was the call. In some way they learned of this trick, and thereafter the conductor looked about sharply before stopping at that spot.

Tim does not laugh much. He has a sort of jocular chuckle with which he accompanies some of his remarks, as "What you say?" I have a habit of sometimes "talking to myself" a little while attending to household duties. Now and then Tim will interpose with "What you say?" and then chuckle as if greatly amused. This question I often ask him, when I cannot understand some little piece of jargon, and am laughing at him.

He has now altogether ceased speaking Spanish, but when we first got him he knew nothing else. He seems to be a good bird morally, for he has never, to my knowledge, uttered an oath, fond as many parrots are of swearing. Like the Dutchman's boy, he may sometimes *think* bad words, but he does n't say them; or, if he does, he cunningly smothers them in that jargon of his, at which he now and then chuckles rather suspiciously, eying me sidewise. He must be a firm royalist, for we have in vain tried to make him declare himself a Cuban insurgent.

Often in the lonesome winter days Tim is good company for me; and he is very fond of assuring me that he loves me, employing phrases I have taught him. He will unexpectedly say: "I love my mother — she's a sweet!" and then, whether the dog or the cat is in sight or not, "Jack, do you love your mother? Tony, do you love your mother?" I am sometimes afraid there is a little slyness about Tim, for not infrequently, after thus directing my attention to his undying affection for me, he will add, "Going to get such a nice dinner — oh, *what* a nice dinner!" Or he

may want to be moved up or down stairs,—for he has his whims,—and then it will be: "Want to go up stairs—want to go up stairs!" or "Want to go down stairs—want to go down stairs!"

One midsummer day, when the thermometer stood at over 100°, Tim astonished a

I spray him with a mixture of glycerin and water to keep him from plucking his plumage. Once, when I was spraying him, my colored servant-girl, with a shudder, exclaimed, "Oh, lawdy!" making fun of the parrot's frantic manner. Afterward he sat on his perch shivering and saying: "Oh, lawdy!—oh, lawdy!"



visitor by exclaiming, "Oh, it's *so* hot!" flapping his wings. In winter, when the house is being aired, or if a draft strikes him, he will say: "Are you cold, Tim?—are you cold?"

He is fond of bathing himself, but dislikes being sprayed, which is sometimes necessary.

Following the advice of a writer on bird-keeping, I tied a little china doll in Tim's cage. He examined it from time to time very curiously, and soon learned to play with it. One day he seemed to be playing a little roughly with the doll, and I said: "Whip the baby if

it does n't behave." The first part of that phrase he still retains, and often amuses himself by furiously pecking and clawing the doll, and saying, "Whip the baby! — whip the baby!"

Last winter one of our window-shutters creaked when being closed, making a half-musical sound. As we closed the shutters at nightfall, Tim came to associate this sound with bedtime, and often when he wants to be covered up for the night he mimics that noise.

Sometimes, when he has wished to go to sleep before the proper time, I have asked him if it was night; and now, whenever I cover him, he is sure to ask: "Is it night? — is it night?"

He is not much of a whistler, and does not sing at all, but, for a Cuban parrot, he is quite a good talker. He has a green body, white forehead, scarlet throat, scarlet and blue underfeathers in his wings, and scarlet, orange, and blue in his tail.



AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

My teacher does n't think I read
So very special well.
She's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be.
"You 'd better take a little care,"—
That's what he says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you 'll find,
Some one of these bright days,
You're 'way behind the Primer Class."
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read;
And then he 'll sit and look
At me, and listen, *just* as pleased!
I know it from his face.
And when I read a great, long word,
He 'll say, "Why, little Grace,
You 'll have to teach our district school,
Some one of these bright days."
Mother, you come and hear this child.
That's what my grandpa says.

DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[*This story was begun in the March number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

PATSY MURPHY.

WHY is it that the good times slip by so quickly and the tiresome ones drag? Can someone answer that question?

Hardly had the joy of Mama's return and Grandma's arrival subsided, than it was time for Pokey to return to her home and begin her lessons; for she went to a school which opened its doors the first Monday in September, even if the days were hotter than when it had closed them in June.

So poor Pokey had to tear herself away from her delightful frolics with Denise and "the children" and to prepare to stew her poor brains till little hint of the roses she had found in the country remained to tell the story of fresh breezes and sunshine.

For a time Denise was utterly forlorn, and even the pets failed to console her. The weather was still very warm and her studies would not begin till the first of October, when Miss Meredith would return.

And in the interval she hardly knew how to occupy herself, for the Bird's Nest seemed lonely and dull without its second chirper, and Denise dreaded to go into it and find there no happy-go-lucky little body who was always amiability personified and ready with some splendid plan for a new play. For Pokey read to some purpose, and had no end of pleasant ideas stored away in her wise little noddle.

So Denise tried to console herself with long rides on Ned. John had taught her to ride and Ned was perfectly trained for the saddle. Such delightful rambles and races; for Ned could pace, canter, or run as the turn of the bridle or position of the whip indicated to him, and was equally delightful in any gait.

And so they would swing along in the sun-

shine, or under the big trees; Denise singing or talking to him, and he tossing his head as though he understood perfectly.

Often she would lean forward and clasp both arms around his warm, soft neck, lay her face in his shaggy mane, and let him walk whither he would. And how the dear little fellow enjoyed his petting! Never did a little animal display greater reciprocity of affection, or prove more plainly that to him his little mistress was the dearest being in the world.

One warm, dusty morning, Denise and Ned were going along a path which ran close by the river, when they suddenly came upon a little urchin known to the town as Patsy Murphy, the dirtiest, most harum-scarum little ragamuffin the place produced.

Perched upon a rock close to the water's edge, he sat "skipping" stones into the river as if life held no greater pleasure.

Bare-footed, his trousers in rags and tatters and held up by one suspender, which had doubtless originally belonged to his father; a gingham shirt guiltless of a button and held together by an old brass safety-pin; his red hair cropped short to avoid the trouble of combing, and his elfish little freckled face artistically streaked with dirt and perspiration, he was a fair specimen of the spirit of mischief.

Ned stopped and regarded him as a curiosity, while Denise gazed upon him with mingled disgust and amusement.

"Tip o' the day to ye, Miss Denise," said Patsy, unabashed.

"How do you do?" was the reply.

"Is it how I do, ye 'r' axin'? Well, I 'm jist afther scuttlin' out av the school, and nary a bit will I set me fut insoid it this day."

"I should think you would be ashamed to say so, when you know your mother wants you to learn something. *She* works hard enough, I 'm sure!" reprovingly.

"L'arn su'thin', is it? Don't I *know* su'thin'?

already? Whisht now, whilst I tell ye what I l'arnt the day. 'T'acher she axed me had I tin apples an' Johnny Doyle five, how many more would I have than Johnny? And I told her *ten*, because I'd mighty soon swipe Johnny's an' roon wid 'em."

Denise felt that Patsy's arithmetic was a little beyond her, so she ignored the last remark, and said severely: "I don't see how you *can* get so dirty. You are just not fit to be seen. A great boy nine years old, with *such* a dirty face."

"Is me face dirty?" innocently. "Now how iver c'u'd I know that when the lookin'-glass is broke? An' listen whilst I tell ye a sacret." And hopping off his rock, he came close to Denise and said in a confidential tone:

"D' ye know when I got out av me bed this mornin', I said I 'd *wash me face*, an' I wint to git the bowl. But what do ye think me mither says? Says she, 'Patsy, don't ye be takin' that bowl. I 'm jist afther cl'anin' it ter make *bread* in.' Now, do ye mind, I could n't be clane fur thot r'ason?" said the incorrigible.

"I never saw such a boy in my life!" exclaimed Denise, gathering up her reins, and she went on, leaving Patsy glorying over his victory.

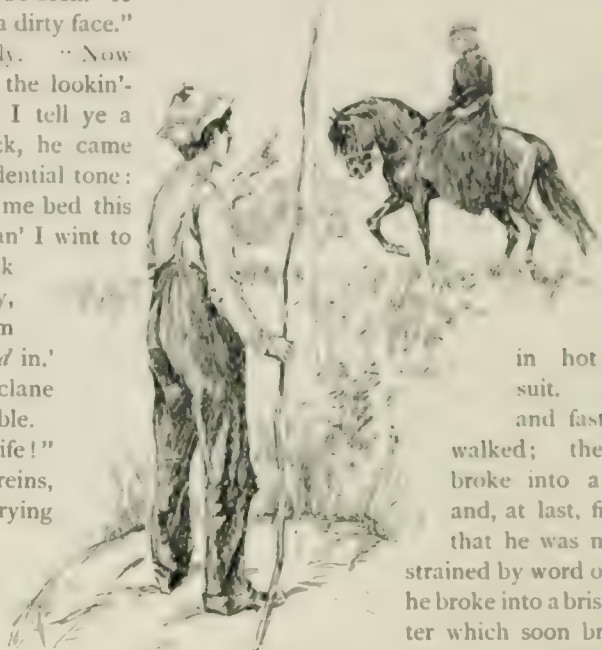
Could she have seen him after the turn in the road hid him from her sight, her peace of mind would doubtless have been even more exercised, for, giving his ragged scrap of a hat a toss, he proceeded to execute a dance of triumph by turning handsprings over the sand.

Following the pretty path along the shore, Denise soon reached a road which led abruptly up the bank and brought one to a little country store—one of those stores in which a miscellaneous collection of articles is sold, a place patronized by people who did not care to walk to the village, when a spool of thread, pound of sugar, or a fish-line was needed.

For several very good reasons, Ned had a strong fancy for this particular store. First, only three steps needed to be climbed to enter it, and those gave him no trouble whatever. Next, chocolate cream were sold there, and he was very fond of them.

And last, but by no means least, Mr. Jones the storekeeper thought it a great joke to have him come pattering in with Denise on his back, walk up to the counter and whinny for cream drops.

So you may be sure that he needed no urging when once he found himself headed in the direction of the store, and he scrambled up the steep hill as though the impish Patsy were



in hot pursuit. Faster and faster he walked; then he broke into a trot; and, at last, finding that he was not restrained by word or rein, he broke into a brisk canter which soon brought him to the object of his desire.

Denise let him have his own way, so, making straight for the entrance, he scrambled up the steps, clattered across the little stoop, and bounced into the store.

Two or three steps brought him to the counter where the cream-drops were kept and a loud neigh made known his wants to Mr. Jones, who had just laid a stick of peppermint candy upon the counter for a little girl, who, doing her best to produce a penny from an atom of a pocket, was so absorbed by the struggle that she paid no attention to the queer customer who had just entered.

But to Ned the temptation was too great, and in just about half a second he had reached out and grabbed the candy.

The sudden move caused the child to look up, just in time to catch sight of the end of a

pink and white stick vanishing in a black mouth.

It had all happened so quickly that Denise was helpless, and it was so funny that she could not help laughing when she discovered it.

But the defrauded child did not see it in a funny light at all, and lifting up her voice, she howled dismally.

"Oh, don't cry!" said Denise. "I'll buy some more candy. And you must n't blame Ned, for he thought Mr. Jones had put the stick there for him. Did n't you, you little scamp?" she asked, pulling his mane.

Soon more candy was produced, and Little Forlornity was sent on her way rejoicing over ten cents' worth of chocolate creams, while Ned was made happy with his allowance of five, and was quite ready to turn his inquisitive nose toward home when the word was given.

"You *are* a bad little scrap," said Denise, as he clattered out of the store, "and if you don't behave better, I'm afraid you won't get any birthday present, and in a few weeks you will have a birthday, you know. At least I shall, and it's all the same. So you'd better behave!"

CHAPTER XIV.

BIRTHDAY PLANS.

"ONLY think, Mama; in three weeks I shall have had Ned one whole year. It seems to me as though I'd always had him," said Denise, one morning, as she sat in her mother's pleasant room.

"Do you think, darling, that you ever enjoyed a year as well?" asked her mother.

"No; I'm sure I never did. Of course I loved Sailor and Beauty and Tan, but I don't think any one could love a goat or a dog as well as they could love such a dear little wise pony as Ned is. Do you?"

"Hardly. But don't you think we ought to have a frolic to celebrate Ned's anniversary, and let him share in it?"

"Oh, Mama, *can* we? Would n't it be fun? What could we do?"

"I think we can have the frolic, dear, for there is just the hint of a shade of an idea in my head this very minute."

Denise, snuggling close to her mother, said: "Now I'm all ready to hear the 'hint of the shade.'"

So, cheek to cheek, they talked it over, and three weeks later it carried happiness to five other children, lads and lasses.

"Let me see," said Mama. "The 10th falls on Saturday. How would it be to have Pokey come out on Friday afternoon and stay with us till Monday morning? On your birthday we could invite May, Murray, Harry, and Tom, and all go off on a grand nutting-party. We can go to Sheppard's Brook; and Papa, Miss Meredith, John, and I could go in the surrey and make ourselves generally useful.

"You could take the depot wagon, and divide up the rides as the fancy took you. The boys won't mind the walk in the least; but if they should suddenly grow weary,"—and Mama smiled suggestively,—“you girls could do a little walking without taking any harm.”

"Of course we could; and won't it be perfectly splendid!"

"John can drive us," continued Mama, "and when we reach there he can be general utility man, looking after Ned and Sunshine, getting out the lunch-baskets, and climbing the trees if they prove too much for the boys. What do you think of my plan, dear?"

Denise was delighted, and consequently the letter was written to Pokey that very day, and as quickly as the mail could bring it the reply came to state that Pokey would accept with pleasure.

Between that and the time set for Pokey's arrival, Denise spent most of her time in hunting up all the baskets and bags to be had, and in telling Ned over and over again that he was to go on a nutting frolic on his birthday.

On the 29th Miss Meredith returned, and on the 1st of October the studies began again, and helped the time pass more quickly till Pokey should come.

Denise had an active little brain, which made it a pleasure to teach her, so she and Miss Meredith got on capitally. Moreover, Miss Meredith was a born teacher, and helped the bright little mind she had in her care to unfold as naturally as a flower. No matter how prosy the subject might be, she possessed the rare faculty of turning it into a fairy tale, and she



THE PLAYERS IN THE WOODS. (SEE PAGE 74.)

had oftener to say, "We will keep the rest for another day" than "Let us finish this today."

Lessons were always ended at one o'clock, and all the beautiful autumn afternoons Demise was free to follow the bent of her lance; while

Miss Meredith enjoyed her rest and the society of Grandma and Mama.

And Demise had plenty to occupy the afternoons, for she had undertaken to teach Ned the tricks she had seen a circus pony perform, and the *modus operandi* was funny enough

John, naturally, was general factotum, and entered into the spirit of the thing with a zest; for he firmly believed that Ned was the "intelligent baste" that ever lived, and it was simply a question of telling him what to do, and he would do it at once.

The first move was to make a ring about sixty feet in circumference out in the dismantled vegetable garden; and the next to take a big box, five feet long, three wide, and one foot high, and fasten a large block of wood at the left-hand corner—a block about fifteen inches high. Beside this was a post about ten inches higher.

Then the whole thing must be covered with one of Flash's old blankets, carefully cut and tacked on, so that Ned need not slip, and his pedestal was complete.

An old carriage-rug laid in the center of the ring served as kneeling-mat, and then they were ready to begin.

And I can assure you that it took many days and much patience before Ned was pronounced perfect and fit for a public performance. First he had to be taught to go around the ring by himself, and one after the other the various tricks were learned; but we will tell of these at another time.

The 9th came very quickly, and Denise was in a perfect fever of excitement. Long before the train was due she was at the depot, driving up and down to keep little Ned from taking cold in his head, for the days were growing frosty, and by four o'clock one felt grateful for a snug jacket.

But at last the whistle sounded, and in a moment more the train had deposited Miss Pokey and Papa upon the platform.

Presently the little depot wagon had all it could hold, for Papa and the big satchel filled the back seat, and the two chatterboxes occupied the front, as Ned whisked them away.

"Did you bring an old dress and jacket?" was the first question.

"Yes; and old shoes too, for Mama said I'd be sure to need them."

"I feel sure you *will*, and I'll let you have my boating-cap, and then you will be all fixed out."

"Oh, won't it be fun!" cried Pokey, with a

bounce, as if already jumping up after the falling nuts. "Is n't it splendid to be out here again and sniff the fresh air?"

"Are n't you afraid of Ned's bouncing now?" asked Papa.

"No, indeed, I'm not. He can bounce all he wants to, for if he spills us we shall tumble on the soft grass beside the road, and not on the old city stones," replied Pokey, rather recklessly.

"Papa, *do* you think the day will be fine?"

"Made to order," was the reassuring reply. "Just look at old Sol taking himself off to bed behind the mountain. Tell me, did you ever see the old fellow looking jollier?"

CHAPTER XV.

POKEY HAS A DREAM.

"I KNOW I sha'n't sleep one wink to-night," said Pokey, as the children settled themselves in bed at an early hour, in order to be up betimes in the morning.

"Yes, you will, too. You'll just go right off to the Land o' Nod, as you always do, and leave me talking to the darkness."

"I sha'n't, either. Don't you suppose I want to talk just as much as you do? Only you know Mrs. Mama said we were not to talk *too* long, or we should n't be able to wake up early enough in the morning."

"Well, we won't talk too long; but how many bags do you guess we shall gather to-morrow?"

"Twenty, at least," was the wise reply; for Pokey's nutting expeditions had been few and far between, and her ideas on the subject were decidedly vague.

"Well, I know that we sha'n't,"—positively. "Why, if we get *six* it will be a lot."

"Six! I believe I could gather six all by myself. Are the bags as big as my satchel?"

"As big as your satchel! Why, Pokey Delano, they are empty flour-sacks, and hold just heaps and heaps!"

"Oh, I thought they were little bags!" And Pokey subsided to think over the prospect of filling six flour-sacks.

Ten minutes passed without a word from either, and then Denise asked suddenly:

"Pokey, are you going to sleep?"

"No!"—promptly. "I am just as wide awake as you are, and am lying still to think about the fun we will have to-morrow. I never went on a real nutting-party before, and I know this one will be just splendid!"

"Of course it will. Everything Mama thinks out is splendid. There never was a better mother than mine, I believe."

"No; I don't believe there ever was," agreed Pokey. "How do you suppose she ever thinks of so many lovely things?"

In what, to Denise, seemed about ten minutes, she started up, realizing that she must have dozed off. Her first thought was:

"I wonder if Pokey caught me going to sleep? How she will laugh at me, if she did!"

"Pokey,"—softly.

No answer.

"Pokey!"—a little louder.

Still silence, broken only by Beauty Buttons, who slept on a rug at the foot of the bed, and roused up enough to wag his tail.

By this time Denise was wide awake, and, reaching over to shake the sleeping Pokey, was scared nearly out of her wits to find the bed empty.

"Mercy me! where *is* she?" cried the startled child, and bouncing out of bed, she rushed to turn up the gas. There were Pokey's clothes upon the chair where she had placed them upon retiring, but no sign of their owner could be seen.

Meanwhile Beauty, who seemed to think it a good joke, had jumped up from his rug and ran about the room, wagging his tail and acting altogether like a crazy dog.

"Catch them! Catch them! Don't you see that they are all running away?" was shouted in muffled tones from beneath the bed. And then came a bang and a scream, as Pokey wakened from her dream of hunting in the leaves for nuts, to find herself under an iron bedstead, against which she was bumping her head in her sleepy endeavors to get out.

As soon as the true state of affairs had dawned upon Denise her scare vanished, and seating herself in the middle of the floor, she laughed until she could n't laugh any more.

In came Mama to learn what upon earth

had happened, and to find Pokey seated upon the edge of the bed trying to rub the sleep out of her eyes, and Denise rolled up in a little heap in the middle of the rug.

"You crazy children! What *are* you doing at *this* hour of the night?"

"Oh, Mama, is n't it just too funny?" And Denise went off into another fit of laughing.

"Why, you see," explained Pokey, "I dreamed that we were 'way off in a field, picking up nuts, and at the edge of the field was a steep bank, and all the nuts were rolling away down it. So I went down to catch them, and I guess I must have crawled out of the bed instead, for I don't see anything like a nut—unless it is this lump on the top of my head," she added ruefully, as she rubbed a big bump.

Mama could not help joining in the laughter; and after fetching a healing lotion and binding up Pokey's bruises, she tucked the children safely in bed, and with a good-night kiss for each, said:

"Now go straight to sleep, and don't think of another nut till daylight, for it is nearly two o'clock."

"Two o'clock!" echoed Denise, "and I thought I 'd been asleep only five minutes!"

According to Denise's method of reckoning time, another five minutes had scarcely passed when she was awakened by a bright ray of sunshine falling across her face.

"Wake up, Pokey; wake up this minute!" she shouted to the sleepy little mortal beside her, who gradually uncurled herself and opened her eyes.

"Oh, dear! I don't believe it 's morning yet, and you are waking me up to laugh at me," was the sleepy reply.

"No, I 'm not, either. Just look at the sunshine, when you 've got the sand-man out of your eyes, and you 'll see that it *is* morning. So hurry up, or we sha'n't finish breakfast before the others get here."

Such a glorious October morning! It was just crisp and frosty enough to make one feel frisky, and you may be sure that no time was lost in getting ready for breakfast.

Soon the children ran out of their room, one to receive a cheery good-morning greeting from the family, and the other tender birthday wishes

and many pretty gifts; for even John remembered the little girl who occasionally made life a burden to him, and brought as his offering a beautiful pot of white chrysanthemums which he had watched and tended for months.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NUTTING-PARTY.

"ELEVEN years old to-day," said Denise in a sober voice as she sat at the breakfast-table.

"Well, yes; I guess that I *am*, rather," said Denise, boldly, and her mother's expression proved that Denise was not wrong.

"Papa," cried Denise, a moment later,—for her busy tongue must keep going when the brain had so many thoughts pressing forward,—"I wonder how old Ned is; do you know?"

"Yes; I think I can tell you that pampered young creature's age; for when I bought him, one year ago, he was seven years old."



"NED REACHED OUT AND GRABBED THE CANDY" (SEE PAGE 734)

"Just think; I've been in this world eleven whole years! Mama, how did you ever get on before I came? You must have been very lonely; were n't you?"

"Do you think you are so essential to my happiness, little Miss Conceit?" asked her mother jokingly.

"Why, he is only *eight* now! I thought he must surely be as old as I."

"No, indeed. He would be getting pretty well on, even for a Welsh pony, if he were eleven."

Before breakfast was finished, shouts and voices outside announced the arrival of the

lads and lasses who were to complete the party, and Denise and Pokey rushed out to welcome them.

Presently all were gathered out on the lawn to watch the bestowal in the surrey of some very comfortable-looking baskets and packages, as well as ropes, bags, and little baskets for the pickers.

Ned, harnessed to the depot wagon, was quite as important as any member of the party, and did his share by carrying his own and Sunshine's dinner, halters, and blankets. In less time than one would have thought it possible to get such a lively party in order, the whole van was on the way, the girls singing, and the boys romping and tearing about as only boys can. Although it was three miles to Sheppard's Brook Farm, the distance was traveled in no time.

Ned seemed to consider it a party made up especially for him, and acted altogether like a little scalawag—tearing along on a dead run as the boys ran beside him, scrambling up the hills with the boys helping by pushing, and then rushing down the other side as though determined to break his neck. But the little Welshman was too sure-footed to be easily upset, and bounced along like a goat.

Sailor and Beauty were permitted to join the party; but poor Tan had been compelled to remain behind, although he bleated most piteously when he saw them start off without him.

As soon as the big fields in which the

great shellbarks grew were reached, John unharnessed Ned and turned him loose, and, blanketing Sunshine, fastened him to a neighboring tree. For Sunshine, although three times as big, was not nearly so wise as little Ned, and would soon have gone prancing off if left to himself. But Ned was very sociable, and still more curious, and never got out of sight of anything unusual, and Denise's whistle could summon him in an instant. So



THE LITTLE MAN, LAY AND MUCH EATEN, FEED OF NE WAS FROM "NED TODDLES."

while he amused himself by poking his inquisitive little nose into every corner of the field, the two-legged picnickers fell to work with a will, and soon had the nuts flying in all directions.

Never was day so lovely. Never were nuts so big and plentiful. In no time the baskets were filled and emptied into the big sacks and ready to be filled again.

All joined in, and while John and the boys

thrashed the trees with long, limber poles, raining nuts on anybody who happened to be beneath, the others gathered till their bended backs ached.

By one o'clock all were ready for a good, substantial lunch, and Mama and Miss Meredith proceeded to set it forth.

I should n't dare tell of the quantity of food consumed that day. But who would not be hungry after three hours' lively exercise in the delightful October sunshine and air? All sat or sprawled about on the warm, dry grass, and ate or drank at their own sweet wills. Nobody minded an interruption in the shape of Ned marching into the middle of the table-cloth to search for sugar, or Sailor and Beauty making a foraging expedition for sandwiches.

After luncheon came a grand rest for an hour, during which all talked or told stories.

"Papa," said Denise, "I am just as old to-day as you were when you had your first coat-tails. Do tell us the story again. It was so funny."

"Oh, yes; do, do!" cried all the others.

Papa laughed, and began:

"When I was a lad I lived in a little town on Cape Cod, called Tenro. We were a long way from Boston, and there were no railroads in those days to carry us back and forth. But we did not miss them, because we had never known what it was to have such things, and were well satisfied to have everything brought down from Boston by packets, as the boats sailing between Tenro and Boston were called.

"My mother, brother, and myself lived in a big house which stood high on a hill, and from it we could watch for the coming of the packet, and also for my father's ship; for he was a sea-captain, and used to sail on long voyages which often kept him from home a year or more at a time.

"Father had sailed from home in March, and when he left us he said to me: 'Now, my boy, when I get back in September you will be eleven years old; and if I get good reports of you in Mother's letters I shall bring with me your first coat-tails, at the end of a jacket with brass buttons.'

"And long trousers, too?" I asked, for it was the fashion in those days for boys to wear short

jackets and breeches until they were about ten or eleven, and then they could dress like their fathers; and you may be sure the first coat-tails were longed for with as much eagerness as the first long trousers are to-day," said Papa, with a nod at the lads before him.

"Yes; the trousers too, all complete, on one condition," said he.

"And what is that?" I asked eagerly.

"That you keep Mother's wood-box well filled," was the answer.

"That seemed an easy thing to do, and so I promised very readily.

"So Father sailed, and I counted the days which must pass before August, when I should be eleven years old.

"Meanwhile the wood-box was kept filled, and Mother's reports were good.

"At last, August 7, my birthday, came, and Mother wrote a letter to Father which would reach him in Boston, where he was expected to arrive the 1st of September. She gave him my measure, and nothing remained but to keep my impatience bottled up till the 1st of October, when he should be at home.

"He came four days sooner than we expected him, and the new suit with him. I tell you it was superb! It was dark-green cloth, and had satin facings and gilt buttons. Then there was a stock and frilled shirt, just like Father's, and the hat and shoes to complete it all.

"You may be sure I lost no time in getting into it, and it was pronounced simply stunning.

"Father's arrival was a great event in the family, and that evening all the aunts, uncles, and cousins came to tea to welcome him, and the best parlor was made ready and a rousing fire built in the big open Franklin stove.

"My logs of wood snapped and sparkled, and we youngsters had great fun roasting apples and chestnuts in front of it.

"I, in my swell suit, was the 'biggest toad in the puddle,' and paraded up and down before the admiring eyes of the other boys and girls. At last, growing conscious of the tight new shoes, I chose a novel place in which to rest myself and relieve my feet of the burden of my body. I sat down on the fender of the

Franklin, and was so absorbed in caring for my weary feet that I utterly forgot that I was the owner of *coat tails*, and left them to take care of themselves.

"Pretty soon Mother turned round and said excitedly:

"I smell wool burning. What on earth is it?" and then she caught sight of me.

"Lewis Lombard! Are you stark mad? Your whole back is afire!"

"I sprang up, but the coat tails remained behind — a charred, blackened heap. Mother tore off what remained of the coat, and the danger was soon over; but I was the most unhappy boy in Tenro that night, and have never heard the last of my first coat-tails to this day," said Papa, as he finished the story amid shouts of laughter from the children.

After the laugh had subsided, Papa said it was high time to attack the chestnut-trees in

the adjoining field, and all fell to work again with a will.

By four o'clock six big bags had been filled with chestnuts and hickory-nuts, with a few hazels thrown in for variety, and the members of the nutting-party were glad to prepare for the homeward ride, leaving the bags to the care of the farm-hands, who promised to take them over the mountain early Monday morning.

So Ned and Sunshine were harnessed, and while John went to the farm-house to thank Mr. Sheppard for his hospitality and the nuts, Papa packed away the belongings and collected his party.

Such a jolly, tired crowd as walked, rode, or "cut behind," as they went over the mountain toward supper and bed, which all felt would be welcome.

But, alas! Pokey had to prove that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

(To be continued.)

UNCLE SAM'S "FARM" IN CANADA.

BY C. W. P. BANKS.



ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1897, Mr. Frank H. Spearman gave an interesting lesson on the true boundaries of Iowa and Nebraska.

I wish to tell the "geography class" of St. NICHOLAS — which, by the way, is much the largest geography class in the world — how "Uncle Sam" came to own a large farm that seems to be situated in one of the richest agricultural sections of British territory.

Many of our Western readers are living on eighth-sections, quarter-sections, and half-sections which were "taken up" by their fathers, or perhaps their mothers, under the Land Acts and Timber Acts of our general government.

These contain respectively one eighth, one fourth, and one half of the six hundred and

forty acres comprising a section, or a square mile.

The "farm" to which I refer contains three hundred and seventy-five square miles, or two hundred and forty thousand acres — that is, enough to give a quarter-section to each of fifteen hundred people, or a piece of territory containing over one third as much land as the State of Rhode Island; and this in one of the finest wheat-growing sections in North America.

Now, geography class, take your atlases and turn to the State of Minnesota. Follow along the boundary between Canada and the United States, up the Kamy River, to the Lake of the Woods. In all recent maps you will see that the boundary proceeds in an irregular northwesterly direction up past the forty-ninth degree, which you have learned is the boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the

United States, around a point of land, then west, then directly south, over land and water, until it touches the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, along which it passes to the strait of Juan de Fuca.

This is made clear by referring to the diagram on this page.

We now know that the most northern part of the United States is in the State of Minnesota, surrounded by the Lake of the Woods on its north, east, and south, and by Manitoba on its west.

The question now arises, "How did the United States obtain title to this territory, which seems to go naturally with Canada?"

A want of geographical information on the part of the officials of Canada, or British America, and of the United States was the cause.

The treaty which fixes this part of the boundary is found in the second article of the convention with Great Britain, 1818, which is as follows:

"It is agreed that a line drawn from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods along the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, or, if the said point shall not be in the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, then that a line drawn from the said point due north or south, as the case may be, until the said line shall intersect the said parallel of north latitude, and from the point of such intersection due west along and with the said parallel, shall be the line of demarcation between the territories of the United States and those of his Britannic Majesty, etc."

Now, if you will look on the diagram here printed you will see two stars. The members of the Commission thought that, at the farthest, the point marked by the upper star was the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods, while probably the point marked by the lower star, on the forty-ninth parallel, was the point. In

the former case the small point of land east of the two stars would belong to the United States, and in the latter case no land north of the forty-ninth parallel would become the property of the United States.

It was discovered, however, when the survey was made, that the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods was really in a then unknown arm of the lake—as the dia-



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE BOUNDARY LINES

gram shows. Speaking scientifically, it lay in "latitude $49^{\circ} 23' 35''$, north, and in longitude $95^{\circ} 14' 38''$, west from the observatory of Greenwich." A line southward from this point gave to the United States the territory which I have called "Uncle Sam's Farm in Canada."

This, then, is the point as fixed by the Ashburton-Webster Treaty, concluded August 9, 1842, and it is by authority of this treaty that Uncle Sam has held his title to a fine farm.

At present there is no post-office in this territory. I am also unable to tell how many citizens of the United States live in this isolated place. If there are any readers of ST. NICHOLAS who can tell more about this land, I, for one, shall be glad to hear from them.

SOME SHIPS OF OUR NAVY.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A MODERN navy must have vessels of different types. First comes the battle-ship—a great fighting monster, heavily armored, and stronger than she is fast. Next comes the cruiser, which is less armored, and can therefore be useful where greater speed is required. Besides these larger vessels, there are despatch-boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and torpedo-boats. The United States also possesses monitors, a ram, and a dynamite cruiser.

ST. NICHOLAS shows you a few vessels of each kind, as types of our navy.

The battle-ships are named after the States, and the pictures show you five—the “Maine” and the “Texas,” known as turret battle-ships; the “Indiana” and “Massachusetts,” coast-line battle-ships; and the “Iowa,” a sea-going battle-ship.

The Maine, blown up in Havana Harbor February 15, and the Texas, now part of the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads, date from 1886, and were built on a plan since given up—the heaviest guns being put in two turrets on opposite sides, one forward and the other aft of the smoke-stacks. The Texas is fast, steaming more than twenty miles an hour, and carries guns that fire shots weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds each. She is protected by armor a foot thick. In the picture here shown she is firing a salute to the President.

The Indiana and the Massachusetts, with the “Oregon,” built to defend our harbors, are believed to be as powerful as any ships afloat. Certainly none equals the Indiana in ability to give and take blows. She weighs 10,288 tons, goes about eighteen miles an hour, and her heaviest shots are of eleven hundred pounds apiece.

The Iowa is larger, slightly faster, carries lighter armor, but possesses guns nearly as powerful. She is called a sea-going battle-ship because she has higher sides and is otherwise better fitted for sailing and fighting at sea.

The “New York” and “Brooklyn” are armored cruisers—that is, they carry armor along the sides; while the “Columbia” and “Minneapolis” rely mainly upon an armored deck. They are the swiftest of the big ships—the Columbia having crossed the Atlantic at eighteen and a half knots an hour, and the Minneapolis having reached a speed of over twenty-three knots, more than twenty-six miles, an hour.

The monitors “Amphitrite” and “Terror” are built to defend harbors. They are about half as fast as the cruisers, are difficult to hit because they are low in the water, except for their heavily armored turrets, and can fire projectiles weighing five hundred pounds each. Some naval authorities believe the monitors a match for the heaviest battle-ships.

The “Katahdin” is a ram. She is meant to fling herself at the enemy's vessel, and to pierce its hull with her strong steel nose. She is an experiment, and the only boat of her kind in the world. The “Vesuvius” has already been described in ST. NICHOLAS, and it will be enough to say that she fires dynamite by means of three enormous air-guns that are aimed by turning the whole vessel.

The “Porter” and “Ericsson” are torpedo-boats, the first having a speed of nearly thirty-three miles an hour, the second nearly twenty-eight. Some foreign torpedo-boats are faster than either, but our own have speed enough to overtake any of the larger craft, into which they could send their deadly torpedoes.



THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "IOWA"

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THE OREGON, BB-3, U.S. NAVY.



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THE BATTLESHIP "OREGON."

DESIGNED BY THE U. S. NAVAL ARCHITECTS.



THE BATTLESHIP "OREGON."

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THE HARBOR-DEFENSE STEAM-RAM "KATAHDIN."

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THE "ALBATROSS" (USC 3) AT SEA.



THE "ALBATROSS" (USC 3) AT SEA.



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "TORTIER" UNDER WAY.

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THE "TEXAS" FIRING A SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT.

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THE ALBATROSS (USFV No. 1) SAILING ON THE WATER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE U.S. NAVY.

THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

(This story was begun in the December number.)

X.

No one will ever know just what Sleepy was going to say about the Troy Latin School, for he dropped off in a doze in the midst of his sentence as suddenly as a small boy walking along a sidewalk disappears down a coal-hole left open by mistake.

It is probable, however, that Sleepy was going to say that since the Dozen had trounced the Kingston men in baseball, the number of academies that opposed the admission of Lakerim into the Interscholastic League would be so much reduced that if the Troy Latin School could be also taught to know its betters, the League would have to take in the High School in self-defense.

You must not think, from reading the different chapters of this history, that the Dozen had any wonderful fairy-story charm for winning all the games they played in. Far from it! They were beaten often, and sometimes very badly. Sometimes they got that disease which is something like the mumps—that disease called the “swelled head.” When they caught this they were pretty sure to have the swelling reduced by the clever work of their opponents. On the other hand, when the Dozen was at its best, and played its part in a businesslike way, every man working for the club first and himself and his own glory next, they were pretty certain to come out in the lead. They learned from bitter experience that “grand-stand playing,” or jealousy of one another generally brought disaster on the whole Twelve. And so their games were an education to them.

The reason I like to describe at length only the games they won is that it seems so much wiser and pleasanter to dwell on the good

qualities of our friends. Every one has faults,—it is no great honor to have a great many of them,—and so it takes no great wisdom to pick out the flaws in the people we know; sometimes it takes pretty sharp eyes to find their good points.

But this is n't getting on with the story.

The Lakerim baseball nine played a number of rattling good games that brought a deal of money into the treasury, though not enough to bring the wealth of the Twelve back to the high-water mark it had reached before they paid the first money down to the contractors. After they had got themselves well in hand for baseball, they found that the games they played were about practice enough, and some of them spent their leisure time rowing on the lake or on the little river that dawdled along half a mile from the town.

Before a great while eight of the men showed they would be promising material for a crew, and it was decided that, as they were trying all the other sports, they might as well include rowing; so they did.

Punk was the likeliest oarsman of the lot; there was something about the terrible earnestness and the grim steadiness of rowing that appealed to him and made him a better man than other fellows more brilliant and more lively could have been. The Dozen had an old eight-oared barge that had come down to them some way or other, and in this they practised ardently. They felt that if they could only have a new boat, built on the latest lines, they could at least stand a fair chance with the Troy Latin School, which, for all its haughtiness, did not boast a particularly expert crew. But racing-shells cost money, and Punk saw no way to buy one unless the funds in the treasury could be suddenly increased.

One day, after school, he was setting forth his woes to the girl who stood next to the Dozen

in his heart. As you might expect, such a slow going fellow would pick out the liveliest girl in town for his best friend. Suddenly he looked round, and she had utterly disappeared. After a moment's wonderment, he sauntered on home, and thought nothing more about her mysterious disappearance; but the next day he learned that she had already thought of a great scheme to earn the club some ready cash.

Her plan was not very original, and not very new, but she made up for this in the energy she showed in carrying it out. There was to be a great and glorious "social," not given in a church, but in the High School. The twelve best girls of the Dozen were to furnish ice-cream and cake at the highest cost they dared.

These twelve girls were to take care of the business arrangements, sell all the tickets they could, and collect all the money they could, and turn over the profits to the club. In fact, the girls called themselves the "Lakerim Athletic Annex."

The boys of the club were to furnish the entertainment that was to draw the people out.

Thanks to the earnest efforts of the Annex, the club found a great audience gathered in the school-house. The expenses were almost nothing, and the sandwiches were all eaten, and well paid for. The ice-cream and cakes sold as if they were hot, and the lemonade-cooler had to be filled and refilled with water many times after the lemons were all gone.

The entertainment furnished by the Athletic Club proved very conclusively that the boys were better fitted for the athletic field than for the platform. They were all very red and dressed-up and nervous, and their knees shook like the rattle-bones of a minstrel show.

President Tug opened the ceremonies with a speech. He exhibited as much dignity as a boy can who has so many lumps in his throat that he thinks he is swallowing a pump-chain. Tug explained the nature of the club (which everybody knew), and its ambitions (which everybody knew). He closed with a fine appeal for help, that brought forth a generous response of applause.

Then Reddy and Heady came on like the Siamese twins, and sang "Ship Ahoy!" At the end of the duet Reddy's voice broke, and

Heady got off the key. So, in the midst of much hand-clapping, and some laughter that could n't be helped, they hurried off the platform and out into the school yard, where each one blamed the other in such a loud tone that their new duet was heard inside, and seriously interfered with B. J.'s recitation, "I stood on the bridge at midnight." The audience, remembering the exploit of bridge-jumping that gave B. J. his title, listened to his solemn speech with a broad grin on its face.

Jumbo now appeared, and did some wonderful feats with Indian clubs. He brandished them as lightly as toothpicks in all sorts of curves and didos, and they flashed here, there, and everywhere like solid gold; but when one of them slipped and flew through the air, and, after just skipping the principal's head, banged against one of the pillars, the gold proved to be only gilt paper pasted on.

Next Pretty appeared, and sang a tenor solo in an uncertain voice that shot up when it should have gone down, and slid down when it should have soared to the top notes. But he got an encore, and sang again; yet I must say that his appearance was much more agreeable than his voice.

After him Sawed-Off gave an exhibition of weight-lifting. The ease with which he held big masses of iron out straight, or "curled" them, or shoved them up toward the ceiling, led one of the boys who was not a member of the club to remark quite audibly that the dumb-bell was hollow and weighed about half a pound. Just as he had finished this speech the dumb-bell slipped and struck the floor with a crash, breaking one of the boards of the platform into smithereens. The visitor watched the rest of the exhibition silently, and Sawed-Off's goose-egg biceps won a loud recall.

Quiz was next, and delivered "Spartacus to the Gladiators" in a squeaky voice.

Punk recited a long oration of Daniel Webster's, and Reddy addressed the audience as "Friends, Romans, countrymen!" which flattered them vastly.

History read an essay called "Night Brings Out the Stars." And since he brought in all the big words he could weave in, Jumbo whis-

pered to Sawed-Off: "Night ought to bring out a dictionary, too."

By the time History had finished reading his long, high-flown sentences the audience was getting restless; and when Sleepy appeared for the final number, and with his crooked baseball fingers played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations,—accent on the variations,—the audience was very glad to take the hint. They went home convinced that the Dozen must be pretty fine athletes since they were such poor entertainers; but as they did not take their money back with them, the Twelve made no complaint.

With the money gained from the "blow-out," as they called it, they were able to get a good racing-shell at a bargain, and it was shipped to them immediately. When it was out of its wrappings and floating gracefully on the river, Punk gazed on it lovingly, and patted its smooth cedar sides as if it were a more beautiful steed than any of the Thousand and One Arabian Nightmares.

At the first sight of the new shell, the Twelve decided to send a red-hot challenge to the Troy Latin School. After a period of waiting that tried their patience sorely, the challenge was begrudgingly accepted. Troy thought Lakerim would be a good thing to practise on.

Meanwhile the training of the crew was going on vigorously under Punk's management. The fellows dieted wisely, and not too well, and before long got the hang of things so that they rowed in fairly good form. Each man learned to fasten his eyes on the neck of the man in front of him, and to keep time with him exactly, with no glances to this side or that, and no attempt to do all the rowing for himself. The eight learned to catch the water together; to throw the greater part of their effort into the earlier part of the stroke, and then to "pull it through"; to feather the oars without splashing, to get them out without clipping, and to drop them back into the water with just the proper "ker-chug!" as they poetically called it.

Punk studied every man, and coached or argued with or trained him until he learned to use his arms as if they were straps, and bring the oar back to his breast without swinging the body off from the straight line, not to dip too

deep, and yet to cover his oar well, and, above all, not to let himself get rattled and out of time with the seven others.

Punk studied even the little eddies that each oar sent back, and by the depth of these and their neatness and the number of their bubbles learned to pick out the shirkers from the workers, and to tell just how each man was rowing, as if each eddy were an autograph writ in water.

Punk himself looked to be, as he was, just the ideal oarsman. His arms were long and big-boned; his back was a chart of anatomy; his hips were wide, and his loins full of strength, and his legs had neither too much nor too little sinew. His lungs were a magnificent pair of stout bellows, and his heart was steady as an eight-day clock. So he was made the Captain and the Stroke.

B. J. was Number One in the bow, and Bobbles was Number Two, and the Third man was Quiz, whose bicycle had given him good legs; Sawed-Off, being the heaviest, was put in the center, and next were Reddy and Heady; and the Seventh man—the all-important Seventh man who must watch the Stroke and pass on to the rest all of his motions—was Tug, of course.

History, being the smallest of the Twelve, was made Coxswain. They wanted him to leave his glasses off so as to reduce his weight; but the first time he tried it he nearly steered them aground, so they decided they must carry those additional ounces of cargo.

Jumbo was broken-hearted at being separated from Sawed-Off, and Sawed-Off wanted to quit the crew, but after much argument the sworn chums were appeased. Jumbo consented to stay ashore and help them with his good wishes and advice. Sleepy tried hard to make the crew, because he said rowing just suited him; all you had to do was to get into the swing, and row on in your sleep. But somehow Punk could n't see it quite in that light. Pretty had the build of an oarsman, but did not enjoy the hard, steady grind of it; so there was no change made in the eight as Punk first picked them out.

As the all-eventful day of the race drew near, the beloved boat was packed on a train as anxiously as if its shell were that of an egg, and Punk stayed by to guard it. The morning of

the race the boys arrived at Troy. (It was not Troy, New York, nor the Troy Homer and Virgil told about; you'll find it on the map near Lakerim.)

The boat was carefully taken to the water's edge and placed, bottom up, on sawhorses; then Punk went over it all, touching up its coat here and there, and readjusting the outriggers and all the parts of the boat with an eye like a microscope.

The fellows took a trial spin over the course and back, in the bracing air of the river and the morning. They paddled easily but scientifically as long as they were under the eyes of the Trojans; but when they were out of sight around the one bend on the course, Punk told Coxswain History to yell, "Hit her up!" and they ran up the stroke to a fierce sweep that sent the shell singing through the water.

After a good light lunch and a brisk walk, they came back to their quarters and rested while the crowd began to gather along both sides of the river. There were tugs and excursion-steamers, and a ferry-boat, and a house-boat or two, and innumerable skiffs huddling together and hunting out the best positions, until the quiet old river wondered if the world were coming to an end, or if all these people were celebrating its birthday—it had had so many birthdays that it had no idea what one this would be. But though it had long since got into the habit of reckoning a thousand years as one year, this was the first birthday party it had had since the warriors of two tribes of Indians fought in birch-bark canoes upon its placid breast.

Along the side of the river ran a railroad, whose loud whistle often reminded the old stream of the war-cries of the lost children of the forest. This railroad was to send a special train along to follow the race, and some of its cars were made gorgeous with the banners of the Trojan tribe; but Lakerim men were proud to see that others of these cars were still more beautiful with the ribbons and flags of

THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

Soon after the judges' boat had taken its place, and all the preliminaries were settled, the Troy Latin School crew issued from its boat-house, carrying a long paper shell, placed it

delicately on the stream, stepped into it gingerly, and rowed into position with an easy grace that showed great confidence. Cheers and shrieking whistles greeted them in huge force; but when the Lakerim eight swung gently into position, though there were not so many voices to whoop it up, the enthusiasm of the cheers more than atoned for their lack of volume.

Then followed a deep silence, while the sixteen oarsmen slipped out of their sweaters and bent forward like drawn bows, waiting for the pistol-shot that was to set these steel springs into a frenzy of action.

"Attention!"

"Ready!"

Bang!

On the instant sixteen stout lads lifted themselves from the sliding-seats, and flung their bodies backward with a lunge that fairly lifted the two shells out of the water. Thirty-two biceps swelled big as they pulled oars home to chests in a clean, steady line. Sixteen oars flashed through the air like homing pigeons, buried themselves again beneath the water, and dug viciously at it again and again, and ceaselessly.

Punk was so methodical and steady himself that his main idea had been to make clocks out of his men, with oars for pendulums. He knew that in rowing, above all sports, the ideal for the oarsmen to strive toward is to make themselves as nearly as possible only perfect parts of a soulless machine; each must run smoothly, and swing in perfect alinement.

In his determined efforts to train his men out of all semblance to excitable individuals, he had given little attention to teaching them a brilliant start. He knew that a fine beginning might, after all, prove to be only the sputter of a man whose strength went out in a flash instead of burning in steady blaze.

After the first three or four violent strokes, as Punk looked out of the tail of his eye he could barely see the stern of the Troy boat; and he knew that they led him by nearly half a length.

History, the Coxswain, was mightily excited at the seeming superiority of the rivals; but Punk calmed him with the two words, "Hold it,"

and he set a stroke of thirty-six to the minute, long, dogged, telling; and the hysterical cheers of the Troy faction, and the toot of their whistles, found his ears almost deaf to the uproar.

All he listened for was the little chunk of the oars when they fell into the water as one, and the little purl of the eddies, and the tinkle of the drops as they fell from the flashing blades. So long as the noise of the oars was not a boisterous splashing, and so long as the boat throbbed regularly on an even keel as it bounded forward, he knew they were all right.

But out of the tail of his eye he watched the tail of the Troy boat. When he lost sight of it he quickened the stroke, and when it reappeared he lowered the stroke; he made no effort to gain.

The Troy men, however, were working like Trojans, and rowing themselves out in their efforts to shake off this despised Lakerim eight. But bend as they would, and dig as they would, and grunt as they would, they could not effect any permanent change in their positions. It was almost as if the Lakerim boat had grappled them, and they felt, as they toiled, that they were pulling it as well their own shell.

When they had thus sped well along their course,—speeding, however, was not the word the spectators would have given it; it looked like crawling to those on the train,—Punk felt that he was pretty well acquainted with the stuff the Troy men had in them. He gave the sign to History, and made eight hearts glad by the quickening of the stroke. Each of the seven men behind him saw the back that was his master move to and fro a little quicker and a little quicker, till they were all fairly humming. Troy responded to the spurt vigorously, and there was a pretty test. But they could not keep the pace Punk set them, and the Lakerim boat moved along their side with stubborn persistence until the Trojan stroke-oar could just barely see out of the tail of his eye the tail of the Lakerim boat. Then he lost it from view, and to save him could not find it again.

Slowly, slowly, Lakerim pulled away till the oarsmen in the Trojan bow lost sight of the boat; till the amazed Troy folk on the train that puffed alongside saw daylight between the bow

of their own boat and the stern of the Lakerim shell; till the inch grew to a foot, and the foot to a yard, and the yard to a boat-length, and the boat-length to a yard of boat-lengths. And there Punk held her.

The Troy School men spurted and spurted until their tongues almost hung out of their mouths—till there was no more spurt in their nerves. They rowed out of line, “out of the boat,” as they say, each man for himself; they splashed and caught crabs and lost the stroke generally, until the distracted coxswain, after yelling in vain at each of the stampeded crew, was forced to slow down the stroke and get them together again.

Punk’s men might have had the same panic under the same circumstances; but now they were far in the lead and the stampede in the Troy shell gave them three more lengths to add to their three. They could see for themselves the disastrous effects that came about when each man thought to save the day for himself, and slipped his cog. So they rowed merrily along, tired and panting, but rejoicing.

And now the flags they had passed told them they were nearing home, and they were already planning what celebration they should give to their victory. Even Punk,—the sedate, mechanical Punk—forgot his solemnity, and grinned at History like the Cheshire cat.

And then—and then—

A little rip, and a sudden snap, and a loud crash! His oar had broken! His good spruce oar had played the traitor and failed him just in the moment of his victory! Instinctively, for a moment, he continued the motions of rowing with the fragment he held in his hand; then, in stupefaction, he dropped it, and saw the two parts of the blade drifting away from him. History’s eyes were almost popped out of his head.

And now Punk has ceased to bend to and fro; and Tug, who has seen the whole catastrophe, almost stops rowing; and the rest slow down their stroke and merely paddle.

For a moment only, Punk sits bewildered; then, with a cry, “Row, all!” and with a swift command to History, “Hit her up!” he rises in his place, brushes the little coxswain to one side, and places one foot on the keel-piece of the

shell, and, bracing himself, leaps head first into the water. The boat gives a lurch, then steadies herself, as the seven oarsmen understand, and take up their task where it had broken off. The loss of the best oarsman in the shell is a grievous loss; and he is captain too! But if he were only to be a "passenger," his room was better than his company.

A tremendous shout broke from the throats of all the spectators, even from the friends of the Troy faction, at the plucky act of the Lakerim captain. The Troy coxswain, however, saw the accident with delight, and saw in it a hope to win the race. For he thought it better to beat seven men than to be beaten by eight.

In the trouble that fell upon the Lakerim crew the Troy shell recovered much of the intervening distance, and hardly two lengths remained to Lakerim when the seven men got back into the old swing. It was all a question of distance and time. The boys rejoiced that they were so near home, and determined to fight the battle to the end of their strength.

The Troy boat came loping along with a spurt. Then the Lakerim men got themselves well under way, and the Troy superiority was not so marked. The Trojans gained, gained, of course—but slowly, however surely. The lungs and legs of the Lakerim seven ached like mad. But though Punk was absent from them in the flesh, he was with them in spirit, and they kept their heads and coöperated with one another magnificently. Even if they lost, they would lose in good form.

And now the interval that had widened between them and the Troy boat is closing. Once more the bow and the stern are even, and the Troy eight moves along the Lakerim seven, notch by notch, man by man. But History calls out desperately to each boy by name for one last

effort, and they all bend to the oars like fiends. Tug and the others pry upon the water until their boat answers in leaps like a hound. The oar-blades clench the stream as the teeth of the oarsmen clench. Then, with one last heave that seems to drain their strength down to their very toes, they lift her across the line into victory—half a length ahead.

The Lakerim seven did not faint,—a winning crew never does,—but they were as near swooning like heroines in old-fashioned novels as modern heroes ever were. They were not, however, half over their weakness before they began to worry about their captain who had, as they say, "fallen outside of the breastworks." The last they had seen of him was when his head disappeared in the crowd of boats following in the wake of the race. They felt sure that he had been picked up at once.

But Punk had not fared so well as they thought. The winter chill of the river had not yet yielded to the mild persuasion of the spring; and when he rose to the surface after the shock of the dive he felt almost half frozen with the cold, and he choked as he came up and swallowed a stomachful of water, and barely saved himself from being beaten over the head by the Trojan oars; for he was so bewildered that he struck out in the wrong direction.

He kept himself afloat, however, till the leading tug came along. The tug was under some headway, however, and since he tried to get by on one side, and it tried to pass him on the other, he was again almost run under, and hardly saved himself by a great fling to the left, just as the tug swept by. The current of the river was too strong, however, and though they reached for him, he went swishing past out of reach of the boat-hooks and hands.

Then the suction of the screw began to pull at him and to drag him toward the whirling blades.



CEREMONIES AND ETIQUETTE OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT PHILIP ANDREWS, U. S. N.

THE regulations of the navy set forth just what honors shall be shown the various high officials and military officers who visit our men-of-war. The practice follows closely that in vogue by all nations, so that it would be very difficult to leave out any of the numerous honors and salutes now given. That more simplicity in the honors shown officials would be better suited to our republican form of government is certain; but international courtesy requires that we go through the same ceremonies as those employed by the most formal countries. The Chinese have a most sensible custom for rendering honors. They give a salute of only three guns, whatever the rank of the visitor. This saves much noise and waste of powder, and would be an excellent practice for all nations to follow.

When the President of the United States visits a ship-of-war of our country, he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commodore, or commanding officer, together with such other officers as may be selected. The officers of the ship, in full uniform, are on deck, the crew, in their best uniforms, are at quarters for inspection, and the marine guard and band are paraded.

As the President steps on deck the drums give four ruffles, the band plays the national air, the President's flag is displayed at the main, and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. When the President leaves the same ceremony is gone through with, the salute being fired when the boat containing him clears the ship, his flag being hauled down at the last gun.

Any other vessels of the navy present give the same salutes, and the crew, as the President passes, man the yards, or parade along the rail if the ship is without square-rigged masts.

Manning yards is one of the customs of the old navy, and is dying out with the disappearance of square-rigged masts. The men stand on all the yards, arms stretched out, and hands grasping the life-lines, which are stretched

above the yard to give proper support. It is a very pretty sight, as the life-lines cannot be seen, and the men seem to be standing unsupported on the yards. As men-of-war to-day are being built without sail-power, and with only military masts, this ceremony has of necessity been replaced by simply parading the crew on deck in the most conspicuous places.

The following table shows the honors given other officials :

Rulers or ex-rulers of nations.	Crew paraded on yards manned.
Members of royal families.	Salute of 21 guns.
Ex-President of the U. S. (except that no flag is displayed).	Band plays national air.
	The marine guard paraded.
	Eight side-boys.
	National flag displayed.
Vice-President of the U. S.	Salute of 19 guns when he leaves.
	Marine guard paraded.
	Six side-boys.
Cabinet ministers.	
Justices of the Supreme Court.	The marine guard paraded.
Governors of States.	Salute of 17 guns.
Committees of Congress.	Six side-boys.
An admiral.	
The Assistant Secretaries of War or of the Navy.	Marine guard paraded.
A vice-admiral.	Salute of 15 guns.
An envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.	Six side-boys.
A minister of the U. S. abroad, or minister of a foreign country.	Marine guard paraded.
A rear-admiral.	Salute of 13 guns.
	Six side-boys.
A chargé d'affaires or commissioner.	Marine guard paraded.
A commodore.	Salute of 11 guns.
	Six side-boys.
Consuls-general.	Salute of 9 guns.
	Sergeant's guard of marines.
	Six side-boys.

Consuls.	Salute of 7 guns.
Captains and commanders.	Sergeants' guard of marines.
	Four side-boys.
Vice-consuls or commercial agents.	Salute of 5 guns.
	Four side-boys.
Commissioned officers of lower rank.	Two side-boys.

No salute exceeds twenty-one guns, and no salute is ever fired except between sunrise and sunset, when the national colors must be displayed; but it is also usual not to fire salutes before 8 A. M. Whenever the President is embarked in a ship-of-war flying his flag, all other United States ships-of-war, and naval stations near which he passes, will fire the national salute.

Side-boys are detailed usually from the apprentice boys. They stand each side of the gangway, in line, and salute by touching their caps as visiting officials come on board or leave. Commissioned officers board and leave a ship by the starboard gangway. Warrant officers, naval cadets, and enlisted men use the port gangway.

After nightfall, all boats coming close to the ship are hailed by the marine sentry or by the quartermaster with the words, "Boat ahoy!" A flag-officer answers, "Flag"; a commanding officer answers the name of his ship; other commissioned officers answer, "Aye, aye"; warrant officers and naval cadets answer, "No, no"; while enlisted men answer, "Hello!"

Every officer and man, on reaching the upper deck, salutes the national flag, and this salute is returned by the officer of the watch at hand.

Flag-officers are addressed by their titles of admiral or commodore; captains and commanding officers are called "Captain"; all other officers are called "Mr.," and not by their official titles, though in addressing them in writing these titles are always used. The surgeons, however, are usually called "Doctor," and paymasters of any grade "Paymaster."

Boat salutes are given by tossing oars, which means holding them upright in the air with

the blades fore and aft; or by lying on oars, by which is meant holding the oars horizontal as they rest in the rowlocks. Coxswains of boats stand and salute when passing boats containing officers. All officers and men, whether in uniform or not, meeting a senior afloat or ashore, salute by touching the cap.

When a ship of the navy enters a port of any nation where there is a fort or battery, or where a ship-of-war of that nation may be lying, she shall fire a salute of twenty-one guns, provided the captain is satisfied that the salute will be returned. The flag of the nation saluted will be displayed at the main during the salute.

National airs of foreign states having war-vessels in company with our own will be played by our bands as a compliment.

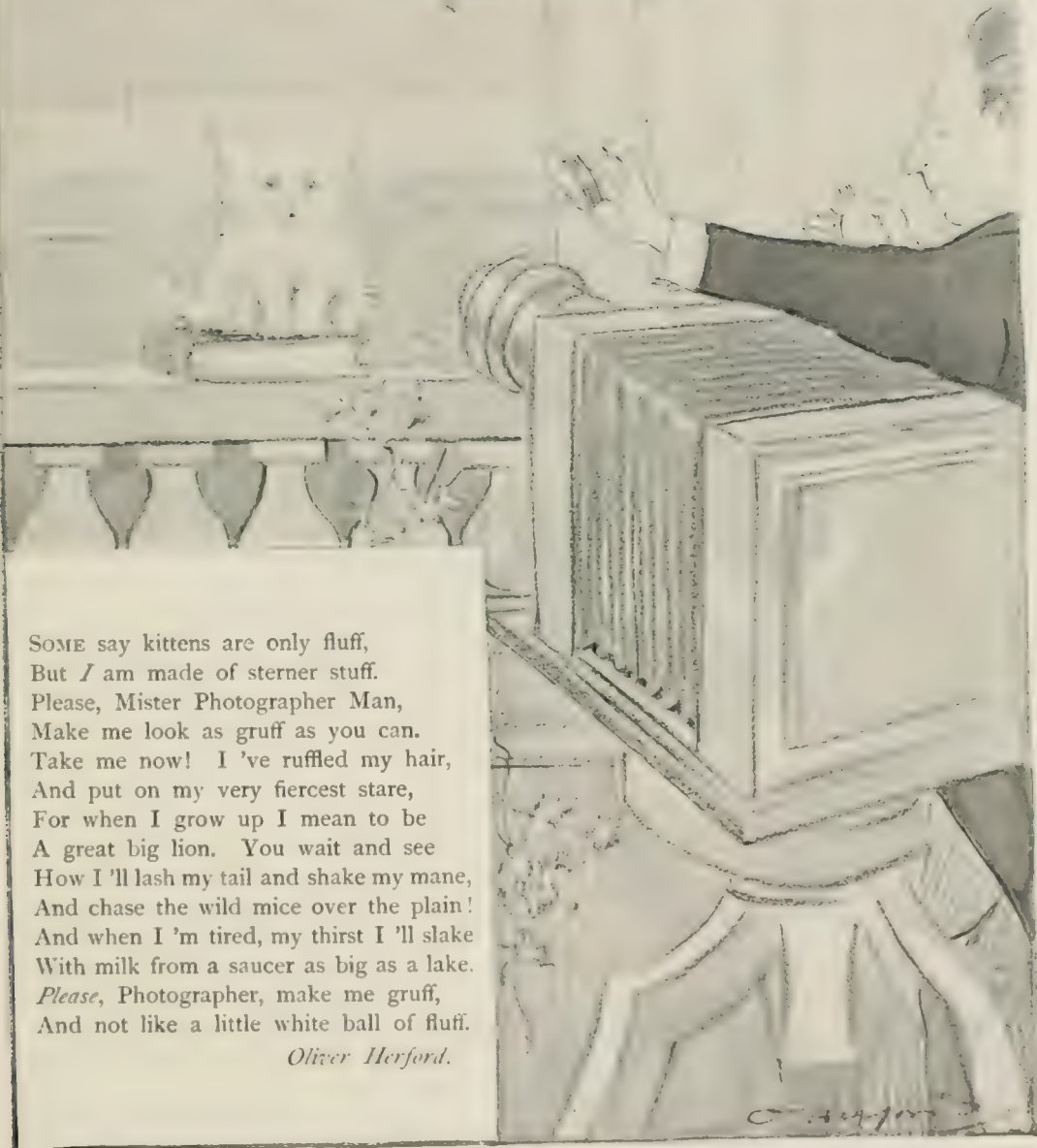
In the morning, after "Colors," and at sunset, the national air of the port is played, followed by the national airs of the foreign ships-of-war present, in the order of the rank of the commanding officers.

On the occasion of celebrating foreign national anniversaries or festivals, when ships-of-war of that nation dress ship, ours follow, with the foreigner's flag at the main, and fire the same salutes they do. It is usual in such cases to dress ship from 8 A. M. till sunset. Dressing ship is simply making a great display of all available flags and bunting, festooned and strung all over the ship's masts in some regular fashion.

It has been a noticeable fact that English men-of-war manage never to be in port on a Fourth of July with a man-of-war of our country, thus avoiding firing a salute in honor of the anniversary of our independence. On Queen Victoria's "Jubilee Day" men-of-war all over the world in company with English vessels dressed ship, and with them fired a salute of fifty guns, a very unusual thing.

It may seem that there is too much fuss and ceremony attending our military functions, and no doubt it might well be lessened; but a great deal of it is necessary as a partial means of preserving wholesome respect for the officers, and of keeping up discipline.

At the Photographer's.



SOME say kittens are only fluff,
But *I* am made of sterner stuff.
Please, Mister Photographer Man,
Make me look as gruff as you can.
Take me now! I've ruffled my hair,
And put on my very fiercest stare,
For when I grow up I mean to be
A great big lion. You wait and see
How I'll lash my tail and shake my mane,
And chase the wild mice over the plain!
And when I'm tired, my thirst I'll slake
With milk from a saucer as big as a lake.
*Please, Photographer, make me gruff,
And not like a little white ball of fluff.*

Oliver Herford.



— THAT IS A BIG ONE —

THE NEWSPAPER.

BY ANNIE B. JONES.

FATHER reads the paper
When he comes home at night,
"To find out all the news," he says,
And I suppose he 's right:
Yet when I asked, he had n't read
That Bob, our butcher's cat, was dead.

TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*This story was begun in the December number.*]

XXXIII.

BACK IN BIDDICUT.

"HE 's coming! Cliff 's coming! And he 's got the dog! He 's bringing home the dog!"

Trafton Chantry, who had been watching at the gate for his absent brother, shrieked out this welcome news at about nine o'clock that morning.

Susie took up the cry: "Cliff is coming! Cliff is coming with the dog!" She flew through the kitchen, calling, "Amos! he 's come! Tell pa, quick! He 's come with the dog!"

The mother hastened to the door, to behold with her own amazed and happy eyes the return of the wanderer, of whom no word had been received since Quint's father brought news of the two boys the day before.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "wonders will never cease! My son!—and he has got the prize!" For to her, also, the appearance of the dog led captive was the crowning triumph of her boy's return.

Trafton had rushed out again to meet his brother, and they came into the yard together, walking fast and talking fast, with Sparkler trotting demurely between them. Amos came running and shouting, and Mr. Chantry appeared, his amused face quirking between his fleecy side-whiskers; and soon a jubilant group was gathered, of which Cliff was the central figure and flushed hero.

He stood holding Sparkler by the cord, and with gleeful excitement answering, or attempting to answer, the volleys of questions of which he was the target.

"Pa said he 'd bet a thousand dollars you would n't bring home any dog," cried Amos, glorying in his brother's glory.

"I wish I could have taken that bet!" Cliff retorted, while the father stood parting

his whiskers with both hands, and smiling with good-humored sarcasm.

"I did n't think you would get him," he said; "and I did n't see much use in it, even if you should. 'T would take a good many dogs to pay for the anxiety your mother suffered sitting up for you last night."

"I thought of that," Cliff replied, "and I would have helped it, if I could!"

"That 's nothing now," said his mother. "Your father was just as anxious as I was. But we both had faith that you and Quint would be able to take care of yourselves. Do sit down, Cliff! You must be tired. And we 'll all try to keep still and let you tell your story."

"I 'm not a bit tired," Cliff protested, sitting down, nevertheless; "and I don't know what to tell first. Only this I 'll say, first and last and all the time: I owe everything to Quint. He 's great! You never saw such a fellow! And now —!"

He could n't help telling the most surprising part of his story at the beginning.

"If you want to know who is the real owner of the dog, see here!" He held something clasped in his hand, which he opened under his father's peering gray eyes. "See how it fits the place on the collar! And the fellow himself owned up that he stole him from the circus. He 's Barnum's famous performing spaniel!"

Any disappointment Cliff may have felt in consequence of his father's seeming lack of enthusiasm was amply compensated by the exclamations of wonder with which the others regarded the engraved plate and heard his account of how he came by it.

"P. T. Barnum" was a famous name in those days, known in every household in the land. In the minds of all, it added immensely to the importance of the dog lolling at their feet, and to the fact of Cliff's possession of him, to know that he belonged to the great traveling circus and menagerie they had read about.

Nor was Mr. Chantry's enthusiasm as unmixed as it appeared. There was a gleaming brightness in his eyes as he held the plate in his hand and listened at it occasionally while Cliff told his story; and finally, when he heard how the boys had followed Winslow through hardships and discouragements, and captured him at last, he no longer attempted to disguise his satisfaction.

"I always knew Quint Whistler had good

The younger boys were on their knees, patting and hugging the object of so much solicitude and excited discussion.

"Can't we buy him of Bartram?" was Trinton's pathetic appeal.

"That is n't likely," said the father. "Such a dog as that is worth too much money. Bartram must be notified the first thing."

"I would n't give him up!" said Susie.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" chimed in the younger



stuff in him," he remarked; "and I don't see that the other Bartram boy's conduct was anything to be very much ashamed of. Yes, Cliff; I think you did right to take the twenty dollars. But I 'm glad you intend to keep only the ten you had been tricked out of. I 've heard of your Mr. Miller in Wormwood, and I 'm pretty sure Quint's father knows him; we 'll get his five dollars to him in some way. And now"—Mr. Chantry glanced at the engraved name again—"now about the real owner of the dog with the many owners."

boys, while Cliff looked thoughtfully down at the pet crouched lazily between his feet.

"It is n't a question of what you would or you would n't do," said the father; "it 's a question of what is right. Stolen property belongs to the owner, no matter what innocent hands it has fallen into. You said you looked up the names of the places where his show is to be the next few days?"

"It 's in Lowell to-day," Cliff replied. "Next Monday it is to be in Worcester, and the day after in Springfield. I tell you, it was

a temptation for Quint and me to go as straight to Lowell as we could, and have the business settled before there was a chance for any more accidents. But we concluded to come home and tell the news and consult our folks."

"A wise conclusion," said Mr. Chantry, who commonly put so much pepper in his praises of his children that any commendation of his that was free from such ironic condiment gave them all the greater satisfaction. "I don't see but you have acted, all through, about as discreetly as two boys could. Now we'll consult Quint's folks, and decide what's best to do."

"That's my idea," said Cliff; "for of course he has just as much interest in the dog now as I have. He stopped to see his folks, but he promised to come by and by, and talk the matter over."

"To-day is Saturday," Mr. Chantry mused aloud. "I believe Mr. Barnum generally travels with his show, but he may be going home to Bridgeport to spend Sunday. I'll write to Bridgeport. If he is n't there, the letter will be forwarded. A little delay may be unavoidable, but it won't do any harm."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Chantry, "it would be a good idea for Cliff himself to write the letter; why not?"

"That's so! To be sure!" said her husband.

"Oh, I can't write a letter to Mr. Barnum!" Cliff exclaimed, looking up with frightened eyes.

"Do the best you can," said his father. "Make it as brief and businesslike as possible, without trying to tell anything more than is necessary. You never wrote a letter to a great man, and very likely you never will have another chance."

And Mr. Chantry went out, laughing and stroking his whiskers, leaving the boy to face the formidable difficulty of the letter.

XXXIV.

CLIFF WRITES A LETTER AND RECEIVES A TELEGRAM.

HOWEVER, his father's hint had set the boy's mind to working, and while putting Sparkler into the shed, and afterward when he was refreshing himself with soap and

water and clean clothing, he thought out the substance of what he would write.

"If I just say in plain words that I've found the dog, and would like to know what to do with him, won't that be enough?" Cliff asked his mother, as he seated himself at the sitting-room secretary.

"Why, that's just what you want to say," replied his mother. "Write just as you would talk. Now, boys, don't bother him; keep away till he has his letter written."

Cliff, nevertheless, chewed his pen-handle a good deal, and started two or three letters, before he found just the "plain words" he wanted, and put them together in this way:

DEAR SIR: Two days ago a man calling himself Algernon K. Winslow came to this town and sold me a dog for ten dollars. The dog is a small spaniel of mixed breed, and he has been trained to perform tricks. The dog got away the next morning, and another boy and I followed him through five towns, and caught him last night, and brought him home to our house this forenoon. We found the dog had been sold to several different persons, and he had got away from everybody. There was no name on the dog's collar, but we think we have proof that he belongs to you. I like the dog, and would be glad to keep him; but if he is yours, and you want him, please let me know what you wish to have done with him.

This letter he signed in formal fashion and showed to his mother.

"Why, Clifford!" she said. "I think it is a very creditable letter, and I'm sure your father will say so, too!"

"I had no idea of writing so much, but it all came in," said Cliff, well pleased with his composition, now that she had commended it. "But I want to correct and copy it before father has a chance to make fun of it. I've got too many *dogs* in it, for one thing; I want to take out five or six."

He had the letter corrected and neatly copied (for Cliff wrote a very good hand), with the word *dog* occurring in only two places, by the time his father came in.

"Did you do all that without help from anybody?" said Mr. Chantry — the very question Cliff knew he would ask.

"Of course," said Cliff, carelessly. "I found there was n't much to say. If it is n't all right, I can try again." The evidence of his

previous trials had disappeared in the kitchen fire.

His father gave a nod of decided approval.

"Well, Clifford! I don't mind telling you I could n't have done better myself."

"Is n't there too much of it?" said Cliff, trying to conceal his gratification.

"I don't see that there is. You tell how you came by the dog, and it 's right to say something of the trouble you had in hunting him, and to let Mr. Barnum know that you would like to keep him. No!" said Mr. Chantry, emphatically; "I don't find anything in it to alter; and now we 'll see to posting it in time for the noon mail."

"I think I 'd better not seal it till Quint sees it," pursued Cliff, "since it 's his affair as much as mine."

"You are right, my boy — right in every particular!" said his father, quite forgetting that jeering habit of his by which, without ever seriously intending it, he had embittered for his children so many occasions when a single kindly word would have made them happy.

Quint came in soon after, and, being shown the letter, remarked:

"That 's judgmatikal! I don't see how it could be better—unless I had written it myself."

The two boys went together to mail it in the village; which done, Cliff drew a long breath, exclaiming:

"Now to wait for an answer! We are pretty sure none will come to-day or to-morrow, but after that Sparkler may be sent for at any time. It makes me feel blue to think of it."

"You ought to show off his tricks once more," Quint suggested. "I 'd like to have my folks see him. And why not ask in a few friends?"

"I 'll do it! I 'll do it this very evening!" Cliff exclaimed. "Come over early, and bring along as many as you like. I 'll try to have him in good condition—only a little hungry, so he sha'n't go back on us."

The entertainment took place in the Chantry sitting-room, with doors closed, and only screened windows open, and it proved delightfully successful. Quint's father and mother and sister were present, and there were, besides, a few boys of the neighborhood (Dick Swan

and Ike Ingalls among them), who regarded the invitations as precious favors.

Sparkler performed his tricks, some of them over and over again, with a charming alertness that won all hearts, and made the children more than ever unwilling to part with him. During the rests between, and afterward, Cliff and Quint, in response to many questions, gave a most diverting account of their adventures, with many details which Cliff had omitted from his previous narrative.

To Mr. Chantry, who sat quietly rocking and stroking his whiskers, what was most gratifying in this part of the entertainment was the generous forwardness each boy showed in attributing the chief credit of their exploit to his companion. For of what value, after all, are victories won and prizes gained, unless the character be at the same time enriched?

Sunday was a day of delicious rest to both our Biddicut boys; and Monday, fortunately, found them ready to renew their adventure.

No letter came from Mr. Barnum, but early in the forenoon a messenger-boy from the village brought a yellowish-brown envelope, which he displayed as, with pretended ignorance, he inquired for Clifford Chantry.

"What is it?" cried Cliff, running to receive it.

"It 's a telegram," replied the boy, holding it behind him. "Who is Mr. Clifford Chantry, anyway, and where can I find the gentleman?"

"No fooling, Bob Elden!" said Cliff, pouncing upon the messenger, capturing the envelope, and tearing it open.

It contained a telegraphic blank, dated at Bridgeport, and filled out thus:

Deliver dog to Barnum's Circus, at Worcester to-day, or at Springfield to-morrow. Reward and expenses will be paid.

F. T. Barnum.

Cliff was reading this message in a highly excited state of mind when Quint arrived, having immediately followed the messenger-boy, who, as he passed the Whistler premises, had yelled out the startling news that he carried a despatch for Cliff.

All the Chantry household quickly gathered to hear and to discuss the momentous intelligence; and Mr. Chantry observed:

"The dog should go to-day, for you 'll have so much farther to take him to-morrow. Now, which of you boys will go? Or shall I go in your place?" he asked quizzically.

"We 'll both go!" said Cliff and Quint, speaking together.

"That 's just the answer I expected," Mr. Chantry replied, laughing humorously. "And it 's my opinion the sooner you start the better, for I don't know about the railroad connections."

Quint hastened home to put on suitable clothes, and to be rejoined by Cliff on his way with Sparkler to the station. Cliff also prepared himself for a possible interview with the great showman, and led Sparkler out from the shed by the cord, from which he had ventured to remove the wire. All the family followed him to the gate, the parents to give him good advice, and the children to pat and hug for the last time the wonderful quadruped.

"Let me go and see him off! Can't I?" pleaded Trafton.

"Me too!" cried Amos.

The granting of the request made Susie wish she was a boy, that she might claim the same privilege.

The three Chantry boys were joined by Quint as they passed the Whistler house; and as they went on, other village boys ran out to swell the procession, the surprising report having spread that Cliff had received a despatch from the great Barnum, and that he and Quint were on their way to return the dog to the circus at Worcester—an event that made the envious youngsters wish Winslow would come along with more trick-dogs, of which they might become the purchasers.

The two partners, with their captive, did not have long to wait for the train, which relieved them of their too noisy and officious host of friends, and soon set them down at the Junction. There they had to wait for another train; and they had still one more change of cars to

make, and then a ride which seemed interminable to their impatience, before they alighted at the station in Worcester.

XXXV.

HOW THE BOYS WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

MANY people were getting out of the cars, evidently bound for the same destination as the two boys from Biddicut. Some climbed into omnibuses and wagons in waiting; others set off rapidly on foot.

"Shall we walk?" said Cliff. "We 've only to follow the crowd."

"Since our expenses are to be paid, I rather think we can afford to ride," replied Quint, as they approached a wagon bearing a placard inscribed:

CIRCUS GROUNDS—10 CENTS.

They had already discussed the question, whether the word in the despatch meant that expenses would be paid for as many as might come with the dog, and had decided that it could n't be strictly so construed. But they felt that their business was important, and that a little lavishness of expenditure would therefore be justifiable. Cliff took Sparkler in his arms, and, climbing to a seat in the wagon, made him lie down between his knees; Quint took the only other vacant place; and they were soon passing the throngs of pedestrians in their rapid course to the circus grounds.

Cliff's bosom swelled mightily at sight of the great white tents, the swaying flags, and the converging crowds, with the blue dome of a perfect summer sky arching over all. He turned to see if Quint's face betrayed any unusual emotion, and Quint answered his look with a beaming smile.

They were out of the wagon almost as soon as it stopped, and found themselves in a stream of people before rows of small tents or booths containing side-shows, the venders of which were noisily advertised by hand-organs, drums, and shouting men.

Avoiding the stand of the ticket-sellers, the boys made directly to the main entrance of the circus tents. Two men were taking tickets from the throng passing between them. They hardly

noticed anybody, and observed neither our Biddieut boys nor the dog until, as one held out his hand for Cliff's ticket, he received this extraordinary greeting:

"We've come to see Mr. Barnum — if he is here."

"He is here, or will be," replied the man. "You'll see him when he makes his speech. Your ticket!"

"We have n't any. I —"



THE DOG DOES NOT GO WITHOUT ME, AND I DON'T GO WITHOUT MY PARTNER!

"Don't come here without tickets!" exclaimed the ticket-taker sharply. "Stand aside and let the people pass!"

Cliff held his ground, with Quint close behind him.

"I have this telegram from Mr. Barnum," he cried out, to the surprise of the entering

spectators, and of the ticket-taker himself especially, "and we have brought the dog."

The man regarded Cliff more carefully, and cast his eye down at the poor little animal shrinking from the legs of the entering crowd.

"It's 'King Francis!'" he said to his fellow ticket-taker. "I never expected to see him again!"

He would have taken the telegram as if it had been a ticket; but Cliff kept tight hold of it, allowing him merely to glance at it.

"You should have gone to the private entrance. But all right! Dick," the man called to somebody within the tent, "here's King Francis back again! Go with that man," he said to Cliff, and went on with his ticket-taking, which had hardly been interrupted.

Cliff passed into the tent, but Quint was stopped in attempting to follow him.

"He's my partner!" Cliff called back, standing aside to let the crowd pass.

"He can't go in without a ticket," the man declared. "One of you is enough to go with the dog. Pass along! pass along!"

At the same time the attendant named Dick offered to take the cord from Cliff's hand; but Cliff exclaimed:

"The dog does n't go without me, and I don't go without my partner! We are here on Mr. Barnum's business, and if we can't —"

"Go in! go in!" said the ticket-taker, nodding at Quint, and Quint, laughing at the effect of Cliff's defiant words, quickly rejoined him in the tent.

It was a sort of vestibule to the great wild-beast show and the greater amphitheater beyond. In it were a number of living curiosities, among which the boys noticed a very tame giant stalking about, and a human mite, placed, in effective contrast with him, on a low platform from which he shouted up at every spectator who passed: "How 's the weather up where you are?"—his invariable salutation,—in a squeaking mite of a voice.

They passed in through a large circular tent redolent of wild beasts, with great iron-barred cages on either side, and a group of elephants chained, each by one foot, in the central space. There was the monarch of elephants, the mighty "Jumbo," rocking himself on his hips, and dusting himself with wisps of hay, which his huge, elastic, swinging trunk swept over his shoulders and back. Beyond were other trunks, like writhing and twisting anacondas, with open, upturned mouths, which they passed around like contribution-boxes, begging peanuts and bonbons of the spectators. In the cages were mischievous monkeys, restless hyenas walking to and fro, sleepy-looking lions, and beautiful pards and panthers, only glimpses of which could be had through the human groups pressing against the ropes, but which the boys promised themselves they would see more of before they left the show.

The attendant Dick looked down occasionally at the dog Cliff persisted in leading, and made a single remark as they passed the last of the cages:

"The old man will smile to see his pet back again!"—the "old man" being, as the boys understood, the great showman himself.

The next tent was vastly larger still; it was the "mammoth tent" of the circus performances, supported by tall masts, and hung, high overhead, with all the apparatus used by acrobats in their daring aerial feats. The benches, rising one above another from the ample ring, were rapidly filling with spectators; attendants were arranging spring-boards and laying mats for the tumblers; and the members of a band, wearing shining uniforms, and bearing shining instruments, some of prodigious size, were filing to their places. To the boys, who had never seen a great circus, there was in all this prepa-

ration an inspiring suggestiveness which filled them with wonder and joy.

Dick lifted the flap of a curtain, and ushered them into a side-tent, where a troop of athletes in costume, and two or three fantastic clowns, were gossiping together, or walking about, as if waiting for their work to begin, now and then one stepping aside to turn a handspring or a backward somerset on the grass, in mere exuberance of spirits, hardly ceasing from his talk and laughter while whirling in the air.

Past this picturesque and interesting group Dick led the boys toward a part of the tent where a full-proportioned man in a black hat and a swallow-tailed coat, standing with his back toward them, was talking with two other men, one of whom had a ring-master's whip in his hand.

The large man was speaking earnestly, and did not look around until the ring-master, seeing the boys approaching with the dog and their guide, broke out jovially:

"Ho, ho! There 's his Majesty, Mr. Barnum! King Francis has arrived!"

Thereupon the man in the swallow-tailed coat turned a full, genial face smilingly toward the boys, and snapped his thumb and finger at the dog. Sparkler had so far shown but little interest in anything he saw; but at this signal he darted forward the length of his leash, leaping up and manifesting the most joyous emotion under his real owner's caresses.

XXXVI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT SHOWMAN.

"You have got along earlier than I expected," Mr. Barnum then said, looking pleasantly at Cliff.

Cliff stood with his hat off, flushed and panting; but the showman's genial manner quickly relieved him of the embarrassment the boy felt on finding himself in his presence.

"I started as soon as I got your message," he replied. "This is my partner, Quincy Whistler. I never could have got the dog back if it had n't been for him; so I thought we 'd better both come and fetch him."

Quint also stood with his hat off, gravely smiling—a youth without blemish, except for

the bruised spot on his left temple. Cliff noticed that the showman's comprehensive glance rested for a moment on that discoloration, and hastened to explain:

"He got that in a tussle with Winslow—the man who sold me the dog. He might have got worse, for Winslow tried to draw a knife on him."

"Winslow?" queried the showman.

"That 's one of the names he goes by," said Cliff, "though I don't suppose it is his real name. I've brought the bill of sale he signed when he sold me the dog"—producing the paper from his pocket.

The showman glanced his eye over it with a smile that struggled with a frown.

"I know the handwriting," he said, "and I know the man. A scapegrace, if ever there was one! You are quite right; his name is not Winslow."

"He told us—not when he sold me the dog, but after we had followed him up and caught him—he told us," said Cliff, "that he had been connected with your show."

"He told you the truth, for once," replied the showman. "I know his family—respectable Bridgeport people; for their sakes I set the fellow on his feet, when he was down, and gave him employment. He is smart enough,—he could make himself useful if he chose,—and I engaged him at a fair salary. But it was n't safe to trust him with money; so I made him sign an agreement that all but a small part of his earnings should be reserved for the payment of his debts,—chiefly debts to his own father, who has ruined himself by helping him out of scrapes. Yes,"—in answer to a question from Cliff,—“he has a good mother, a refined, intelligent woman. From his boyhood, he has given them no end of trouble.”

"He told us he was hardly more than a boy even now,—not yet twenty-two," said Cliff.

"He is twenty-four years old," said the showman. "I'd like to retain this,"—taking the bill of sale and putting it into his pocket. "He might have kept his place in my show, but he became dissatisfied with the arrangement, and demanded his wages, cash in hand.

Knowing he would squander every dollar I gave him, I refused—for his own good and his family's, as he knew very well. He was intolerably conceited; he imagined 'the Greatest Show on Earth' could n't be run without his assistance. I promptly dispelled that illusion; he became impertinent, and disappeared with the dog."

"He gave us that part of the story pretty straight," observed Quint.

The showman regarded him with friendly interest, remarking:

"He 's a reckless fellow; but I should hardly have supposed he would attempt to draw a knife on you."

"I was a little too quick for him; but his intentions were good," said Quint, with a smile.

"Instead of getting out his knife, my partner tripped him so suddenly he pulled out this, and dropped it," said Cliff, exhibiting the name-plate. "I picked it up afterward, and that 's the way I came to know who was the real owner of the dog."

"That certainly resembles my name!" laughed the showman. After a little further talk with the boys, mainly about the frequent selling of the dog, he asked: "Have you seen any of his tricks?"

"Winslow showed us some of them," replied Cliff, "and I made him perform them afterward."

"Did he show you this? Take hold of that end of the cord."

It was the cord which another attendant (Dick had disappeared) took from Sparkler's collar. Cliff held an end of it, the showman swung it by the other end, and at a word the dog, running in, began to jump the rope with surprising ease and gracefulness.

"I wish I had known he could do that!" Cliff exclaimed admiringly. "Would n't it have pleased our folks!"—turning to Quint, who smiled amused assent.

"Here 's another very pretty performance."

The showman tossed aside the cord, and reached for a drum brought by the attendant. He requested Cliff to hold one side of it, while he held the other, facing him, and raising the drum about three feet from

the ground. At a word Sparkler made a swift dash and leaped straight through it, bursting both drumheads, with a double explosion, and landing on the turf beyond. The drumheads, as the boys perceived, were of paper.

Mr. Barnum then asked the boys a few questions about their adventure, and laughed heartily at the amusing parts of it.

"Have you seen a notice of the reward offered? I am having it posted now with the show-bills, and I've had it sent to a few country papers."

"I have n't seen it," Cliff replied; "I don't know anything about any reward, except what you said in your telegram."

Mr. Barnum was opening a long, well-filled pocket-book.

"I offered a moderate sum—forty dollars. Then, there are your expenses. Of course I meant your expenses bringing the dog from Biddicut; but I think, with all the trouble you've had, I ought to allow ten dollars on the expense account. Then, there's the money you paid for the dog—ten dollars more. Besides, there are two of you, and I am glad to get King Francis back at any price. How's this? Satisfactory?"

And he put into Cliff's hand six ten-dollar bank-notes.

"Oh, Mr. Barnum!" Cliff exclaimed, completely overcome by such unexpected munificence. "Forty dollars is enough—more than we expected! You need n't say anything about the expenses. And I forgot—I meant to tell you—Winslow gave me back *that* ten dollars."

"So much the better!" said the showman, smiling in hearty enjoyment of the surprise and pleasure he was able to afford two such honest-minded youths. "It is thirty dollars apiece. I think you have earned it; and if you are the sort of boys I take you for, a little nest-egg like that is n't going to do you any harm."

"It's a small fortune to us!" said Cliff, with glistening eyes. "Here, Quint! you must take charge of your share,"—dividing the money on the spot. "I am afraid to have so much money about me!"

"Well, thanks! and good fortune to you!" said the showman, holding out both hands to the boys.

"Oh! *we* thank *you*, Mr. Barnum!" replied Cliff. "I suppose I must say good-by to Sparkler, too; that's the only thing I am sorry for now. Sparkler is n't his name?" he said, looking up, as he gave the dog a parting caress.

"King Francis is the only name we know him by." Mr. Barnum then said: "Did you ever see my show?"

"Never; but we have always wanted to," said Cliff, with shining eyes.

The attendant who had carried away the drum now returned with two packages looking like books in wrappers. Mr. Barnum said, as he took them:

"Show these young men to the best reserved seats there are left." Then, presenting a package to each of the boys: "This is the story of my life. I hope you will find it instructive, and that your interest in it will not be lessened by the fact that you have seen and talked with the writer."

Cliff was stammering his thanks, when Quint in a low voice said something in his ear which the showman overheard.

"Write my autograph in the books? Certainly, if you wish it. Go to your places now, and I will send them around to you before the show is over."

The proud parade of the Roman hippodrome, with its horses and chariots and solemn elephants, glorious banners glittering and trumpets braying, was making its stately circuit of the triple-winged arena when the boys reëntered the great tent. Then, as they mounted to the places to which the attendant guided them, with opulence in their pockets and exultation in their hearts, the sonorous, brazen measures of the band burst forth, rivaling in sound the majestic movement and gorgeous colors of the pompous procession of the performers.

"Is n't this grand?" said Cliff, his face beaming as with the light of victory.

"It's judgmatical!" replied Quint, with a high and haughty smile.



THE STAMP-ACT BOX.

BY DAVID WALKER WOODS, JR.

LOOKING over some deeds the other day, I noticed that on most of them were several stamps ranging in value from ten cents to ten dollars. Every boy who has a stamp-album knows that these are revenue-stamps which represent a tax imposed by the United States government in order to raise money to carry on the war for the Union. Very few people in the North objected to this tax, for they were supporting the Union soldiers and the government at Washington.

But these stamps remind us of two other wars with which stamps had much to do. During our war for the Union the stamps were sold to raise money to resist and put down rebellion. The other wars were wars against unjust taxation, and this taxation was represented by the stamp. In one case rebellion produced the stamps; in the other two cases the stamps produced rebellion.

One of these latter wars is now going on in Cuba. Perhaps my readers already know that the Cubans complained of the taxes of the Spanish government. Every merchant in Cuba had to have the pages of his account-books marked with a government stamp, fixed there by an inspector who examined the books every three months or oftener. Every shopkeeper

had to pay a tax for each letter on the sign over his door. These things cost a great deal of money. If the money were used in Cuba, and for the benefit of the Cubans, perhaps they would not have resisted the tax. But most of it, the Cubans say, went to Spain; they also claim that the little that remained in Cuba was used to pay Spanish officials and soldiers who oppressed the Cubans.

The war in Cuba is very much like the American Revolution, in which our forefathers rebelled against the British government. Most of us think of the Revolution as beginning with the victory of the "Minutemen" at Concord in 1775. It really began in 1765, and was marked by a victory in 1766. In 1765 the British government passed the Stamp Act, which obliged the Americans to put stamps on their deeds and other legal papers and to pay for stamps placed on British goods. The Americans resisted this by refusing to buy British goods. Lawyers refused to put the stamps on their papers, and ladies gave up wearing dresses of English cloth, and wore homespun gowns.

The men went further. In Boston they made an effigy of the stamp-collector Oliver, to which they tied a boot, in ridicule of Lord

Bute, the British minister. These were placed on a bier, and then burned in front of Oliver's house.

In New York the men broke into the governor's coach-house, took out his coach, on which they put a stuffed figure, and burned both coach and effigy in front of the governor's residence. Finally, things came to such a pass that the British government repealed the Stamp Act, and that was the colonists' first victory. The repeal papers were sent over in a little wooden box covered with leather.

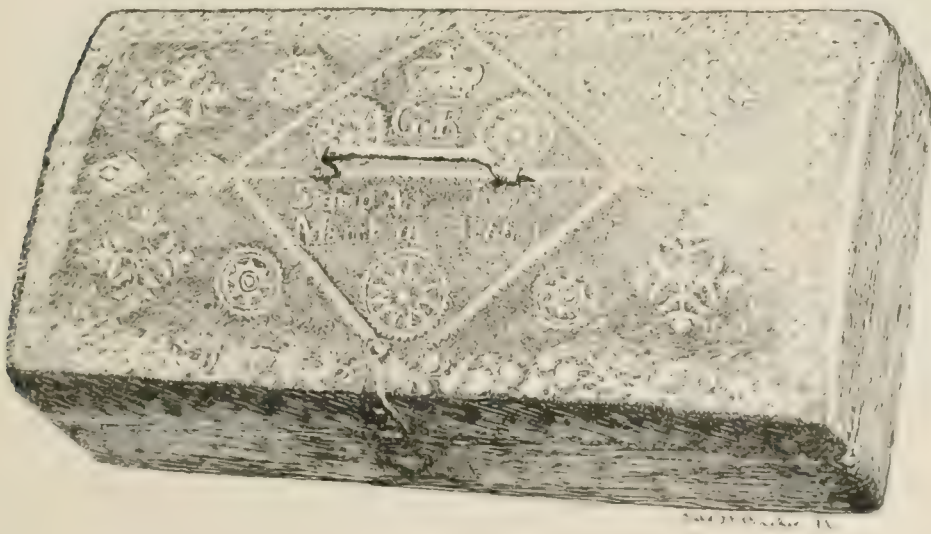
Ten years later this box fell into the hands of a member of the Continental Congress who was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. After the war he gave it to his wife, who gave it to her daughter, and she probably used to keep her gloves and ribbons in it. It happens that this daughter was my grandmother, and that is how the box came into our family. It occurred to me that readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* might like to see a picture of this relic.

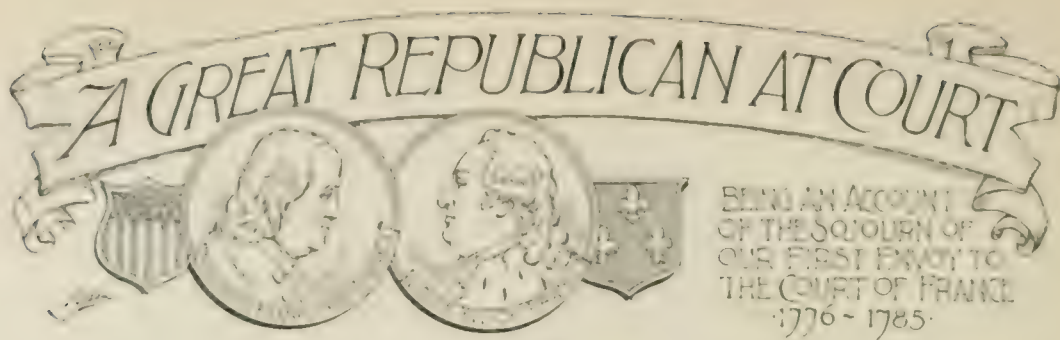
If you could see the box, you would find that the leather and the wood are full of little holes. They were made by insects, which

might have destroyed the box. But it has been saturated with a strong chemical which we hope will save it for many years. In the second picture you are looking down at the top of the box. The little brass handle by which it was carried lies upon the letters "G. R.," which stand for *Georgius Rex*, that is, King George. Above the letters is a crown, and below you can read the words, "Stamp Act R^pd, March 18, 1766." The letters and the figures which ornament the box are in gilt.

This box is a trophy of a victory against unjust taxation. But all true men of that day thought of something more than money and taxes. They believed in uprightness and honor and truth. It is the duty of a government to do justice, and this was well understood by John Witherspoon, who gave an ancestor of mine the Stamp-Act Box. It is very well to have a strong navy and a strong army; but it is well also to remember the words of Witherspoon of the Continental Congress on the true nature of national strength:

"He who makes a people virtuous makes them invincible"—that is, the true strength of a nation is uprightness.





By H. A. OGDEN.

WHEN Dr. Benjamin Franklin stood before the monarch of France in 1778, it must have seemed to him the exact fulfilment of a prophecy; for it is said that, when a poor little boy, his father used to repeat to him Solomon's proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Of course, like most remarkable events that happen in this world, it seemed to come about very naturally. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, that first great step toward making us a free people, Congress decided to send a special envoy to the French court, in order to enlist their aid in our struggle for freedom.

Their choice fell on their ablest and most patriotic member — upon him who had been one of the originators of the Declaration, and who, on signing his name, made the witty remark: "Now, gentlemen, we must hang together, if we would not hang separately."

On October 26, 1776, with his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin, a youth of seventeen, and little Benjamin Franklin Bache, his dear, little boy, of seven, the old Doctor set sail in the sloop-of-war "Reprisal," one of the swiftest craft of our infant navy.

Temple, the older boy, was still at school, and his grandfather's intention was to place him in one of the universities of France or Germany to finish his studies. What little Benjamin did has not been related; but we may be sure that the companionship and care of so wise and kindly a grandfather was as profitable to the boy as any schooling.

The voyage was a stormy one, with a con-

tinuous November gale nearly all the way. Although the Doctor had made eight voyages, he suffered more discomfort than ever before; but no matter how rough or stormy, whether sick or well, true to his desire for knowledge and discovery, he every day took the temperature of the Gulf Stream, of which very little was then known, and brushed up his French, just as many of us do nowadays when we make the same voyage. On the way they were more than once chased by British cruisers, and each time the sloop's deck was cleared for action. When near their journey's end they captured two vessels, or prizes, as they called them; for the *Reprisal*, though a little craft, was a war-ship, and her captain, Hammond, was a valiant officer and brave fighter.

They came at last to anchor, five weeks after their start, in Quiberon Bay, off the coast of Brittany; and the Franklins, taking a fisherman's boat, were put ashore at Auray, on December 3. Sending to the near-by city of Vannes for a post-chaise, they arrived the next day at Nantes, where a grand banquet was held in honor of the American envoy, tidings of his arrival having preceded him. He was then over seventy years of age, and his fame as a printer, editor, inventor, philosopher, and statesman (for the old gentleman was a many-sided genius, was well established. The learned societies of the civilized globe were proud to enroll his name among their members; the French people, from the nobles down to the servants, all were familiar with his quaint and witty sayings, as translated from "Poor Richard's Almanac," as well as with his love of liberty and his broad sympathy

with his fellow-men. Silas Deane, the agent of the American Congress, then living in Paris, afterward said: "Here is the hero, philosopher, and patriot who, at the age of seventy-four, risks all dangers for his country."

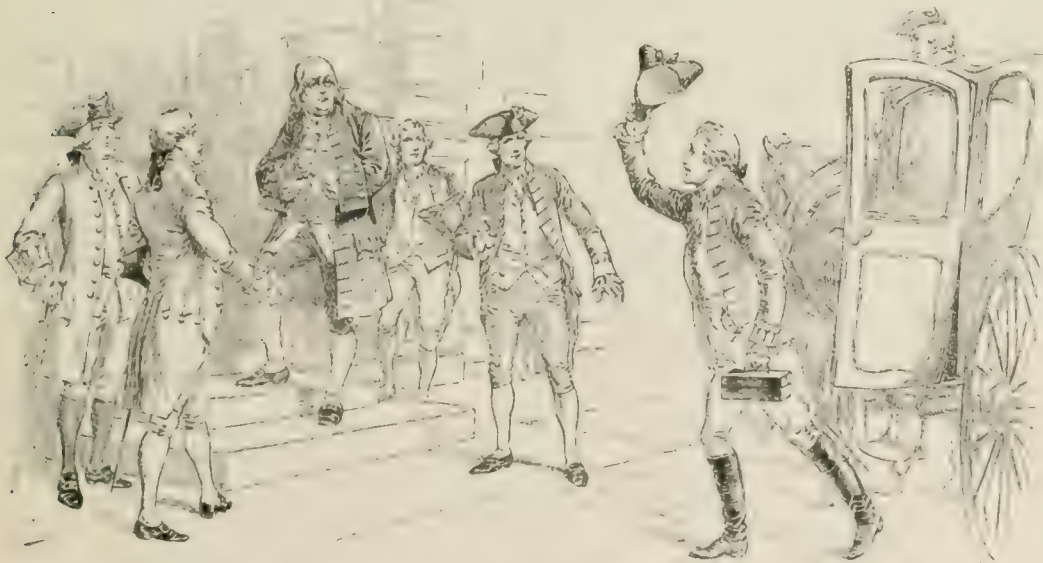
To show that the enemy fully realized his power as an advocate for the cause of independence, the Marquis of Rockingham, one of King George the Third's advisers, remarked that he considered "the presence of Dr. Franklin at the French court more than a balance for the few additional acres which the English had gained by the conquest of Manhattan Island." This was said not long after the battle of Brooklyn, whereby General Howe had secured possession of New York.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris, the Doctor was invited to make his home at Passy, then one of the little towns outside of the city, although now it is inside of the fortifications. Here, on a hill overlooking the river Seine as it flows past villages, châteaux, and palaces, stood the Mansion Valentin, the owner of which insisted on Franklin's sharing his apartments

Doctor went, crowds followed him; he was cheered in the streets or at the opera; his sayings were quoted; and engravings, miniatures, medals, snuff-box lids, and souvenirs were made to bear his kindly features. He wrote home to little Benjamin's mother that they had "made her father's face"—by which, of course, he meant his own—"as well known as that of the moon."

In fact, he became "the rage." We all wanted to see China's great statesman and viceroy, Li Hung Chang, when he visited us recently; his reputation for ability and suavity, his odd ways and novel dress, all interested us. In a similar way, Franklin was a curiosity to the people of the Old World. He always dressed plainly; and his hair, which was gray and quite thin, was not concealed by a wig, though he often wore a fur cap, pulled down nearly to his spectacle-rims.

Ignorant people whispered that he was a wizard, engaged in separating the colonies from England by means of his magic spells. All showed their admiration of his attainments; but



"THE MESSENGER CRIED, 'GENERAL BURGoyNE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY ARE PRISONERS OF WAR!'" (SEE PAGE 775.)

with him without cost, saying, "If your country is successful in the war, and your Congress will grant me a small piece of land, perhaps I may take that as payment." Wherever the

amid all of the compliments paid him and the extravagant attentions he received, he remained the simple-minded, plain republican, ever keeping in mind his country's trials and her need.

The court of France, while friendly and willing to aid us as it could, was not as yet ready to acknowledge our independence, and by so doing to provoke a conflict with Great

time stands Lafayette's generous offer of money, arms, and his life, if need be, without promise of rank or reward; but the French government still withheld its aid, waiting for some decided victory to prove to the nations of Europe that the united colonies stood some chance of winning their liberty.

During this winter of darkness for freedom's cause, Franklin must play his part in the gay world of Paris. To make friends for our country was his constant aim; her enemies he defied, and everywhere he expressed his certainty of the final triumph of America in the struggle.

We have all heard of the phrase, "These are the times that try men's souls." These words were used at just this time by Thomas Paine, who wrote a series of articles on the American war. For, while it was dark indeed on our side of the ocean, it seemed also as if no nation abroad would help us. Franklin sent his associates, Lee and Deane, to the courts of Spain and Prussia for aid, but neither was disposed to take the first step.



"NOT THAT ONE WILL BE TOO SMALL, IT IS THAT YOUR HEAD IS TOO LARGE." (SEE PAGE 780)

Britain. The war, thus far, had gone against us; news of the one bright ray in the gloom — Washington's victory at Trenton — had taken five months to reach France, so difficult was it to escape from the British cruisers watching our coasts.

Some muskets and a private loan of \$100,000 were secured, and single volunteers were plenty. To fight for America became with the young French nobles what nowadays we should call a "fad." Franklin was besieged by requests to be officers in our army, or for letters of recommendation to Congress, and he was at his wits' end to refuse with kindness, so that he should not make promises of rank that he could not fulfil.

In contrast to many of these requests at this

Diplomacy among nations is often a tedious and selfish proceeding. Meanwhile the Doctor did what he could toward arming ships and making easier the lot of prisoners of war abroad. As to the ships, he was somewhat successful, and was gratified by his success; for he was eager to give England some of the treatment the colonies had received from her men-of-war.

All of these matters kept the Envoy very busy — so much so, that his grandson Temple was obliged to act as his secretary, and the idea of his going to a university was given up. At last came the sunshine through the clouds, for the Wise Providence that guides the affairs of nations as well as of men brought about the surrender of Burgoyne and his army in October, 1777, after the battle of Saratoga.



"AT A BRILLIANT FEUE GIVEN IN FRANKLIN'S HONOR, HE WAS CROWNED WITH LAUREL."

The news was despatched with all haste to our representatives abroad. Massachusetts sent the good tidings by special messenger, a young Mr. Austin. Before his departure, a prayer was offered from the pulpit of a church in Boston—the minister, it is said, being so absorbed in praying especially that the despatches might be delivered that he made no mention of the messenger!

In a little over a month, however, both messenger and packet arrived in Paris, and the scene when he drove into the courtyard of the Hôtel Valentinois was a memorable one.

Our representatives had received word of his landing, but knew nothing of the nature of his news. As the chaise dashed up to the group around the door, and the messenger alighted, Dr. Franklin grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"Sir, is Philadelphia taken?"

"Yes, sir," was Austin's reply.

Then the old statesman wrung his hands in disappointment and had begun to return in sadness to the house when the messenger cried:

"But, sir, I have greater news than *that*! General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!"

Temple carried the news to the French prime minister, the Comte de Vergennes, and a few days later a private interview took place at Versailles.

About a year from the landing of Franklin on the coast of France, his errand to that nation was accomplished. She became the ally of the American colonies, and thus was the first to welcome the United States into the circle of nations.

A main condition of the treaty was that we should not make peace with Great Britain unless our independence was recognized—a condition to which our representatives gladly agreed.

Our new ally's first act was to send a frigate carrying M. Gérard, a special envoy to Congress, with tidings of the treaty. He was received with great honor, and joy filled all patriot hearts. On February 6, 1778, the treaty was officially signed by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States. The signing was followed by the important ceremony of being received

by the king in person. As no one in those days ever thought of being presented to a monarch of France with his head uncovered by a wig, Dr. Franklin ordered one for the occasion. The hair-dresser, or *perruquier*, as he was called, brought the all-important article, and proceeded to try it on; but try as he would, he could n't force it down over Franklin's head. After several trials, the Doctor said:

"Perhaps it is too small!" Dashing the wig to the floor in a rage, the *perruquier* cried, "It is impossible, monsieur! No, monsieur! it is *not* that the wig is too small; it is that your head is too large!"

As there was no time to remedy the misfit, the Doctor decided to go before the King without a wig. Therefore it was without a wig, or even a sword,—considered an indispensable article of a gentleman's dress in those days,—but in a plain black velvet suit, with ruffles at the neck and wrists, white silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, that our great republican drove to the palace of Versailles. On the morning of the 20th of March, 1778, accompanied by his fellow-envoys, Dr. Franklin was ushered into the presence of his majesty King Louis XVI. of France. After the formal introduction, the monarch expressed himself as well disposed toward his new ally, and gracefully complimented the tact that Franklin had displayed during his sojourn in the capital and among the French people.

In the evening, during the games that the court were engaged in, the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, conversed with Franklin in her own charming and gracious manner. His wit, fascinating conversation, and sound common sense attracted the admiration of the gay and frivolous court, and he was lionized by all.

At a brilliant fête given in his honor, he was crowned with laurel by one of three hundred young ladies. The old statesman accepted all these attentions modestly, considering them as offered, through him, to his native land.

During the rest of his visit to France, Franklin's life was filled with solicitude for his native land; but now, by the authority of the French king, armies and fleets were sent, by the help of which we were finally able to capture Cornwallis and secure our independence.

At length, weary and ill, Franklin asked for his recall; he had signed the treaty of peace with England, thus crowning his mission with success. So in March, 1785, after nearly nine years' residence abroad, Congress was pleased to declare that "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin,

And it was true: for no American could have surpassed Benjamin Franklin in the patience, cheerfulness, and wise statesmanship with which he had carried out the mission his struggling country had entrusted to him.

In honor he left France, in honor America



FRANKLIN AND HIS YOUNG RELATIVES IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

Esquire, was permitted to return to America." His fellow-signer of the Declaration, and afterward our President, Thomas Jefferson, had been chosen to succeed him as minister to the French court.

"You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," the King's minister is reported to have said.

"I succeed — no one can *replace* him," was Jefferson's witty and truthful reply.

welcomed him. On his departure, the King gave to the great republican a miniature portrait set in diamonds; the Queen lent her own litter to convey the venerable diplomat to the sea-coast, for old age and hard work had brought pain and exhaustion to his formerly vigorous constitution.

So on the 12th of July, with Temple, who was now a promising young man, and Benja-

min, a big lad of sixteen, Franklin left the home at Passy, in the street still called by his name, and, jogging easily along at the rate of about eighteen miles a day, reached the ship that was to bear them home. At Portsmouth, in England, the compliment was paid the party of omitting the custom-house examination—a courtesy rare in those days. His old

friends in England, from whom the war had parted him, hastened with their greetings, and to bid him "God speed!" For this was to be the last voyage of one of the greatest of Americans. The adieus were made at evening, the old Doctor retired to his cabin for rest, and when he awoke the next morning the ship was far on her voyage to his loved native land.

"CAPTAIN CRACKERS" AND THE MONITOR.

BY ELLICOTT MCCONNELL.

HARRY's father was a lieutenant at the navy-yard, just the place for boys to have a good time in; and "Captain Crackers," as the mischievous little five-year-old was called, made the best of his opportunities. After breakfast, one day, the lieutenant went across the yard to superintend the docking of a cruiser, while his wife went to town, leaving Captain Crackers to his own devices. He found a fine pile of cannon-balls piled up in the most beautiful fashion—ever so many at the bottom, and no room at the top for any more. He gazed upon them admiringly, and tried to roll them down; but they were too big and heavy for him. Then he scurried away toward the marine barracks, for he wanted to see guard-mount, a spectacle he always greatly enjoyed. "First call" had just sounded, so Captain Crackers scrambled up on a window-sill of the barrack-room to watch the blue-coated marines put on their uniforms. In his haste he managed to upset a couple of potted plants which Sergeant Flynn had nursed like so many babies.

"Git out o' that, ye young monkey, or I 'll shuff ye into me ould Springfield, and fire ye across the river, ye young tarrier!" vociferated that indignant soldier, knowing all the time that K. Company, with himself at its head, would swarm out of barracks with belts and rifle-slugs to make short work of anybody who dared to touch the "pet of the yard."

Having distinguished himself enough for once, Crackers toddled away toward where

half a dozen old monitors were moored in the back-water around at the other side of the yard. But while he was in the very act of crossing, who should appear but the admiral, the governor of the yard! Here was a state of affairs! Crackers had often heard the grim old sailor referred to as "an old fire-eater." Of course that meant some kind of a dragon, and everybody knows that dragons like to eat fat little boys. So Crackers scuttled behind a big box of chain-cable until the old gentleman had passed. Of course Sergeant Flynn would n't allow the admiral to hurt him very much, but the barracks were a long way off, and the admiral looked as if he could run very fast, even with a little boy under his arm.

When this danger was safely passed, he scrambled aboard one of the monitors, looked admiringly at the big bowl-shaped dents in the turret, then gazed down into the dark hold, and after a few minutes walked around the turret, where he found one of the big guns with about three feet of its muzzle projecting outside the port. Into the big black tube he peered inquiringly. "It looks very dark," he thought; "perhaps it 's loaded"; and he backed away. "I will creep in and see," said he. Scrambling up on a big square chain-box, in he went, feet foremost. But when in about his own length he managed to get his arms bent under his chest, and there he stuck! Here was a dreadful situation. The gun was certainly loaded; at sunset it might be fired, and he would go sail-

ing through the air straight for the barracks. Would n't Sergeant Flynn be surprised when he saw him! Then Crackers was really fright-

mournfully. What would mama and papa and the sergeant do without him?

Dinner-time came,—he heard the bugle,—



"AFTER A GENTLE TOLL, OUT HE CAME, VERY RUSTY, AND COVERED WITH GREASE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ened, and called loudly for help. But his cries were muffled in the hard, brown tube. The big old gun was trying to kill him, he thought. It was just like such a big, blundering old thing to pick a fight with such a little boy! So he rested his forehead on the cold, greasy steel, and cried

and in fifteen minutes the yard was humming with searchers for the lost boy.

"Where *can* he be?" said mama.

"Give it up," answered papa. "He never cuts the same caper twice. Let me see what he has done so far"; and the lieutenant counted up

Captain Crackers's exploit. "He has tumbled from the anchor-rack, tumbled off the shot-heaps, fallen into the dry-dock, besides getting lost in the ordnance-building cellar. The monitors are the only thing he has n't had any trouble with. Of course he is aboard one of them—probably lost in the coal-bunkers, for he has on a white duck suit."

Immediately papa ran down to the monitors, jumped aboard the nearest one, and whistled loudly.

A little cry answered his whistle, and soon the faint, smothered squeaks guided him to the muzzle of the big gun. Lighting a match, he could see a little smut-stained, oily face peering at him out of the darkness of the great gun's bore.

"What are you doing there? Do you think

you are a solid shot, or a sponge staff? Come out of that, you young pirate," said his father, while half a dozen sailors and marines grinned behind him.

"I can't get out," announced Captain Crackers, dolefully. "My arms are all tangled up. I can't even rub my nose—there is a mosquito biting it"; and he snorted loudly, trying to scare away the persistent insect.

In a few seconds a boat-hook was found, hooked into the collar of his jacket, and after a gentle pull, out he came, very rusty, and covered with grease.

After that the admiral had large wooden plugs, called tompions, put in the muzzles of all the big guns; for he said it would ruin his reputation if it came to be reported that he was using his officers' children for gun-wadding.



DOROTHY'S PLAYMATES.

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

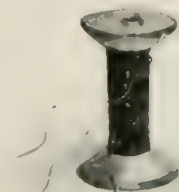


LITTLE quaint Maid Dorothy,
Kept in by a shower,
Had a troop of playmates wee,
Come to spend an hour.

Some were gowned in silken sheen,
Some in simple cotton;
Every shade from red to green —
If I 've not forgotten.

Here a rosy-tinted gown,
Close by, one in yellow;
There, in sober russet-brown,
Stood a sturdy fellow.

One, the biggest, at the head
Of the pretty cluster,
Wore a coat of coarse black thread,
Like a linen duster.



Tiny twins came dressed in blue,
Three or four in sorrel;
But, although a motley crew,
I never heard a quarrel!

They played at school; all in a row
Stood the little
midgets;
Order was the
rule, and so
Not one had the
fidgets.



Then at "keeping house" they
played,
Not a child was naughty.
Though in richest silk arrayed,
None was proud or haughty.

"Sally Waters," too, was fun,
 And around one tumbling,
 Like the planets round the
 sun.

Dorothy sweet singing:

"Turn to east and turn to west"

(Not a chance to miss her).

"Find the one you love the best,
 Then kneel down and kiss her."

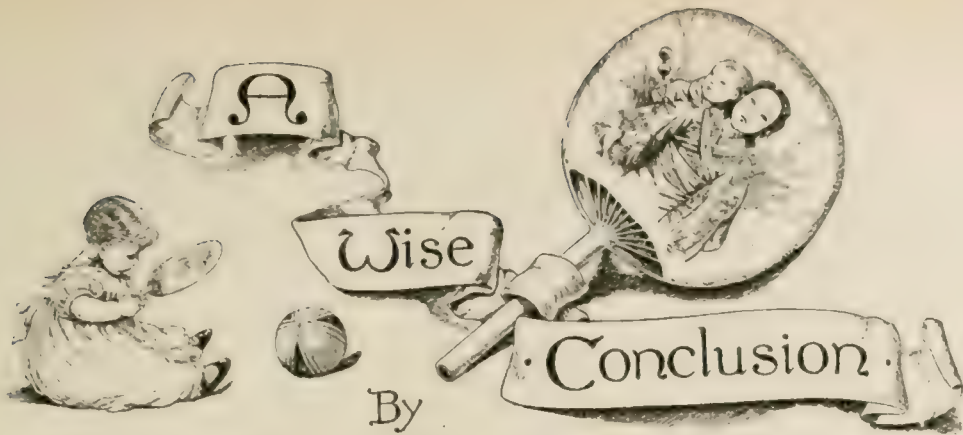


During all the hour they played
 Dorothy was happy!
 Not a fretful speech was made,
 Not a word was snappy!



When she 'd finished with her play,
 (The cloudy skies forgotten)
 My little daughter put away
 The spools of silk and cotton.





By
Margaret Johnson.

THE little babies in Japan,
I see by looking at this fan
Nurse left to keep me quiet,
Upon their sisters' backs are tied,
Where all day long they safely ride.
I 'd rather like to try it!



It 'muses me to think, you
know,
Of being tied to
Polly so;
I wonder how *she'd*
like it!
Her tennis-ball, I
guess, would fly
Somewhere she did
n't aim, if I
Should happen just
to strike it.

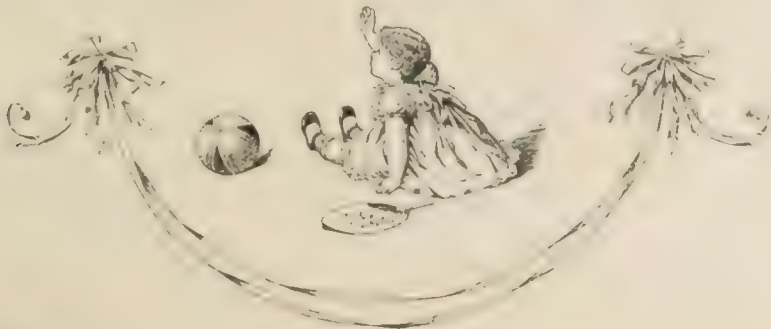
I 'd ride with her upon her wheel
(I 've always wondered how 't would feel);
We 'd jump the rope together;
And then, of course, on Saturday

She 'd take me to the matinée,
Beneath her best white feather.



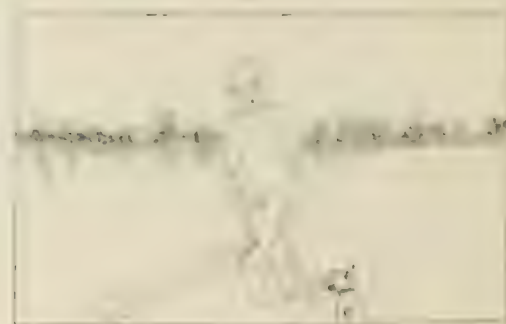
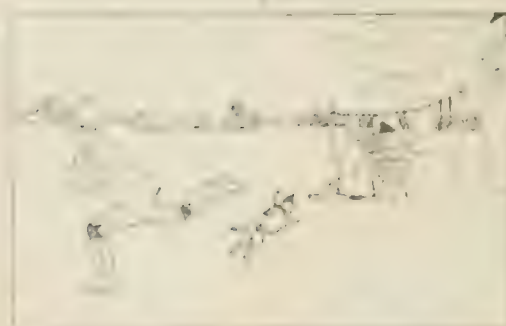
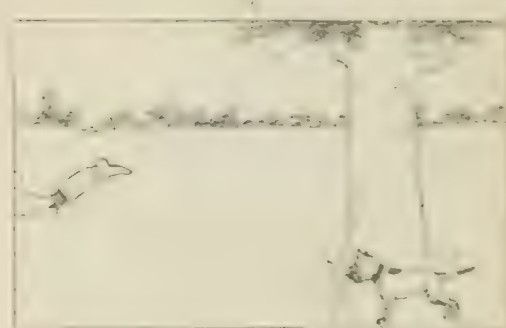
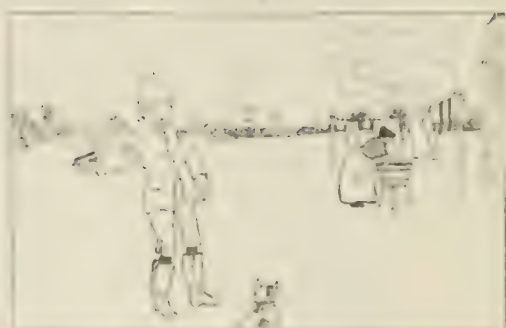
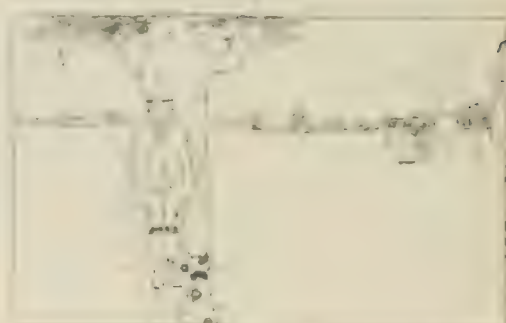
I 'd have to go to school,
I s'pose:
And when she prac-
tised, goodness
knows,
I could n't stand
it, really!
And then, no chance
to crawl or
creep;
And—what a
place to go
to sleep!
I do love Polly dearly,

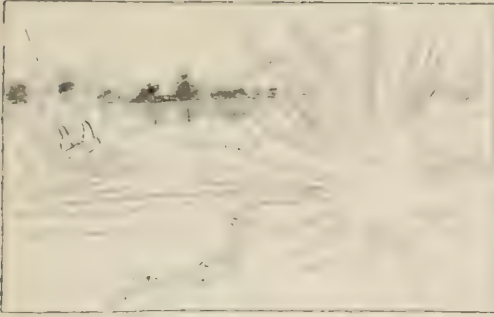
And it 's a very pretty plan
For little babies—on a fan!
I s'pose they like it, maybe.
But—Some one take me on her lap!
I 'm glad I 'm not a little Jap,
But just a Yankee baby!



THE TOO FAITHFUL DOG.

By J. M. B. B.





A QUEER BOY.



"I saw a boy the other day
Who loved to wash his hands!
The queerest boy I ever knew!—
He dwelt in foreign lands."

Gertrude Heath.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully requested that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last named date.

THERE are many occasions upon which Americans desire to sing Dr. Key's stirring song. Through the first stanza it is likely to go well; but after that the average group of singers will be found singing "la-la-la"!

Here is the full text of the song, and we are sure every young American will be well repaid for the slight trouble of learning the words:

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The names of characters from Shakespeare's plays concealed in the puzzle "On Deck," published in ST. NICHOLAS for June, are as follows:

1. Cassius; 2. Scylla; 3. Demetrius; 4. Antioch; 5. Lepidus; 6. Calpurnia; 7. Octavius; 8. Mark; 9. Portia; 10.

10. Portia; 11. Thisbe; 12. Oliver; 13. Nym; 14. Hamlet; 15. Touchstone; 16. Hortensio; 17. Elinor; 18. Regan; 19. Speed; 20. Agrippa; 21. Robin; 22. Menas; 23. Theseus; 24. Elbow; 25. Titania; 26. Ariel; 27. Oberon; 28. Lear; 29. Pistol; 30. Adam; 31. Baptista; 32. Paulina; 33. Isabella; 34. Isabel; 35. Antony; 36. Romeo; 37. Antonio; 38. Jaques; 39. Ophelia; 40. Othello; 41. Desdemona; 42. Messala; 43. Beatrice; 44. Casca; 45. Cato; 46. Grumio; 47. Shallow; 48. Philostrate; 49. Quince; 50. Duncan; 51. Bottom; 52. Bardolph; 53. Dorcas; 54. Leonato; 55. Eleanor; 56. Paris; 57. Iras; 58. Pedro; 59. Charman; 60. Snug; 61. Froth; 62. Saturninus; 63. Miranda; 64. Gratiano; 65. Orlando; 66. Jessica; 67. Mopsa; 68. Tubal; 69. Lysander; 70. Orsino; 71. Hero; 72. Shylock; 73. Leontes; 74. Laertes; 75. Hecate; 76. Flute; 77. Viola; 78. Rosalind; 79. Amiens; 80. Macbeth; 81. Sly; 82. Celia; 83. Caliban; 84. Banquo; 85. Virgilia; 86. Cordelia; 87. Phebe; 88. Taurus; 89. Imogen; 90. Horatio; 91. Solinus; 92. Hermia; 93. Achilles.

GOLDMAN, I.A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister receives you and I read you with delight. My big brother is off at school, and next year I hope to go also.

I have sent for a typewriter, and am going to learn to write on it, as I might have some need of it when I get to be a man.

We live near the "Father of Waters," as they call the Mississippi. Very often we see large steamboats passing when we go after the mail.

Your interested reader,

JAMES M. ADAMS.

STRONE, ARGYLL, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Strone is a small village on the Holy Loch, so named because a vessel coming into this loch from the Holy Land sunk there. It was a ship coming from Palestine, loaded with stones to build a church, that got wrecked off a bay, now called Paradise Bay. Strone is of no importance except for beautiful scenery. There are high hills here, and a great many little brooks. I am at school in Strone. We are near our examination now, and we have to work very hard. The fishing on the Holy Loch is not very good. A shark or two have been caught, and a whale has been seen, and since then the fish have become scarce. In the time of the Romans there was a great battle fought here, and the field in which it was fought was running red with blood. This battle is called the "Battle of Strone." I am very fond of fishing.

I remain,

JAMES STEEL MAITLAND, aged 10 years.
P. S. We are very fond of ST. NICHOLAS.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our names are Donald and Dorothy, just like the children in Mary Mapes Dodge's beautiful story. Our mama had ST. NICHOLAS for ten years when she was a little girl, and now she takes it for us.

We have never seen a letter in your Letter-box from Great Falls, and we would like to introduce our city to ST. NICHOLAS. The most wonderful things here are the Great Falls of the Missouri, ninety-six feet high, and the Giant Spring.

Your loving readers,

DONALD and DOROTHY GIBSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it might interest your readers to hear our experience in rescuing cattle from a burning barn. I live on a farm some miles from Philadelphia. We have five large barns, and it was one of these we lost last summer. About midnight we were awakened by a bright light shining through the windows. I looked out and saw flames bursting from the roof of the barn. By their light I could distinctly see the men tumbling out of their quarters and pulling on their clothes as they ran. By this time the flames had completely enveloped the barn, and as all hope of saving this was out of the question, our energies were directed solely toward rescuing the live stock.

The cows and horses were kept under the barn. Fortunately, the former had been turned loose in their yard, and we found them running wildly about, trying their best to get back into the barn! We finally succeeded in driving them through the narrow gate at the end of the yard and down into the fields. The eight horses, however, were in their stalls. The only remaining way for them to be reached was through the small windows under the barn. Two men jumped through these and began unfastening the horses. But they utterly refused to move. So the men took off their coats and shirts, and bound them over the horses' eyes. In this way they got them all out but one. He would not budge. In vain they pushed and shoved; they could not get him to turn and go through the door.

Meanwhile the smoke was stifling; the floor above already sent showers of sparks on the men and horse. One of the men could stand it no longer, so he rushed out into the air. Soon a man crawled upon his stomach to the window with a hose and sprinkled the man and horse to keep them from roasting. Strange to say, the water worked like a charm, for the horse was inspired with a new fear and bolted through the door. The man stumbled after him, and fell unconscious; and it was weeks before he was out of bed and able to limp around again, so terribly was he burned. The horse was too badly injured to be of use.

When the fire-engines arrived they directed all their attention to the other buildings, none of which caught fire, fortunately. In the morning nothing was left of our barn but a heap of ashes and stones.

Yours truly, KINGSLEY M. WHITCOMB.

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a native of Barranquilla. I will begin my letter telling you about my country. Children who have never seen it would think it a very funny country, for we have no winter here, and no snow or ice. Some parts are very warm, but other parts in the mountains are cool, as it is here in Bogotá.

Money is scarce in Colombia, and often children almost kill themselves to get a few reals, or what you call ten cents. The charcoal-women carry coals about the city on their back to get about fifty cents, and they are dressed in rags, without shoes, and are very dirty. We lived in Barranquilla about five years, and it is warm there all the time, as it is in the summer in the United States. The little children go about there with very light clothes on, and no one needs very much; but here, nearly two miles above the sea-level, it is so cold that everybody needs clothes. We all talk Spanish here, but we learned English when we were on a visit in the United States, and we have taken you for three years; and when you come I hide somewhere, so that the rest won't take you away from me until I read you. I am nine years old, and I go to a Spanish school, but I learn English with Miss Scott and mama.

I have written you a long letter, but it is the first one; and maybe I will write you another.

Your affectionate reader. ELISA R. CANDOR.

We gladly print these little poems by young friends of ST. NICHOLAS:

THE LITTLE LEAF.

ONCE there was a little leaf
That hung upon a tree.
It told the branch, and told the twig,
"The wind has come for me."

And then the branch it told the tree.
The tree said, "Hold on tight."
"I will!" the little leaf exclaimed;
"I will—with all my might!"

And then the wind began to sweep,
And blow, and blow, and blow.
The little leaf said to the branch,
"I guess I'll have to go."

And so the leaf it said "Good-by"
To the twig, the branch, the tree;
And down it fell to the earth below,
As softly as could be.

GREGORY HARTSWICK.

THE LOST DOLL.

HAVE you seen a big doll
In the tall grasses nigh?
She wore a blue frock
Colored just like the sky.

Her eyes were blue, too.
Her hair was so neat!
It curled in bright ringlets,
Which made her look sweet.

I have looked, but can't find her,
All over the place,
Through the house and the garden—
Why, what is that face?

It can't be my baby!
Why, so it is, too!
Who took you out here, sweet?
Now, do tell me true.

NANNETTE F. HAMBURGER.
(eight years old).

KINTYRE, ARGYLLSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often started a letter to you, but never sent it away. We have taken you for nineteen years, but none of us ever wrote to you before. Papa keeps all our numbers to be bound. We have a great many bound already. There is no book in the house so popular as ST. NICHOLAS.

We live in the West Highlands of Scotland, in a very pretty parish where papa is a minister. He has just written a history of this parish. There is not much Gaelic spoken here now. I can only speak a word or two, myself. In summer we bathe and play golf. I learned to swim last summer. The Duke of Argyll often stays here in summer, at a house called Macharich, which was built for Princess Louise. I have often seen him, last summer especially.

Your faithful reader, MARY YOUNG.

CHISELHURST, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with great interest the tale entitled "Through the Earth"; but there is

to point out the error in which I am not quite clear, and I hope you will help me out of the difficulty.

In the last chapter, when William was thinking over his explanation of the water-bomb, he talks about a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch on the bottom (or rather, the top, for he had passed the earth's center) of the water. Where could this pressure come from? It could not be atmospheric, for the tube through which he was traveling was vacuous, and it would then press on the top as much as on the bottom; neither could it be anything to do with gravity, or the decrease in the speed of the car. And why did it not blow the lid of the tank off as soon as the tap was turned on? Would not things have happened as they did without this pressure?

Hoping you will answer my questions in your next number, I remain your interested reader,

T. W. MARTIN.

THE questions in the foregoing letter were referred to the author of "Through the Earth," who sends this reply:

YOUR correspondent seems to forget that there was air in the car at ordinary atmospheric pressure, and that air not only presses downward, but presses upward and in all other directions as well, as is fully explained in elementary works on physics.

The reason the lid of the tank was not blown off when the tap was turned is that this lid was held down by the pressure of the air above it, which exactly counterbalanced that of the air below the tap.

The water would be forced out only if a partial vacuum were formed above it, as the pressure from below would then become greater than the pressure from above.

Yours very truly, CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

"FIELD PLACE," MONTECITO, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine has given me a great deal of pleasure. I have been taking it about a year, and have enjoyed reading the other children's letters so much that I thought I should like to write you one, too. I live at a place called Montecito, near Santa Barbara, and we have a lovely home, with pretty flowers and great live-oaks all around the house, a view of the Pacific Ocean in front, and the Santa Inez Mountains behind. I have two little sisters, called Katharine and Barbara. Katharine is four years old, Barbara is two, and I shall be eleven next September. I have a teacher all for myself, and learn all my lessons, except dancing, at home. I have just finished one of Beethoven's Sonatas for Piano, and like it very much. I thought the "Lakerim Athletic Club" very exciting, and were not the "Just-So" stories funny? With love, your affectionate reader,

PEPPER BOYDOR THAW.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven years, and I am happy that from month to month, for your next number. Two summers ago I took a very pleasant trip up the Hudson River. I saw Stony Point, and Washington's Headquarters at Newburg, as well as many other places of interest. One day we started to visit West Point in a naphtha launch. On the way we met John Jacob Astor's yacht, which has been around the world. Our little launch was quite close, and we were just enjoying the swells from the yacht. We were preparing ourselves for the last and largest swell of all when, instead of the launch going over the swell, the swell dashed over the launch right into our laps! We had lots of fun, but we did n't get to West Point.

I hope you are getting on nicely, but am "the worst" and "the poorest." Hoping I shall see this in print, I remain

Your friend and well-wisher,

LYDIA REINHOLD B—.

SONDERSHAUSEN IN THE RINGEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that I have ever written to you. I am an American girl, and am twelve years old. We have been living in Germany for the past three years, in a little place called Sondershausen. We came here to study music and to learn the German language. I go to school every morning at half-past eight; in summer, at half-past seven. My sister went to London and stayed six weeks. On her return home she brought me a parrot for my birthday present. He is only one year old, and does very clever things. Every morning he has coffee and *brödchen* for breakfast, and a few nuts. He soaks his *brödchen* in the coffee to get it nice and soft—which is very bad manners. The other day he cunningly dropped a nut-shell in the coffee, and waited several minutes for it to soften. On taking it out he was much disappointed to find it still hard.

I remain your devoted reader,

MARGARET O'CALLAHAN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: All of the United States soldiers that are here are paid a good deal of attention.

The river rises high here every year about May. It was that way last year, and is now rising rapidly.

Every year, when Mardi Gras comes around, the people mask and have gay times. In the day are the parades; in the night there are some parades and balls.

In the summer-time we go over to a little country resort in Mississippi called Waveland. You can see the pelicans flying around over there, and every now and then diving into the water to catch a fish. In the fall we fish, and catch Spanish mackerel, redfish, perch, trout (speckled and white), and catfish. The sheephead is a fine fish. The fish that is hated most by fishermen is the catfish. Once in a while you can catch a shark.

Down here a constitutional convention was in session, making a new constitution for Louisiana. I went there once, and a member made a motion and then voted against it.

Your regular reader,

WILLIAM KERNAN DART.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Justine Fitzpatrick, Sadie Stanforth, Mildred Winslow, Lillian E. M. Birch, Everingham Noble, Ruth Holmes, Cora Dinkelspiel, Helen Heizer, Rachel, Elsie, and Polly Holmes, Anna Louise Hedge, Ronald H. Pearce, Julia W. See, Charles Richard Dillon, Helen L. Myers, Ruth Boyden, Mabel J. Works, John F. Pollock, Phoebe Whitfield, Connor Lawrence, George J. Stockly, Edna Richards, Dorothy Baker, Katharine M. Browne, Arthur Warren Ingalls, Maggie C. Murray, Launce Wilson, Rebekah S. Knight, Caroline H. and Marjorie W., Elizabeth and Susie, Mary Louise Crosby, Ethel E., Margaret and Elizabeth Beby, Frank C. Osborn, Eva Dow, Beulah Lasher, S. Virginia Harmon, Anna L. D. W. W., Edgar H. Snow, M. Lucy Van Wagenen, Mary Tufts, Harriet, Dorothy Kane, Lucy G. Roberts, Florence Turner, Florence A. Dutton, Natalie Coffin, Louise Ruggles, Stacy Wood, Alfred Lowry, Jr., Lillian P. McOmber, Margaret Edwards, Jessie L. Clark, Marjorie Bowne, Lottie Sjøstedt, Charity G., "Betsy Frotwood," Marjorie Lane, Amelia F. M. Armstrong, Lovell W. Hurman, Virginia Gillesby, Elizabeth Jackson, Dorothy Russell Lewis, Marjorie Connor, Marion Allison, Catharine Baker Hooper, M. J. W., Margaret Bunt, William Lockhart, Mel S. Cover, Mary E. Fleming, Leslie Bell, Edith Conn, Phoebe F. Perry, Helen L. Peasley, Merritt Hodson, Lucie M. Davis, Charles G. Thorp, Theron Pierce, Helen Paris, Edward S. Welch, Maggie White, Helen Goodrich, C. Harmon Gregg, Beneta B. Conlin, John S. Gittings, Jr., Harold T. Husted, Dorothy L. Miller.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. W. 2. Red. 3. Rahel. 4. Webster. 5. Ditty. 6. Dey. 7. R.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, June, finals, Rose. Cross-words: 1. Juniler. 2. Undergo. 3. Needles. 4. Endwise.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Candace. Cross-words: 1. Kitchen. 2. Parapet. 3. Bannock. 4. Prodigy. 5. Breathe. 6. Halcyon. 7. Freedom.

DIVIDED WORDS. I. Endanger. II. Bestride. III. Nowhere.

TEN CURIOUS BERRIES. 1. Strawberry. 2. Blackberry. 3. Raspberry. 4. Gooseberry. 5. Checkerberry. 6. Mulberry. 7. Blueberry. 8. Partridge berry. 9. Barberry. 10. Elderberry.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. 1. Moore. 2. Ogr. 3. Adare. 4. Dire. 5. Chore. 6. Hare. 7. Score. 8. Cere. 9. Spore. 10. Pyre. 11. Shore. 12. Hire. 13. Store. 14. Tare. 15. Ore. 16. Re. 17. F.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 43 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Tom and Alfred Morewood—Josephine Sherwood—Walter, Stanley, and the "Freak"—Paul Reese—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Louise Ingham Adams—Mabel M. Johns.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Irving and Mama, 9—Musgrave Hyde, 3—Katharine Baird, 1—Charles Laey Hall, 1—Pearce Kinkead Fox, 1—Jessie MacDonald, 1—Prescott Fay, 2—"Three Puzzlers of Beekman Hill," 8—Two Little Brothers, 5—Helen M. Beatty, 1—Marion Foster, 2—M. Katharine Rakey, 1—Clara A. Anthony, 1—Florence and Celia Pearsons, 4—Marguerite May La Mont, 8—Cecil Cole, 1—Benjamin Jeffs, 1—Hermann and Edmund James, 7—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—"Class No. 19," 9—The B. and two J.'s, 8—Allil and Adi, 9—Everingham Noble, 1—Harriet, 1—Betty K. Reilly, 5—Alice T. Huyler, 4—Héloise, 7—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9—Nessie and Freddie, 9—William C. Kerr, 8.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A WOODEN stake. 2. A masculine name. 3. To halt. 4. Playthings. J. O.

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous locality.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Australian quadruped. 2. Enjoyment. 3. A terse remark conveying some important truth. 4. Distinction. 5. Having a permanent value. 6. Animation. 7. A plant mentioned in the play of "Romeo and Juliet." 8. Trustworthy.

L. M. Z.

CHARADE.

OH, my *first* you surely are when the holidays come round;
But do not throw my *second*; it hurts one, I'll be bound.
My *whole*, a famous statesman, has served full many a year;
And with a little thinking you'll guess him, never fear.

J. O.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-five letters, and form a motto from the Persian.

My 22-53-16-4-37-52-30-25 is whimsical. My 17-42-34-19-10 is unshaken courage. My 49-2-55-40 is

DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. R. 2. Nap. 3. Nomad. 4. Saracen. 5. Baden. 6. Had. 7. N.

CONCEALED SHAKSPEARIAN CHARACTERS. 1. Shylock. 2. Portia. 3. Othello. 4. Desdemona. 5. Iago. 6. Romeo. 7. Juliet. 8. Miranda. 9. Ferdinand. 10. Hamlet. 11. Lear. 12. Regan. 13. Goneril. 14. Cordelia. 15. Benedict. 16. Beatrice. 17. Hero. 18. Claudio. 19. Macbeth. 20. Banquo.

CHARADE. Attenuate.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Savannah. 1. Sweden. 2. Athens. 3. Venezuela. 4. Adriatic. 5. Nile. 6. Nevada. 7. Alaska. 8. Holland.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Feat. 2. Etch. 3. Ache. 4. Then. II. 1. Cure. 2. Ural. 3. Rams. 4. Else.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Old. 3. Odeon. 4. Blessed. 5. Dosed. 6. Ned. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Jar. 3. James. 4. Damosel. 5. Reset. 6. Set. 7. L.

an old name for Christmas. My 36-8-44 is not open. My 29-20-24-32-48-41-5 is to regard as true. My 15-38-11-18-3-31 may be troublesome in the summer. My 7-14-21-46-33-28 is a line. My 39-43-26-27 is a forced smile. My 23-9-47-6 are ambitions. My 1-13-54-51-45-35-50-12 is the end of all puzzles. M. A. N.

CUBE.

	1	
2		3
4	5	6
	7	

FROM 1 to 2, a seaport of Japan; from 2 to 4, a kind of clay used as a pigment; from 4 to 7, pitchers; from 7 to 6, slender; from 3 to 6, to turn; from 3 to 1, a pronoun; from 2 to 5, a kind of window; from 3 to 5, to turn rapidly; from 5 to 7, a masculine name.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 7 spell the surname of a famous American writer.

FRID. L. KELSEY AND ROGER HOYT.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

I lie between New York and Maine.
But change my order, I contain
A Turkish ruler, or, perchance,
Some Southern trust may meet your glance,
Or undrained ooze of marshy ground,
Or sign of happiness be found.

A. M. L.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished man.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. IN Paris. 2. The entire amount. 3. Evident.
4. Treated thus. 5. Housed and bound. 6. Remained
at rest. 7. A very wise man. 8. Loves to excess.
9. At no time. 10. A number. 11. To appeal. 12.
Mention. 13. In Paris.

J. W. HAMPTON.

NOVEL SQUARE.

1. I. 2. To think. 3. Deception. 4. Favor
and respect together. 5. A Spanish word.
The diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to
the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a
famous person.

J. W. HAMPTON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

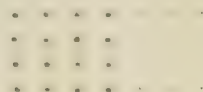
My first and final spell the name of a great American
man.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. A blacksmith's
tool. 2. A confused comparison. 3. A kind of the new

family. 4. A king of the West Goths. 5. A king of
Syracuse. 6. Belonging to the air. 7. A noted general
of the Revolution.

CHARLES FAESCHKE, JR.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A poet. 2. The
century-plant. 3. A flower. 4. Achievement.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To sharpen. 2.
A warm place. 3. Necessity. 4. Concludes.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. The upper part of a fur-
nace. 2. Above. 3. A confused mass. 4. Previously.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Unaltered.
2. Surface. 3. To dance. 4. Parts of the body.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Accent. 2.
Lyric poems. 3. Low. 4. To see at a glance.

FRED L. KEISLY AND EUGEN HOVL.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THIS nonsense will tell, if you study it well,
Of how and of why an explosion befell.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. "If I jingle the bell," said dear little Nell,
"You will know I'm a peddler with something
to sell."
2. "Play scissors to grind," I answered. "You'll
find
That mine are as dull as a donkey that's blind."
3. "My cutting-board shows what every one knows —
That scissors from Cairo are duller than hoes."
4. "Oh, that will be nice! I will sharpen them twice,
And do it my best, at exactly your price."
5. "And then," added she, "if you'll buy things of
me,
I'll bring for your headache a pound of green
tea."
6. "'T will be great fun to play I'm a peddler all day,
Until you are tired and send me away."
7. Such a love-in-the-mist I could not resist,
And the powder was put in a cotton and dressed.
8. "To-morrow," said I, "you will laugh till you cry
At the comical ledger I've promised to buy."
9. "You will laugh till you cry, for you'll understand
why
The monkey stoned raisins for Jack Horner's pie."
10. "You will laugh till you make your little sides ache
At the caramel evenings on Butter-scotch Lake."
11. "Though I'm not fond of crust, I can and I must
Eat hot buttered toast, and you like it, I trust."
12. "If to this you agree, the neighbors shall see
That a peddler from Vassar dines daily with me."

ANNA M. TRATT.



THEIR GOOD LITTLE MARGERY, SHARING HANDS GRAVELLY WITH THE
OFFICER WHO PRESSED ABOUT HER.

THE "GOLDEN AGE" OF THE "GOLDEN AGE."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 10.



ONE of the jokes of the ship—in fact, the most popular joke among several—was Ensign Anvers's

state-room. Being only six by eight feet, and containing twelve views of the same young and very pretty little lady, it may be said to have "worn its heart on its sleeve," as it were.

These photographs had arrived quarterly during the three years the United States ship "Alliance" was gone on the cruise to China. When one considers that the very first to reach the eager hands of the enslaved ensign was a bromide print showing hair so long that it not only could be, but honestly had to be, parted and tied back with a ribbon, the beauties of the last photograph before the Alliance was ordered home may be left to the imagination.

The truth is, Margery was his baby girl, from whose tiny fists he positively tore his fore-

fingers away when she was only about a month old, when his ship was sent away to the very rim of the world.

The ensign was the youngest and by far the biggest officer in the mess; and as he bored every one to death talking about his child, and reading aloud all the parts of his home letters relating to her, it naturally followed he had to stand a lot of ward-room chaff. It also naturally followed that when the American mail came on board, the other officers fled from him, to a man.

But then he had such a way of laughing at himself, even more loudly than the rest, his face a gleam, his ridiculous little mustache making the most of itself, that the mere sunny good nature and overflowing happiness of the young father made them ashamed. One by one they had a way of dropping into his state-room,—aft on the starboard side,—and with a brave "Well, Daddy Anvers, what's the news of Margery?" they stood the deluge of words which instantly followed.

They knew all about her teething, and just how nearly the molars had finished her; they

went through croup twice with her, and a slight attack of whooping-cough; they had to listen to the phenomenal wit of her first words, the wonder of her first steps—the result of it all being that the ensign and his baby became important factors of that cruise.

Naturally there was a shout when Anvers came over the side to quarters, the early July morning after the Alliance got back to New York from Shanghai, and was anchored in the North River.

They gathered around him on the deck, and a half-dozen voices called out: "Morning, daddy." "How's the shaver?" "Well, what did you think of her?" "Yes; and what did she think of you?"—this last speech with withering emphasis.

If they had hoped by this public demonstration to keep in check his parental exuberance, they failed utterly.

He stood there smiling as only he could smile, dressed in his "cits," that he outgrew too rapidly for his pay, a new straw hat on the back of his head, the latest thing in neckties blazing under his round chin, and began at once and proudly: "I say, fellows, the best yet—"

"Great Scott!" groaned his particular chum and classmate, Ensign Follin, the Captain's aide, turning on his heel and walking off as if in despair.

"By jingo, Anvers, you might let up on us, now you've got her mother to talk to," expostulated the assistant engineer, and he and several others retreated suddenly. But the officer of the deck and the young surgeon were too lazy to move, and to them Anvers went calmly on: "You see, of course she does n't remember me, and so she's got all her ideas of me from a half-length photograph—"

"And quite enough, too," growled the officer of the deck, who had stood the morning watch, and did n't propose standing anything else that day without protest.

"And so when her mother brought her in and introduced us with: 'Now, Margery, here's papa at last,' my daughter—she's a beauty, too, I tell you, Doc—"

"Took after her father's family in that," said the "little doctor" sweetly.

"Sure! Well, my daughter looked me over slowly from head to foot, and then she said positively: 'No, 't ain't; my papa has n't got any legs.'"

And they could hear his big, jolly laugh as he ran down the ladder to get into his uniform, and even the officer of the deck was left there smiling.

A few days later the wives of some of the officers came off to the twelve-o'clock breakfast in the ward-room. Anvers looked very blank when he saw the small ball of white beside his wife in the ship's cutter as it returned from the Twenty-third Street landing.

"What under the canopy shall we do with Margery?" he whispered to her, as they stepped from the gangway to the deck.

"I do want her to see you as much as possible, and get used to you, and realize things," whispered back pretty little Mrs. Anvers pathetically, adding: "and you just *must* have a full-length photograph taken for her the very first day you're off duty; and she can have her nap in your state-room while we're at lunch, and sometimes she sleeps for hours."

In the meanwhile there stood little brown-eyed, yellow-haired Margery, a fluff of white muslin and baby lace, shaking hands gravely with the officers, who pressed about her, eager with curiosity and admiration.

Far down the deck stood the men in knots, straining forward to look, and in their eyes the sailor's endless hunger for the sight of women and children.

Margery's little feminine heart told her that something was being expected of her in the way of conversation, so during a pause she asked:

"Do you know Katie?"

They exchanged glances; a cadet burst suddenly into a loud laugh, and was at once sent away in disgrace.

"No; but we all want to very much. Who is she?" volunteered the "big doctor" gently, knowing it was expected of him as a family man to help them out.

"She's des Katie," was the sturdy reply.

"Oh, yes, of course. Well, why did n't you bring her?"

"My mama said she could n't eat with the

orsifers, and could n't eat with the sailors — so that 's why."

"Mrs. Anvers, how 's this? What 's the matter with us, that we can't have the pleasure of Miss Katie's society?" called out the doctor, turning toward the others.

"Katie! — what are you talking about?" exclaimed the little mother, advancing. "She 's Margery's nurse." Thereupon there was such a howl of delight that the little girl fled frightened to her mother's skirts. Presently she looked up, and they all heard her ask in a loud whisper: "Mama, are these the orsifers?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I 'd like to see the sailors, please, mama."

Amid shouts of laughter the wife of the navigator asserted, with pretended jealousy:

"Well, as far as we ladies are concerned, we might just as well have stayed at home, for all the attention we shall receive."

But after a while the hosts managed to tone down their sea-voices and manners to the child's low key, and she became very friendly with them as the little party strolled about the deck. There is not much doubt that, by all their blandishments on this exciting occasion, Margery would have been utterly wrecked in both digestion and manners, if breakfast had not been soon announced.

As they turned to go below, a sudden fit of mischief seized her, and she danced away, laughing, down the deck toward the poop, where her mother and the little doctor caught her, stopped short by a rope across the deck and the burly form of the quartermaster on watch.

"What 's that for? I do hope they 're not painting," Mrs. Anvers asked anxiously of the assistant surgeon.

"We 've got a regular 'sundowner' in the Captain's cabin this cruise. I dare say Anvers has mentioned the fact once or twice in his letters. You see, he has nerves,—it certainly is n't conscience,—and he can't sleep at night, and so has to make it up during the day; hence this sacred spot over the cabin, which is dedicated to silence and repose."

"Mama, what 's a sundowner?" Margery asked sleepily a few moments later, as her mother took off the little white dress and tucked the

child away in her father's bunk, not much wider than her own small crib.

"I 'm sure I don't know, Margery," answered her mother, absent-mindedly.

"Is it nice or howid?"

"Oh, horrid, of course."

And Margery's very first thought on awakening, an hour and a half later, was of the extremely unsatisfactory nature of her mother's reply, and



"MARGERY TIPTOED INTO THE CABIN PANTRY, AND HID."
(SEE PAGE 798.)

for some time she lay still thinking about it. Then she crawled down from the bunk, and struggled into her dress the best way she could, but of course it was not to be supposed she could fasten it at the back. Peeping out into the ward-room, she found no one there but the Japanese "boys" clearing off the deserted table, and carrying perfect mountains of plates in their small brown hands.

It was very interesting to watch them, and she almost forgot her deep-laid plan until there was a sudden hush, and she noticed that the work was done, and only one ward-room boy

was left, arranging the dark cover and the bowl of flowers in the exact center of the long table.

As he turned to leave, the tiny white figure with the rumpled head burst out of the state-room. CRYING.

"Oh, please don't go away!"

He turned quickly, and his face broke into one of those complete Japanese smiles that even the baby was quick to appreciate. She begged him in her pretty way to take her to the Captain's cabin; and he, thinking all the party must be there, carried her up the ladder, pointed out the door to her, and then vanished in the radiance of another smile.

She found, to her dismay, a big soldier walking back and forth; but she waited for a chance, and holding up her skirt as she had seen her mother do when not wishing to make a noise, she tiptoed into the cabin pantry, and hid. Happily, the orderly was soon called away; then she fled to the cabin door, and got safely inside. She turned with a beating heart and frightened eyes, and stared slowly about. No one was there; it was just a big bare room with a busy-looking desk in one corner. The room beyond was empty, too, to her mingled relief and disappointment. Spying another door on the right, she pattered through, fairly holding her breath; and there all she saw was a gray-haired man, lying on the bunk, asleep.

She had been taught all her short life to respect sleep, so she climbed softly into the only chair in the room, folded her wee fat hands, and waited.

She tried to be very quiet, but it 's not at all an easy thing to do immediately after a long nap, so finally she just had to give one little cough for company.

The figure moved, and a voice called out roughly:

"Get out! get out! I don't care a rap who it is, or what it is! I've told you, orderly—"

With a child's unfailing glee at being taken for some one else, Margery's sweet baby-laugh stopped short the tirade. The man sat up suddenly, and a pair of angry blue eyes met her smiling brown ones.

"What in thunderation—" he began, rubbing his eyes, and looking again in utter astonishment at the composed little creature.

"I 'm so glad you woke up," she said comfortably. "Please won't you button my dress, and then I want to see the sundowner," she demanded at once, not caring to lose any more time; and she slid off the chair, went close to the bunk, turned her back to him, and stood waiting.

"Is it buttoned?" she asked presently, her pretty head half turned round.

The man gave a short laugh.

"I could n't find mama, you see, and I was in such a hurry," she explained. She felt the fingers beginning to fumble at her back; then she heard a low grunt of impatience, and finally he sprang up off the bunk. He sat down in the chair, drew her toward him, and went to work deliberately on the buttons. When it was done, she turned and looked at him; and he sat, the gray hair awry, and scowled back. He had on the very queerest kind of a long wrapper, fiery red, covered with huge black dragons, and Margery began to feel afraid for the first time.

"I thought you were des the Captain; but I guess you must—be—the—sundowner," she said faintly, edging off toward the door.

"Hang the sundowner! Who told you about any sundowner, any way?" he growled.

"A man told mama, upstairs," was her vague answer, fortunately for the little doctor.

"O-oh! um—well, what makes you think I 'm the sundowner, now you 've had a good look at me, eh?"

"'Cause mama said—somesin—" she said, hesitating, and very unhappy.

"So they all had a fling at me, it seems. What did she say? Out with it!"

"She said—he—was—howid," wailed Margery, her lips trembling, and tears filling her eyes.

Captain or sundowner, this man caught her up in his arms, and laughed loud and long as he carried her into the cabin and put her gently down on the cushioned transom, where she promised to stay until he rejoined her, after brushing his hair and slipping into his uniform.

"You see, I 'm 'des' the Captain; the—er—sundowner went away just as you came in," he explained, to her great relief.

"Does your little girl come and play here

every day?" she chirped blithely, now entirely at her ease, and enjoying herself hugely, after having told him all there was to tell about herself, including Katie.

"I have n't any little girl, Margery."

"Why?" He stared a moment.

"I 'm an old bachelor; I 'm not married."

"Why?"

His grim face changed, and he said slowly:

"Nobody ever seemed to want me."

in the outer cabin, his eyes fairly popping out of his head at the Captain's unusual visitor and consequent behavior.

"This is my dinner-hour," he explained, "and, by the by, have they given you any lunch?"

"Bread and milk," confided Margery, making a little face.

The Captain rang his bell. As the big marine opened the door he almost forgot to salute at the sight before him. He looked so thor-



"I 'M SO GLAD YOU WOKE UP," MARGERY SAID COMFORTABLY."

She was standing leaning against his knee, and she began rubbing her hair into a worse tangle against his arm, before she answered thoughtfully:

"I 'm not married, either, and I have n't any little girls. I guess I 'm an old bachelor, too."

And then and there Margery received her first proposal of marriage, and accepted it promptly, amid peals of laughter from them both as the bride-elect was tossed up to the ceiling.

The colored steward began setting the table

oughly frightened that Margery instinctively looked quickly over the Captain's shoulder.

"That 's all right, orderly — this time," said the Captain, with twinkling eyes. "The enemy was a little too smart for you, and stole a march on us. Present my compliments to Mr. Anvers, and tell him I 'd be pleased to see him at once."

"Yes, sir," said the bewildered man, as he left the cabin.

He found the ensign with the rest of the party on the spar-deck, and delivered the message,

saluting with an extra flourish for the benefit of the ladies.

"All right," rang out Anvers's big cheery voice, as he sprang to his feet.

"The Captain 's awake early to-day," said he, looking at his watch, as he turned off with the orderly.

"Yes, sir; he was waked, I think, sir. I found a little baby with him just now, and —"

"A *what*?" shouted Anvers, stopping short.

The man told all he knew, and the ensign gave a groan as he strode back to the others, and said tragically:

"I 'm lost. Margery 's got into the cabin somehow, and waked the Great Mogul. She's there now, and he 's sent for me. You *would* bring her," he added reproachfully to his wife.

"Oh, what will he do to you?" she asked breathlessly, ready to cry. But all the others thought it was very funny indeed, and the men's teasing voices followed poor Anvers as he strode away.

"Good-by, old shipmate. So sorry to lose you," cried Follin.

"Want to borrow a trunk?" piped the little doctor.

"We 'll go in and gather up his bones in five or six minutes," suggested the chief, gloomily.

"I, said the fly,

"With my little eye,

I saw him die,"

croaked the paymaster.

"Come in, come in," said the Captain, rather irritably, as Anvers hesitated at the cabin door.

"I 'm so sorry, Captain. Mrs. Anvers and I feel all cut up about this. We —" he burst out at once; but the Captain interrupted in his usual rough way.

"I don't know what you 're talking about, Mr. Anvers"; then, as he caught sight of Margery's surprised eyes upraised to his, he added more pleasantly:

"I sent for you to say that, with Mrs. Anvers's and your permission, your daughter will do me the honor of sharing my early dinner with me. And, by the way, the next time the ward-room funds are so low that you can offer only bread and milk to young ladies who come off to my ship, I wish you 'd let me know."

"And tell mama he buttoned up my dress, and we 're going to get married, and the sun-downer is n't here at all," cried Margery, all in a breath, to her father's unspeakable horror. He coughed, he stared, he stammered; then he turned and fled, followed by his commander's hearty laugh, which did not cease when Margery, her eyes still on the door, sighed heavily, and said very dubiously:

"Mama says that 's my papa."

Tom, the Captain's steward, was called upon to tell the story of that dinner very often through the rest of his long and honorable naval career. He always began the same way:

"It was de ol' 'lustration ob de lion an' de lamb; an' you-all know mighty well de sorter lion he was. Well, you ought'er seed de lamb! My lan'! I 'clare I nebber waited so porely in a cabin befo', an' dat 's de truff. My eyes an' my y'ars was 'pletely oc'pied observin' dem two — de little missy she a-sittin' on de torp ob de big dictionary, 'havin' jes like a lady — better 'n some I seed; an' de ol' Cap'n he smilin' as sweet as surup, 'joyin' hisse'f right much, he was. You would n't er-knowed um fo' de same pusson. An' eb'ry time dat chil' she jes natu'ly 'mired any contraptions on de table or round dem rooms, he up an' he says to me, says he: 'Torm, jes you do dat up with dese yer other things fo' Miss Anvers,' — jes like dat. 'Miss Anvers'! My lan'! dar was nuts an' figs, an' photographs, an' dat yer Japanese wrapper o' his'n; an' all de flowers on de table — de greates' passel ob truck! An' Mister Cook he mus' cum up an' see fo' hisse'f! He ain' got no call ter cum up ter my pantry, great big plantation nigger like dat! He ain' use ter society, he ain' — shufflin', slap-sided ol' — Well, bimeby dey cum fo' de little missy an' carried her away. An' she done kiss um good-by, with bofe of her purty little yarms 'bout his ol' neck. An' when she done gone away, he sat an' he sat, an' he looked out'n de po't-hole, an' he clean forgot to smoke, an' he nebber moved, an' he nebber said nuthin' 't all."

Within two hours after the party of ladies had gone ashore the Captain of the Alliance received telegraphic orders from the Navy Department to proceed "with all speed" to Haiti.

So at daylight the next morning from under the fore-castle came the click-click of the capstan, the slow, rhythmic tramp of the sailors circling round it, keeping time to the old familiar tune on the bugle as they hove in the anchor-chain. And away the ship sailed, with

vers never had any trouble now in getting an audience to listen to his news about Margery.

The ward-room, as a body, looked serious when the letter came saying that she was far from well, and, a little later, that she was very ill. The whole ship, down to the greenest re-

cruit, missed "Daddy" Anvers's noisy fun and laugh as he went about his duties pale and in silence.

The Captain heard the bad news through his aide, and he fell into his old savage way with his officers and men. Sometimes, in the midst of one of his furies, it seemed to him that suddenly he saw a pair of very surprised brown eyes looking up at him from a baby's height, and heard a baby's voice asking about the sundowner; and then he would forget what he was scolding about, and walk off frowning.

One very hot, breathless night, about eleven o'clock, the officers, all in white-duck uniform, were lounging on deck, when the quartermaster of the watch approached and said:

"The officer of the deck reports a signal from the shore: 'Send boat for telegram for Ensign Anvers.'" The young father sprang to



"'DE LITTLE MISSY SHE A-SITTIN' ON DE TOP OF DE BIG DICTIONARY, 'HAVIN' JES LIKE A LADY.'"

never a chance for even a good-by to the wives and babies on shore. When she arrived and was anchored in the harbor of Gonaïves, they found another revolution in progress, and the men were landed at once to protect the United States consulate.

The hot weeks dragged along. Ensign An-

vers never had any trouble now in getting an audience to listen to his news about Margery. The ward-room, as a body, looked serious when the letter came saying that she was far from well, and, a little later, that she was very ill. The whole ship, down to the greenest re-

cruit, missed "Daddy" Anvers's noisy fun and laugh as he went about his duties pale and in silence.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Anvers, but we're too short of men, as you know, owing to the landing parties, to make up a cutter's crew; and the fires are hauled on the steam-launch. Why don't you have it opened, and the contents wigwagged? That signal shows it is in the hands of one of our men from the consulate."

So the order was given. Anvers got his private code-book. Mrs. Anvers also had a copy of this book. It contained a list of single words to be telegraphed; and each word meant a whole sentence—the sentence being written opposite the word in the code-book. All the officers followed him, and stood about as the signal-man adjusted one lantern on the rail and began swinging the other. Letter by letter the message was spelled out to the light upon the distant shore: "Open telegram, and repeat." Quickly the reply came: "I understand."

After a short delay the light on the shore began swaying again. The signal-boy on the Alliance read aloud the letters as they came, and Ensign Follin took them down for Anvers, who walked restlessly up and down in the dark a few paces away. The Captain stood near unobserved, and listened intently.

The message was:

"Telegram for Ensign Anvers, dated New York City, July 28. 'R-e-a-l—'" then followed a short pause—"l-y." Signed, 'Belle.'"

"Signal-boy, bring that lantern; quick, man!" some one ordered. Anvers turned over the pages of the little code-book, his face showing in the light as white as his blouse. Under the head of "Sickness," he read:

"*Really*—'Margery has passed away.'"

The book dropped to the deck, and his head fell forward against the steering-wheel. Several of his friends gathered about him silently.

Follin felt some one touch his arm, and turning, found the Captain at his elbow.

"Bring that code-book down to my cabin at once, Mr. Follin," he said, and then turned away quickly.

A moment later he and his aide were consulting together at his desk.

The result of that talk in that cabin was that Follin got up very early the next morning, and when the telegram of the night before came off in the market boat, he took it in to the Cap-

tain, who was waiting for him. When the boat returned to the shore the young aide was in it.

He went at once to the consulate, asked for a horse, and a good one, and after a short delay one was brought. Springing to the saddle, he took the road to the nearest telegraph station, forty miles away, at Mole St. Nicolas.

He started off at a breakneck sailor-pace along the fairly good, level road. But very soon he slowed down to a steady gait as he left mile after mile behind him. He flew past groves of banana-trees, cocoanuts, and palms; past the funny little mules laden with coffee and black babies, beside which trudged the barefooted mothers; past low, thatched huts, and ragged natives left standing staring after him.

At Gros Morne he rested, lunched, and got a fresh mount, and then began the weary climb over the rough mountain road from there on to his journey's end.

At Mole St. Nicolas he went straight to the telegraph office, and asked for the original telegram for the Alliance, and the operator who received it on the previous day.

Half an hour later, astride of another horse, back he started for Gonaives.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached there, and, to his great disgust, he found that he had to be lifted out of the saddle.

But he soon stamped some of the stiffness out of his legs, and bolted for the quay, and just made the last regular boat from the Alliance, into which he tumbled. Taking the yoke-lines, he huskily gave the orders: "Shove off! Out oars! Give way together!"

The rowing sailors eyed him suspiciously as he sat huddled in the stern, white with fatigue, and covered and caked with dust and mud from head to foot.

As he went over the ship's side he found the Captain waiting for him at the gangway.

"What news?" he asked quickly.

For answer Follin handed him the telegram and Anvers's code-book, which he took from his pocket.

The Captain was a moment examining them; then, as he handed them back, he said quietly:

"You'll find him in the ward-room." He turned away, then stopped, and added very gently:

"Look after yourself, my boy; that was a

pretty stiff ride for even a Kentucky sailor, you know."

A half-moment later Follin burst into the ward-room, shouting :

"Anvers, old man — Anvers, I say ! It's all right — Margery's all right ; do you hear ? The telegram we got last night was wrong. Instead of *Really* it should have been *Ready*, and that means, 'Margery has passed the crisis and will recover!'"

The ensign was on his feet, and stood staring blankly. The others sat in silence, too moved to speak, and each trying to keep the tears back in their proper place in military society.

"Your confounded old code is n't worth a cent!" Follin went on, looking like the veriest tramp as he stood there scolding to relieve his excitement. "The idea of having two words so much alike! Why, any sort of a plain Monday-morning wash-day idiot would know better. And there it was, clear as day, *d* instead of *//* ; and they told me at the telegraph office —"

"Telegraph office? The Mole?" they asked in amazement.

"Where else? Here it is, Anvers; see for yourself. I took your fool code-book with me."

"You're a — a — brick, Follin!" was all the big young father could find to say, in a broken voice, as he went to his friend and threw his arm over his dusty shoulders.

"I'm not the brick; go 'long with you! I always told you fellows you did n't quite know him. It was he who noticed the fumble last night over that word, and the blurr in the despatch that came off in the market-boat this morning; it was he who sent me, who paid expenses and all that; I only obeyed orders; I only —"

"He? who's he?"

"Why, the Captain, of course."

"Wha-a-t, the old sundowner?" and they looked at one another and fairly gasped.

And up on deck a gray-haired man, with his hands clasped behind him, paced back and forth alone, smiling to himself very contentedly.



A ROWING RACE IN FAIRYLAND.



THE GROWING OF THE PEACH.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

GIVE me a peach, 'Thorn-Rose' —
That clingstone, juicy and mellow,
Whose velvety crimson glows
Through a mist of sunshiny yellow.
It was meant to be king of fruits
By the gracious governing powers,
As surely as your name suits
The queenliest thing in flowers!

And the story goes — though perhaps
To this you will take objection —
'T was a little god of the Japs
Who gave us its sweet perfection.
'This gay little god, *they say*,
In the far-away flowery reaches
Of Japanese skies at play,
Fell once from an orchard of peaches.

That day a poor woman found,
Ere any one else had spied it,
A wonderful fruit on the ground,
And quickly ran home to divide it.
Her husband must have his share,
So the beautiful thing was cut into;
Then lo! from the heart of it there
Out popped the little god Shin-To!

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed,
With a smile benign and sprightly;
For Japs can never be shamed
Through not doing things politely.
"You have done me a favor so great
That it's really an obligation;
So perhaps you will indicate
Some suitable compensation?"

Now see what a chance was here,
 With the god of good fortune in it!
 You can fancy, Thorn-Rose, my dear,
 The wonderful, breathless minute;
 And think with what greedy speech
 Some greedy folk would have spoken!
They asked for the seed of the peach
 Whose spell their hands had broken.

And the little god Shin-To smiled
 As their modest request he granted.
 In a moment that worshipful child
 The stone of the peach had planted.
 A moment more, and the earth
 Was beginning to heave around it,
 And green little sprouts came forth
 Till a tiny tree had crowned it.

Its branches so rapidly spread
 That the wind began to toss 'em;
 Then presently overhead
 Was a cloud of pinky blossom,
 Which soon was a pinky shower—
 But that was a trifling matter;
 For, given a peach for a flower,
 One does n't regret the latter!

Ere Shin-To fluttered away
 To the far-off flowery reaches
 Of Japanese skies, that day,
 The tree was loaded with peaches.
 This quickly to orchards grew
 In that land of milk and honey;
 And before the old people knew,
 They were fairly rolling in money!

Now, having a chance to preach,
 With which you will please not quarrel,
 Just give me another peach,
 And then I will point the moral.
 It is really short and sweet,
 And fits the occasion precisely:
We should n't have peaches to eat
 If *they* had n't behaved so nicely!



THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[*This story was begun in the December number*]

XI.

THOUGH the hands that were dragging Punk through the water toward the stern of the boat were invisible, they seemed no less real and unmerciful, and they haled him toward where the screw propeller was viciously slashing the water as a lamb is compelled toward the shears. The seething and the swirling of the water turned up by the screw deafened and distracted Punk, but he gave at the critical moment a desperate lunge and leap that carried him away from this danger.

So eager was he to be out of those dangerous waters that he seized hold of the first skiff that passed him, and scrambled in for dear life, without stopping to knock, almost spilling into the water the oarsman and the pretty girl he had with him. The young couple, however, accepted his apologies, and told him to make himself at home. So there he sat, dripping and shivering, till he was restored to his friends, not much the worse for wear; and he lived to row many another race for the Lakerim Athletic Club.

Through June and July the baseball nine and the oarsmen were busy winning games and money and glory for the club. In August they thought it was time for a vacation, and a proposition for a club camp on one of the islets in the lake was heartily agreed to.

So the top of one fine morning found them rowing and sailing away from Lakerim to a little islet which is known to this day, to everybody that knows it at all, as the Island of the Dozen.

But B. J. rode in no rowboat, nor in any sail-boat; he alone of all the Twelve paddled his own canoe. He had made it himself, with infinite pains and almost infinite mistakes; but

when it was at length completed it proved to be worth the while.

So much in love was B. J. with his canoe and all the outfit he had collected that he thought he would camp on his lawn at home. One night about dark he took his canoe and lantern out in the yard, made a bed of two blankets in the canoe, put a canoe-tent over it, and lay down in the cockpit to sleep. But he failed. In the first place, the family watchdog came snapping and growling around, and refused to recognize B. J.'s voice, or to go away until B. J. had risen from his warm blankets and introduced himself to the dog. Then the dog insisted on getting into the canoe with him; and at last B. J. had to take the dog back to his kennel and chain him up.

Before long, the canoe felt no bigger than a shoe-box, and as hard as a sidewalk. His bones ached and his muscles were cramped. After lying awake most of the night, it seemed that he had hardly dropped off to sleep when the sun came prying under his eyelids and would not let him snooze. So, drowsy as he was, he had to leave his cozy bunk. And now he was up hours before the earliest riser in his family; and the morning wind was very chilly; and the grass was very wet; and oh, but he was hungry!

He could not understand why his family should be so lazy as to lie abed after five o'clock in the morning, and it seemed a week before he dared move about the house.

That night he left his canoe and his canoe-tent in the barn, and slept in the comfortable bed he had so despised the night before.

But by the time the Dozen were ready to go a-camping he was once more eager for outdoor life, and he paddled to the island with complete delight.

When the Twelve left Lakerim they paid a last visit to the club-house. The foundations had all been laid, and the carpenters were now

putting up the framework of what was to be the club's future home; and the Dozen's last memory of the long desired building was as of a skeleton standing in his bare bones.

camp, and nothing more can be said in praise of the digestions of the Twelve than that they survived without serious injury the fearful and wonderful dishes these two chums concocted.

Bobbles and Pretty usually went sailing; and one time when Bobbles was taking in the jib because the breeze was too strong for it, and they were going with lee rail awash, Pretty grew lazy and fastened the main-sheet to a cleat. Accordingly, the first little squall took them over, and Pretty found himself floundering in the water. His only regret, however, was that his ducking proved that the gay colors in his favorite neckscarf would run.

Reddy and Heady spent a good deal of their time rowing a two-oared boat; or, I should say, they spent most of their time quarreling as to the direction they wanted to row. The consequence was that when one pulled straight forward the other backed water, and a large part of their time was consumed in describing most beautiful circles.

As for B. J., he passed most of his time



THE CANOE CAMP OF "THE DOZEN."

Once the camp was chosen and the tents pitched, each of the Twelve went about the occupation that suited him best.

Sleepy found a soft moss bank overlooking the lake, where he could throw out his fish-line, and lie there, and let the hooks do all the rest.

Sawed-Off and Jumbo were the cooks of the

in his canoe, or out of it—capsizing it, and climbing into it, now paddling lazily, and now working up a great speed.

One afternoon, History, having finished "Ivanhoe," felt in an adventurous frame of mind, and decided that he would honor B. J.'s canoe by taking it out for a little spin.

"Better put on your bathing-suit," said B. J.

"Oh, no," said History; "I'm not afraid of such a little thing as that!"

"Canoes are like bicycles," said Sawed-Off, who was scrubbing the saucepan with sand and water. "You can do anything when you know how, but you can do nothing when you don't."

And Jumbo looked up and added:

"Canoes are like broncos before they are 'busted.' B. J.'s canoe will throw you six ways for Sunday, History."

"Ah-h, that's all nonsense!" History replied

and then Sawed-Off gave the boat a great shove, and it slipped far out over the water.

History gave just one wild dig with the paddle, and then his feet flew up to where his head should have been, and his head flew down to where his feet should not have been—in the water. The canoe turned completely over, and floated gaily away on the waves he kicked up with his tremendous splashing. He tried to yell for help, but swallowed so much water that it sounded as if he were merely gargling his throat. Then he sank from view entirely.



"J." WINS THE CANOE RACE.

scornfully. "It's simply a question of keeping your equilibrium. If you don't lose that you're all right."

As neither Jumbo nor Sawed-Off was quite sure what an equilibrium was, they did not tell him that it is an easy thing to lose. They decided that the canoe would convince History of its bad temper in short order, and made no further objections. B. J. stood by to see that History did not put his feet through the side.

Jumbo and Sawed-Off stood out on the little pier Tug and Punk had built, and held the canoe until History was seated comfortably;

Now the boys on shore realized that they should never have let him try the canoe at all, for they knew that he could not swim. But by the time his head came up again, and cast one pleading look ashore, and then sank, B. J. had whipped off his coat and dived from the pier. He swam under water, and as he rose came up just alongside History.

B. J. was the best of the Twelve at swimming, and was almost as much at home in the water as a mud-hen. Then, too, he had practised swimming with all his clothing on and heavy shoes on his feet. So now, with nothing

on his feet but light rubber-soled boating-shoes, and unhampered by his coat, he lost no time in avoiding History's arms, which flew around like a spider's legs.

He simply thrust the fingers of one hand into History's long hair, and with the other hand struck out for shore. The boys had often poked fun at History's Samsonian locks, and, when they had nothing else to do, they were always taking up a subscription to pay the price of a hair-cut for him; but after that day he was doubly convinced that the barber-chair was no place for him. He was too much scared to feel any pain from having his hair used for a handle, and did not know how uncomfortable he really felt until he found himself on shore, with the other boys rolling him over and over, and waving his arms up and down to get his lungs going again, according to the rules for rescuing the drowning. But when he once more realized who and where he was, it gave him most pain of all to lean against a tree and see B. J. swimming easily and swiftly out to his canoe, to see him right the canoe and empty it, to see him climb into it as if he were mounting a pony, and bring it ashore as safely as if it were a ferry-boat.

Then Tug remarked: "Down in the Louisiana swamps the foresters stand in their canoes and chop down cypress-trees."

And History gave him just one look—the sort of stare a fat man who has fallen off his bicycle as fast as he could get on it bestows on the athlete that rides on a single wheel.

Camping life on the Island of the Dozen brought few adventures besides what the Dozen brought upon themselves, or what their imagination afforded them. There were no Indians and no wild beasts for them to guard against at night when they gathered around the snapping camp-fire and tried to keep awake long enough to get sleepy; but every day meant twenty-four hours of bliss.

And one day a party of girls came over with their mothers from Lakerim, and brought along not only their own bright selves, but great packages of fresh fruit and dainties, which tasted marvelously fine to palates that were growing just a bit weary of the limited range of Sawed-Off's and Jumbo's cookery. It is

doubtful which the doughty campers were gladder to see: their mothers and "best girls," or the fried chicken and raspberry preserves. Each of the Dozen led his "best girl" and her mother, or his mother, whichever had come along, all over the island to show them the wonders of the camp.

B. J.'s chief friend was most interested in his canoe. She could swim nearly as well as he, and dived from heights that had daunted many of the Dozen; and now, when she stepped into his canoe and paddled gracefully about in it, History's eyes stood out till they almost pushed his glasses off.

Visitors, however, were not frequent at the camp. An occasional fisherman came, only to be told to move on, as they caught their own fish. But the Twelve had to depend chiefly on themselves for their entertainment, till one day a party of canoeists from Charleston appeared in the harbor, and the Twelve hastened to extend a hearty welcome.

After Sawed-Off and Jumbo had worked off on the visitors some of their most dangerous experiments at cooking, in true Samaritan spirit they brought out the dainties left in their larder since the visit of the Lakerim girls.

While they were all resting from the effects of their nuncheon, the Charlestonians were talking of the prowess of their best canoeist. After they had bragged for some time of the wonderful things he could do, Reddy and Heady lost their tempers at the same time, and blurted out hotly:

"I'll bet B. J. could do him up with one hand tied behind him!"

"Oh, come!" B. J. objected, modestly. "I'm a hayseed at canoeing."

But the mischief was done now, and nothing could undo it but a test of skill.

B. J., however, was too shy of his abilities to consent to a duel in canoeing, and in order to end the embarrassment one of the Charlestonians finally suggested that they have a tug of war. Since the Lakerims had no war-canoe, and the Charlestonians would not permit them to use one of the rowboats, it was at length agreed that four of the Lakerims should make use of one of the Charlestonian canoes, while four of the visitors would use another.

A long rope was tied completely around both canoes, just under the gunwales, that the strain might be evenly distributed. Then the four stoutest Charlestonians seated themselves in one canoe, and Tug, Punk, B. J., and Sawed-Off, the strongest oarsmen in the Lakerims, took their place in the other. Each of the eight men had a single paddle, and the boats were placed about twenty feet apart. When all were ready, and keyed to the highest pitch, History, who was chosen to be referee, gave the word: "Go!"

Almost before the word was out of his mouth the eight began to paddle most violently. They smote and splashed and grunted and shoved against the water in a fashion that seemed from shore to be idiotic, since the two canoes seemed to be immovably anchored. Still they rolled and swayed and turned and wobbled; but it was a full minute before the center knot in the rope could be seen to move in favor of either side. Then, gradually, centimeter by centimeter, it edged toward the Charleston territory. At the end of the three minutes that had been decided upon for the heat the Lakerim boat was disgracefully taken in tow.

So much for the first heat.

While the contestants were resting, one of the Charlestonians gave an exhibition of his skill in a sailing-canoe. His boat was a dream of beauty, with shining nickel fittings, and a glistening coat of varnish, and sails as white as Pretty's duck trousers. The crew of the boat was a fellow of exquisite skill, who seated himself on a sliding-seat far out over the water, and managed his center-board, his tiller, and his sail as if he were six-handed. He had a stick toggled to the rudder-yoke at one end, and at the other to the collar of the deck-tiller. Thus he pulled or pushed as he pleased, so that it served the purpose of two rudder-lines. And the sheets he managed, when necessary, with his toe, by means of a cam-cleat provided with a long lever. It was the neatest and completest outfit B. J. had ever seen, and he determined to have a sailing-canoe even better the next year.

After this exhibition was over the tug of war commenced again, the fours exchanging boats. It was soon proved, however, that

Charleston's success had depended, not upon the boat, but upon the superior weight and strength of its four; and the Lakerim quartette, already weakened by the discouragement of the first failure, was pulled all over the place without difficulty.

The Dozen smarted under this defeat, and crowded around B. J., demanding that for the honor of Lakerim he should race the crack paddler of Charleston. At length he consented.

Before the two had embarked, however, one of the Charleston men spoke up and said:

"Why not make it a hurry-scurry race? It will be twice as interesting to watch."

"What 's a hurry-scurry race?" said Quiz.

"Well," answered the Charlestonian, "you run twenty-five yards, then swim twenty-five yards, then climb into your canoe and row twenty-five, then capsize, climb into it again, and paddle twenty-five yards more; and that 's the race."

B. J. thought that it promised very little glory for him; but since it would doubtless offer great amusement to the crowd, he let his objections take a back seat, and agreed. Twenty-five yards on shore were paced off from the water's edge, and the starter was placed there. About twenty-five yards out in the water a canoeist, who was to be the judge of the finish, was stationed. Twenty-five yards farther out a second canoeist took his stand and dropped anchor.

The Charleston canoeist borrowed a bathing-suit; and B. J., who lived in his, waited impatiently, pawing the ground and champing the bit at the starting-point. He was not a very good runner, and he was anxious to have the first part of the race over. When the Charleston man was ready, little time was lost in getting the men away.

The Charleston man was long-legged, and ran like a deer, while B. J. ran every which way. When he had finally reached the water's edge he saw the Charlestonian already swimming; so he dashed blindly into the water, like a retriever after a wounded duck. But his left foot slipped on a smooth stone, and his right foot caught on a jagged rock that cut him sore. Yet he flung himself into the water as

soon as he was waist-deep, and struck out with great, long-handed strokes that lifted his shoulders clear into the daylight. His arms flashed like spruce oars, and he seemed to lay hold of the water and pull and push it back past him. His arms rose without a splash and entered cleanly. He fairly hurled himself along.

But though he went like a frightened water-fowl, with arms flying like wings, he was still swimming when his Charleston rival had clambered into his canoe—which the judge held ready—and was paddling vigorously away.

When B. J. was in his canoe and after him, there was a striking contrast in the methods of the two oarsmen. Each used a double-bladed paddle, but the Charleston canoeist knelt on his right knee and paddled in the orthodox fashion. He had a good, long, sweeping stroke, with a sidewise body roll on the right side of the boat; but his stroke on the other side was hampered and shortened by his left knee, and he could not turn far in that direction. His whole body was exposed like a sail to the wind, and as the wind was offshore it helped him along beautifully. It did not promise so well, however, for the return, when it would be a head wind. The boat was unsteady, too, and a large part of his thought and energy was devoted to keeping his balance. Still he paddled as his father had paddled before him, and he was a graceful sight to see.

B. J. did not appeal to the artistic sense so strongly, but he rowed a stroke that would appeal more directly to the modern scientific mind—a distinctly American stroke. He sat on the bottom of the canoe, on a cushion. His legs were under the crosspiece, which his body almost touched. Under the thwart his knees were raised, so that his thighs pressed upward. His feet rested on a light foot-brace on each side of the canoe. Since he sat so low, resistance to the wind was almost ruled out of the question. No motion and no power were lost by unsteadiness of the canoe.

B. J. could have extended his stroke backward on either side almost as far as the other canoeist could on only the right side; but he believed that the paddle, when carried too far back, lifted water and wasted the paddler's energy. His stroke was an arm-and-shoulder

stroke, nearly straight forward and backward, and the boat was steady as a church. He gave a great reach forward. The better part of his force was spent at the beginning of the stroke, and the stroke was not carried back. He feathered his paddle beautifully, and it was spoon-bladed.

The Charlestonians openly geyed the Lakerim canoeist when they saw him plump himself down low in the canoe; but the way he covered water sobered them not a little, and at the end of the 25-yard paddle, in spite of the advantage of the wind, B. J. had almost overtaken the Charleston oarsman. He had capsized his canoe and landed in the water before the Charleston man was fairly started on the home stretch.

B. J., in his excitement over the speed of the stroke he had adopted against the advice of many skilled canoeists, made a fluke of righting his canoe and getting himself into it. It looked as if the Charleston man would have an easy victory, so wide was the distance between him and B. J. when B. J. was again at work.

Once B. J. was well under way, however, he simply tore over the water, or, as it seemed, he floated over it in a light balloon that danced across the ripples. He stretched forward until he was the shape of a letter U lying on its side, and pulled with one hand and pushed with the other like a madman. He gained on the Charleston oarsman as if his rival had fallen asleep.

If his rival had indeed fallen asleep, he did not look it, or he was having a sad nightmare of a dream. For he had turned to throw one contemptuous glance over his shoulder at the Lakerim oarsman, and he had seen what looked to him, not like a canoe but a shark, or something that devoured space in a most inhuman way. Then he fell to paddling so violently that his body shook like a freighter in a gale. But though he wobbled as badly as B. J. did when he ran, there was no eluding the straightforward, businesslike canoe that came flashing along after him. He had hardly time to realize that B. J. had caught up with him when B. J. was alongside; and it had just got into his head that a Lakerim bathing-suit was at his elbow when he realized that it was no

longer there—it had gone on before. B. J. shot across the finishing-line like one of the defenders of the "America's Cup," and Charleston came plodding in afterward like one of the challengers from over sea.

Once they were ashore again, the Charleston man was full of apologies to his friends, and of explanations to the Lakerimmers that he had not let himself out because he had not expected to find so good a canoeist with so curious a manner of rowing.

The Lakerim men merely patted B. J. on the back a little harder, and smiled delightedly.

This angered the Charleston expert, and he declared in a loud voice that in a straightaway race he would soon show them whether or not he knew what he was talking about—Jumbo having suggested in an aside to Sawed-Off that the stranger was talking through his hat. Evidently the hat he was said to talk through was not a thinking-cap.

B. J. said he would not mind, just for the fun of the thing, trying a straightaway race with the visitor. A half-mile course was agreed on, since both of the men were rather tired. It was simply the story of the hurry-scurry race in a revised edition.

The Charleston man again had the advantage of the wind in the beginning of the course. He threw all his energy now into the task of teaching the Lakerim man to know his superiors when he saw them; but B. J. overcame his rival even when he had the aid of the wind, which made a sail-boat out of him, and he left the Charleston man hopelessly in the rear in the finish.

He was sorry the breeze was against his rival, because, being a thorough sportsman, he did not enjoy an easy victory. He even slowed up and let the other man catch up.

He was too well-mannered to do this in a

mocking way, as if conscious of his superiority; but he pretended to be winded, or to let his paddle slip and to regain it as it tried to drift away. But the ease with which he got past the Charlestonian again as soon as the fellow came up convinced him finally that his rival was "out-classed," as he modestly worded it. Then, just for the glory of Lakerim and the delight of the Dozen, he put on full steam, and sped along the home stretch with a speed that would rival the flight of an albatross.

The Lakerimmers howled with pride as their hero beached his boat; and even the Charlestonians were compelled to grip him by the hand and tell him that he ought to come to Charleston Academy—the highest compliment they knew how to pay.

But B. J. said with pride: "The Lakerim High School's good enough for me."

Not many days after the Charlestonians disappeared into the distance, the Twelve gathered around the camp-fire like a war council of Indians, and built air-castles in the future.

"Speaking of air-castles," said B. J., "what is the matter with the real thing—the club-house that is going up at home?"

And then they all felt homesick to see how their future castle was prospering, and perhaps deep down in their hearts they were a little homesick for their mothers and their other best girls.

Then they decided that they had camped long enough. So the next day they folded their tents like the Arabs, and noisily moved away.

So that evening found the wanderers safe at home.

So they saw the club-house, and saw that the carpenters were now busy putting flesh on the dry bones they had last seen when they went out a-camping.

(To be continued.)



The Highwayman of Durley

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

THE Durley Coach came rattling down the steep and slippery road,
With geese and chickens swung atop, and hampers full — a load.

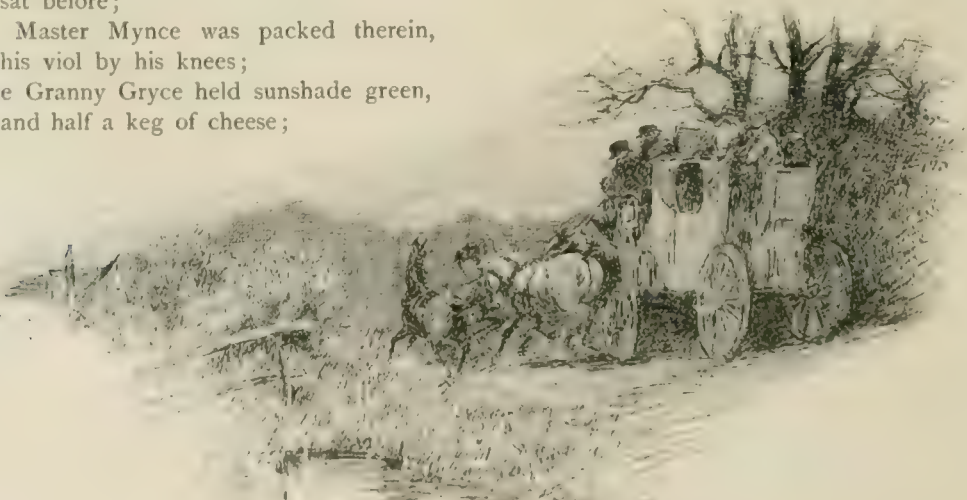
"Toot-toot! Toot-toot!" the coacher's
horn echoed without, within, sirs,
And said: "*Light up, light up the
fires in good old Durley Inn,
sirs!*"



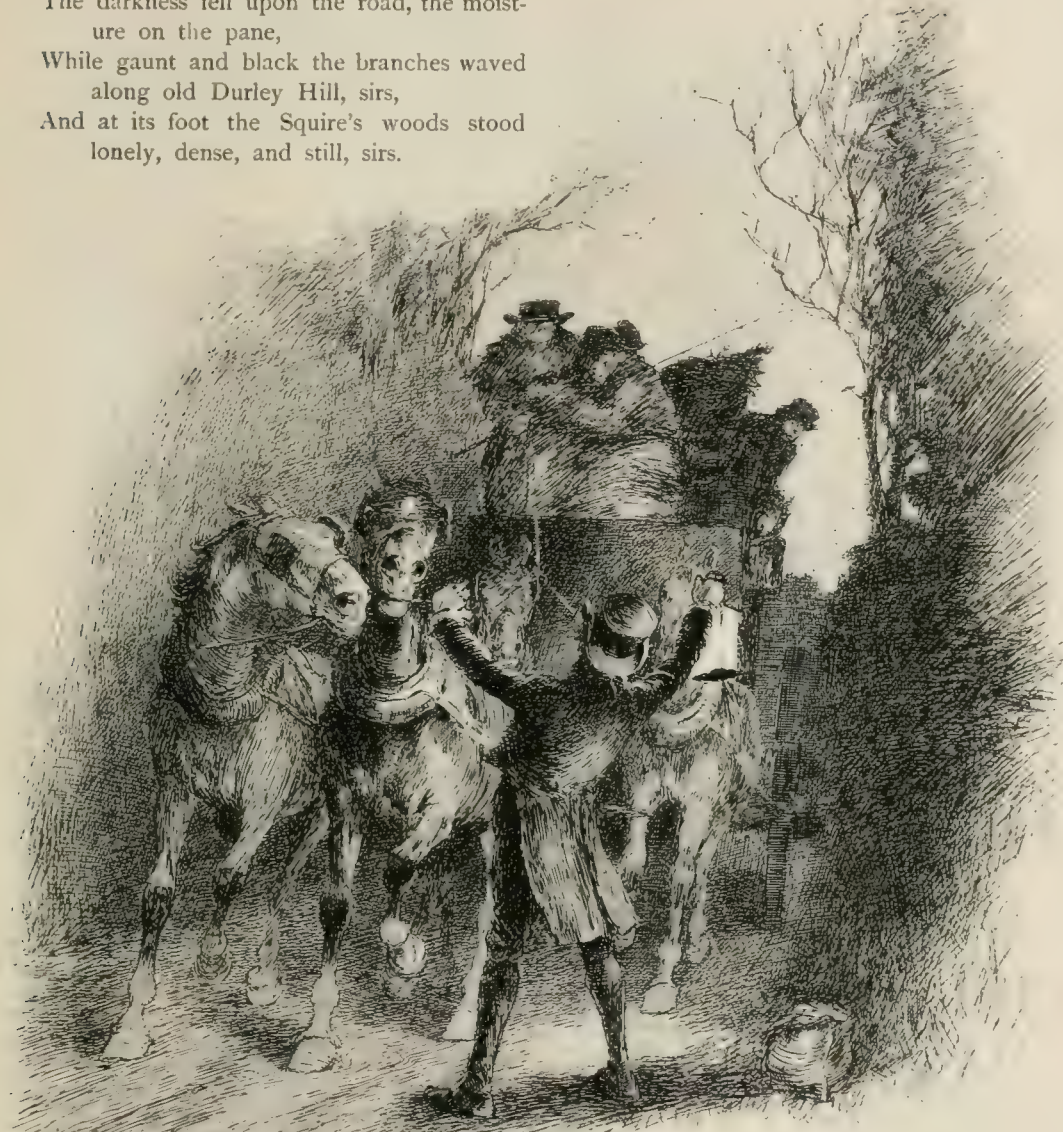


And Mistress Pynch
with sampler, and with
jar of honey clear,
Sat by the Innkeeper and
wife and all their children dear;
With pickles, pie, and bird-cage, Mistress
Merrivein was there.—
For all were bringing home their goods
from distant Durley Fair.

The Durley Coach held passengers well-
nigh a half a score:
The Dominie, he sat behind; the Beadle
sat before;
And Master Mynce was packed therein,
his viol by his knees;
While Granny Gryce held sunshade green,
and half a keg of cheese;



"*Toot-toot! Toot-toot!*" The Durley Coach
swung into Durley Lane.
The darkness fell upon the road, the moist-
ure on the pane,
While gaunt and black the branches waved
along old Durley Hill, sirs,
And at its foot the Squire's woods stood
lonely, dense, and still, sirs.



"Stop, there!" The horses reared and plunged
and halted in the dark.
A hand had grasped the leader's rein, and
swung a lantern's spark.
And Mistress Pynch shrieked, "*Highway-*
men!" with all her might and main,
And "*Highwaymen!*" screamed Granny
Gryce and Mistress Merrivein.

"*Thieves! Robbers!*"

bawled the Beadle.

"Fling everything outside!"

"Take all we have, but spare our lives!" the Innkeeper he cried.

"Here is my viol," wailed Master Mynce;

"'t is worth a pound to you, sirs!"

"My snuff-box," cried the Dominie, "and best umbrella, too, sirs!"

"Alack!" sobbed Mistress Merrivein, "kind sirs, oh, let me go!

My husband dear will pay you well, good gentlemen, I know!

A finer man you'll never meet, nor see his like again;

No one was ever yet afraid of Master Merrivein!"





The voices shrieked; the traps flew out,
 a queer and motley horde,
 The Highwayman he shouted, "*Stop!*" The
 Coacher, too, he roared;
 Came sampler, viol, sunshade, and bird-
 cage, pickles, cheese,
 Umbrella, honey, snuff-box, for that High-
 wayman to seize.

The Highwayman his lantern swung, and
 chattels strove to miss.
 "Alackaday, good friends," he cried, "a
 pretty welcome this!
 'T is dark, and I 've a sack of grain I
 fetched from Durley Mill;
 I stopped the coach to get a ride—all
 with a right good will;
 But if there be no room within,—and that,
 methinks, is plain,—

VOL. XXV.—103.

I 'll climb atop." So spake the voice of
 Master Merrivein!

Then Innkeeper and Dominie and Beadle,
 one and all,
 Climbed out to seek their scattered goods,
 and not a sound let fall.
 But Mistress Merrivein outside the window
 stretched her head,
 And to her husband dear straightway these
 were the words she said:

"In all of Durley, round about, there is not
 such a man
 For making fuss and trouble! Explain it,
 if you can.
 Instead of all this bother and worry and
 to-do, sir,
 Why could you not have said at first that
 you were only *you, sir?*"

FIRE!

BY ALBERT LEE.

With a banging and clanging of bells,
And a chorus of firemen's yells,
With a sounding and bounding and pounding of hoofs,
And a bawling and calling from windows and roofs,—
With a jumping and thumping of wheels,
And a binding and grinding of steels,
With a steaming and screaming of whistles and shouts,
With a swishing and swashing and spraying of spouts,
With a snorting, cavorting,
The horses exhorting,
All smoking and choking, the engine tears down
Through the dull, quiet streets—there 's a fire in the town!

BIG GUNS AND ARMOR OF OUR NAVY.

By
E. B. Rogers. U.S.N.



THE GREAT GUN OF THE U.S. NAVY. SEE PAGE 111.

WHEN we see in the papers such announcements as "Trial of the Great Gun," or "Armor Test at Indian Head," it all sounds very deep and scientific; but it is really only part of a long duel that has been going on for years between guns and their ancient and honorable enemy—armor. In this tussle of strength some-

times the gun has been the "top dog," and sometimes the armor. When one visits on board the battleships and cruisers of our navy, there seems to be nothing quite so interesting as the great guns which are made at the government foundry at Washington.

Not so very long ago all guns were cast by pouring molten iron into a mold and then letting it cool slowly; but it was found that guns made in that way were not strong enough to stand the tremendous strain of the large charges of powder required to send a shot

fast enough to enable it to pierce the steel armor of a modern ship of war; so the old method of casting was abandoned as the armor became stronger, and now nearly all modern cannon are what is called "built up."

First a long steel tube of the finest and strongest metal is made, and around this are placed, or "shrunk on," successive cylinders or rings, one over the other, with the greatest care and nicety, first the "jacket" and then the "hoops." So nowadays a great gun, instead of being one piece, as it used to be, is composed of many parts. The process above described is called "assembling" a gun, and in the place of the short cast-iron cannon of former days, shaped something like a big bottle, we have the long, graceful steel rifles, which look not unlike gigantic watch-keys. They vary in size from the small rapid-fire guns a few hundred pounds in weight, to the great thirteen-inch "Peacemaker," as it was fondly called, which tipped the scales at sixty tons—120,000 pounds.

All these modern guns are breech-loaders, and after the shot and powder have been placed in the powder-chamber, the breech is closed by a steel "breech-plug," which is shoved into the gun and by a short turn is screwed tight into the breech.

The shot or shell has also undergone a change. The round cannon-ball most of us are familiar with has given way to the "projectile," which is made of steel, hardened according to the work it has to do; and in those which are intended to pierce armored ships the metal must be so hard that the projectile can be fired through steel armor of a thickness equal to one eighth more than its diameter, without its being broken or materially injured; for instance, an eight-inch projectile, according to this rule, must be capable of piercing a nine-inch steel plate.

But the changes in guns and shells are no more remarkable than those in powder. Black powder, with its glistening grains, is unfitted for our modern guns, because it explodes too quickly, and when the charge is fired it turns almost instantaneously into gas, exerting immediately all its force, which, of course, decreases when the shot moves toward the muzzle, because the gas has more room (that is, the inside of the gun) to expand in.

But nowadays what is called "slow-burning" powder is used. When it is ignited the projectile at first moves slowly; but as the powder continues burning, the quantity of gas, and consequently the pressure, is constantly increasing; thus the speed of the shot becomes greater and greater as it goes out of the gun. Sometimes grains of powder still burning are thrown out when the gun is fired, which shows how slowly it ignites.

This new powder is brown, and is made up into hexagonal, or six-sided, pieces, with holes through their centers. A mass of it looks exactly like a lot of rusty iron nuts. Each of these grains, or "prisms," is about the size of a large walnut,



A VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT PROVING GROUND, INDIAN HEAD.

and when the charge is made up the prisms are nicely piled, and over the pile is drawn a white serge bag, as is seen in the illustration on page 818. The white bag on the left is a "powder-section," and contains one hundred and ten pounds of brown powder; and five of these make

up the full or "service" charge for the great thirteen-inch rifle, whose projectile is two thirds as tall as an ordinary man, and is larger and weighs more than many of the very cannon themselves with which Admiral Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

All the guns that make up the armament of a United States man-of-war must be tested before they are placed on board, from the small rapid-fire gun which stands on the upper deck, to the monster thirteen-inch that is mounted in the steel-armored turrets of a battle-ship, so that Uncle Sam may know that they are safe, and will not burst and so endanger the lives of his officers and sailors, as well as fail in the supreme moment of battle, when they are called upon to defend the Stars and Stripes. This test is called the "proof," and all guns, great and small, and samples of powder and of projectiles, also specimens of the armor-plate which is to cover the sides of our battle-ships

which are now mounted in the turrets of the battle-ships "Indiana," "Massachusetts," and "Oregon." This gun was called the "Peacemaker." The great 1100-pound projectile was hoisted to the breech of the gun, and shoved into place by a curious hydraulic rammer that lengthened itself like a spy-glass. Then came four men, each carrying a white bag containing one hundred and twenty pounds of brown powder. The bags were placed, one back of the other, in the powder-chamber of the gun. The breech-plug was now swung into position, pushed into the open breech, and given a quarter turn to the right, which locked it safely in its place. Through the center of this plug is a small hole, in the outer opening of which was fixed the electric primer, which, when ignited, sends a jet of flame through the hole and into the center of the powder.

The wires being connected, all was ready. Lieutenant Mason brought their ends together.

A spout of flame and smoke shot from the cannon's mouth, a tremendous roar which was heard for miles reverberated out over the Potomac, and the huge bolt of steel, urged by the enormous pressure, sped across the valley and buried itself in the hillside opposite.

On its way it passed through several frames on which wires were strung, breaking them in its flight. These wires were electrically connected with a little house on the hill above, and there registered on the delicate chronograph the speed at



THE PROJECTILES FOR THIRTEEN-INCH RIFLES ARE TWO THIRDS AS TALL AS A MAN

and armored cruisers, are sent to the Naval Proving Ground at Indian Head, on the beautiful Potomac River, to be tested and proved.

In 1894 the first thirteen-inch rifle was fired at Indian Head. This gun was the largest ever built in the United States, and is one of twelve

which the projectile traveled, and soon the tinkling bells told the story: one, nine, seven, five — 1975 feet in one second.

Think of that, and what it means — a mile in a little less than three seconds, over twenty miles a minute, a speed that carries the projec-



A 12-INCH RIFLE

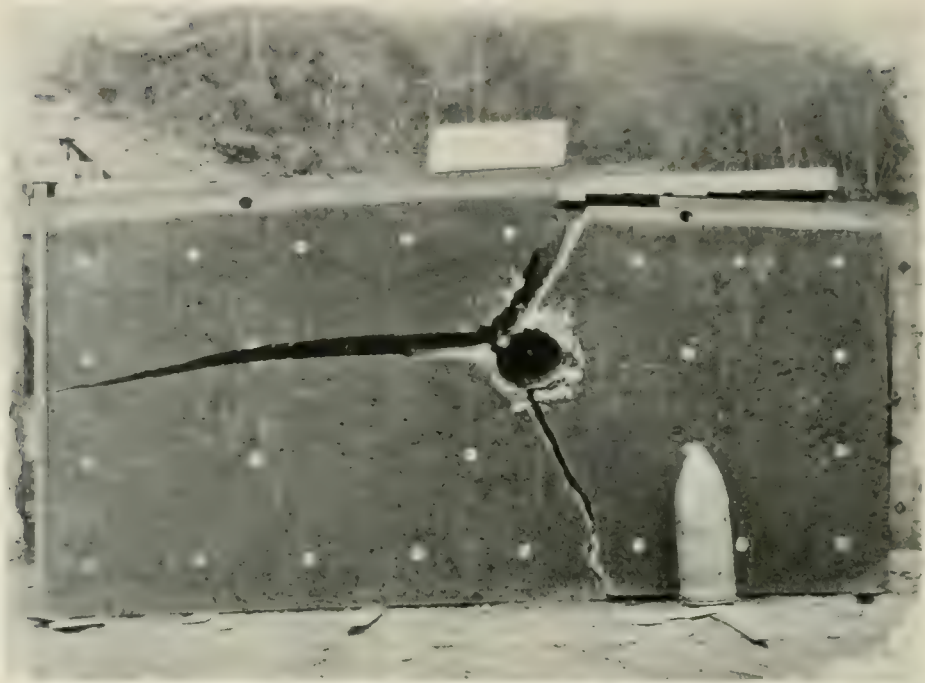
tile thirteen miles, or sends it through twenty-four inches of ordinary steel!

Our armor is the best in the world. It is made so by the genius of an American named Harvey, who invented a process for hardening its surface, so that the plates of "Harveyized" steel, eighteen inches thick, which are now on the sides of our great battle-ships, are believed to be impenetrable by any guns in existence.

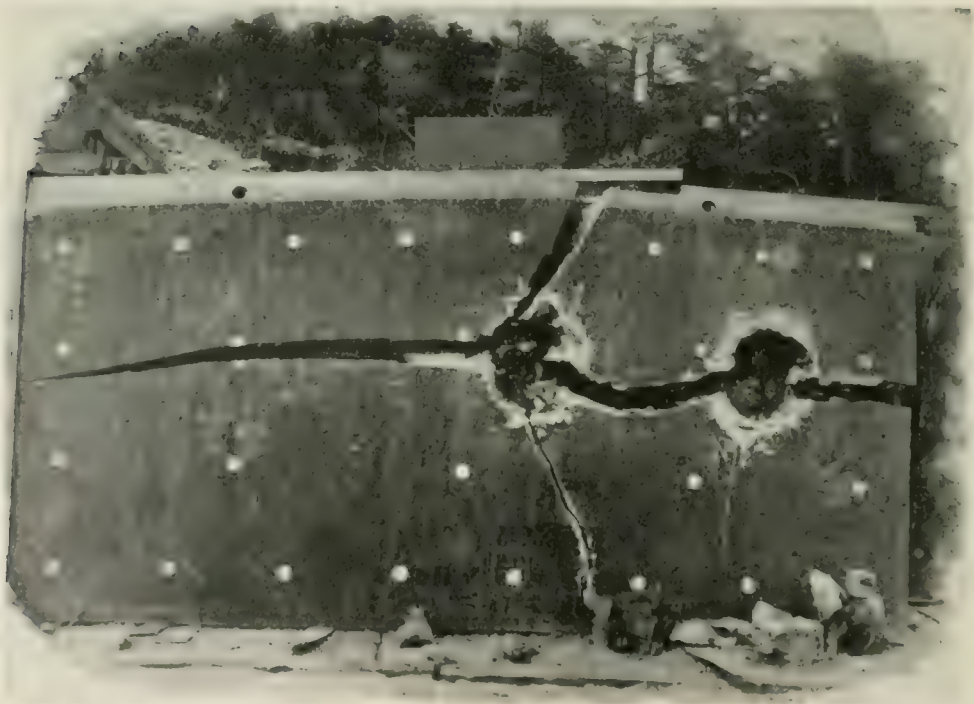
When armor is tested, a plate is bolted to a massive structure of oak, and several shots are

fired at it from a distance of about two hundred yards. When the gun is fired everybody must "take cover" in the bomb-proofs; for when the projectile strikes the hard face of the plate it sometimes breaks into a thousand pieces, and these, with small pieces of the plate, produce a rain of steel which is very dangerous.

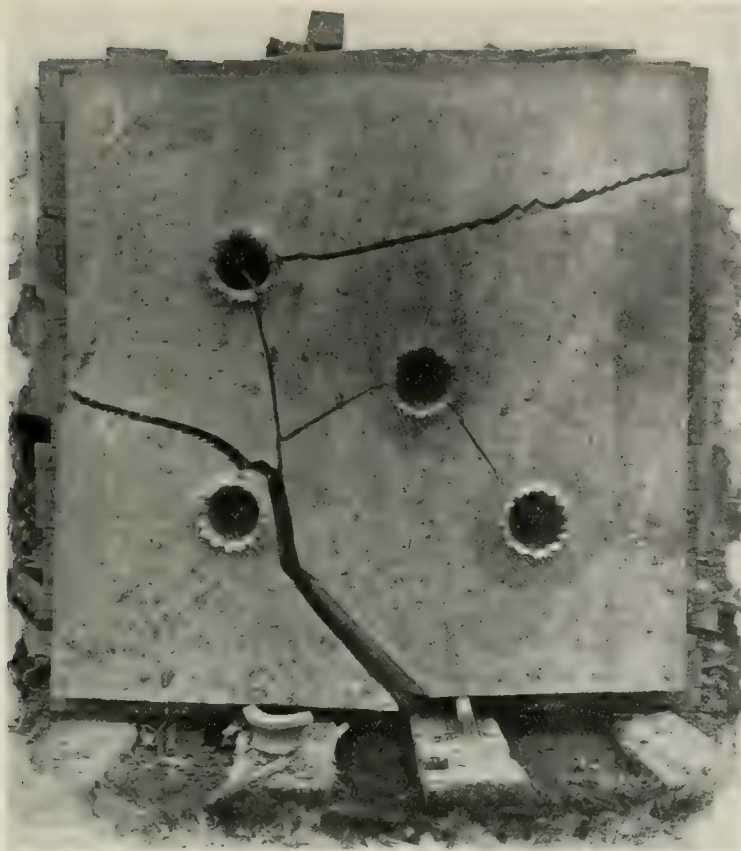
All these things go on and are done that our country may be able to bear herself against her enemies in a manner fitting her strength and her place among the nations of the world.



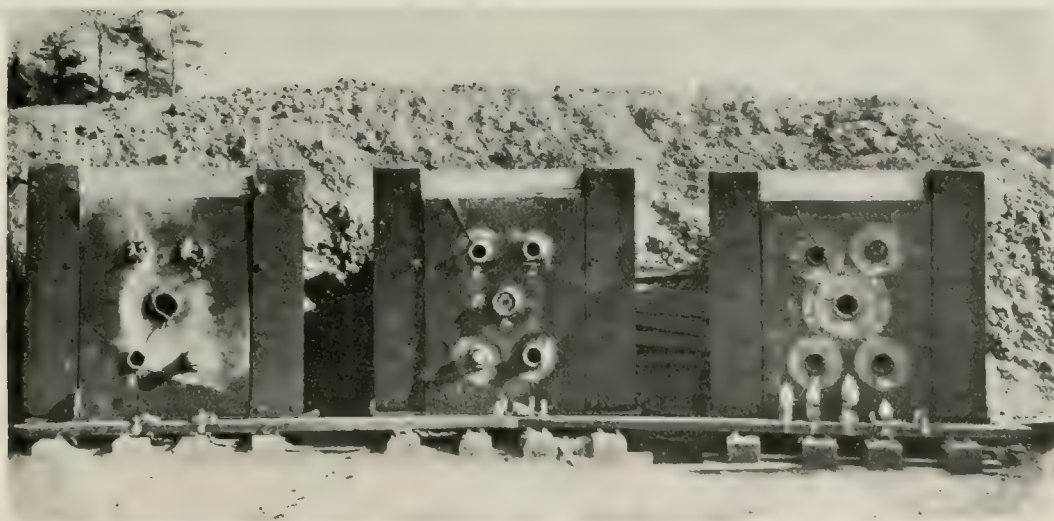
18-INCH HARCRAIZED PLATE TESTED BY 12-INCH RIFLE, MAY 19, 1894. AFTER FIRST SHOT. THIS IS THE HEAVIEST ARMOR-PLATE EVER MADE, UP TO THAT TIME.



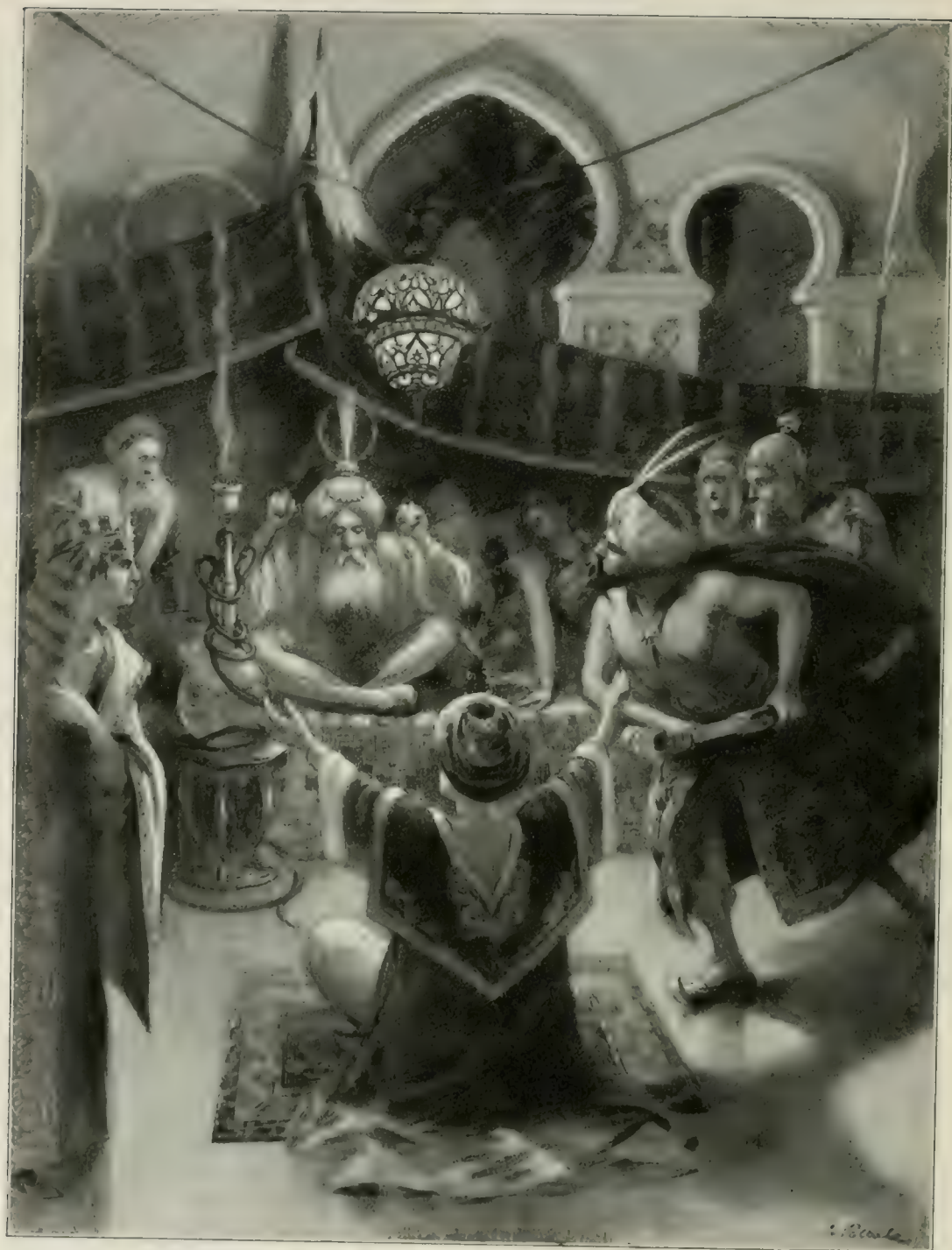
18-INCH HARCRAIZED PLATE TESTED BY 12-INCH RIFLE, MAY 19, 1894. AFTER SECOND SHOT. PLATE REJECTED.



AN ARMOR-PLATE AFTER A TRIAL AT INDIAN HEAD.



ARMOR-PLATES AFTER ALL SHOTS FIRED, IN TEST OF NOVEMBER, 1894, AT INDIAN HEAD.



THE END OF "THE ENDLESS STORY" (SEE PAGE 121)

THE ENDLESS STORY

THERE was once an Oriental King whose chief delight and recreation from the cares and burdens of his royal condition was to listen to stories. Reading was by no means a universal accomplishment in the kingdom of Kaziwar, and its sovereign cared nothing for parchment records or pictorial representations of the ancient history of his own people or those of any other country. It was the delight of his leisure hours to stretch himself on a divan in the beautiful courtyard of his palace, and, amid the plashing of its fountains and the odor of its flowers, to have the cleverest and most imaginative and traveled of his subjects tell him tales of every kind, while his courtiers, grouped about him, shared his pleasure, and were punished with nothing less than death if they yawned three times in succession, or were guilty of the least interruption. The King's passionate fondness for this form of diversion, and the great rewards that he heaped upon the men who had the good fortune to keep him amused, naturally resulted in his court becoming the rendezvous of all the

most brilliant talkers of that kind in that part of the world.

Even the smallest piece of paper in the way of a memorandum was strictly forbidden them, though, and they took rank according to the versatility of their minds, and the fluency with which they were able to disguise the fact that they were borrowing all they knew from some more ancient source, or were abundantly able to invent situations and plots as diverting and characters that interested intensely their imperial and imperious lord, who, bored by chronicles, had a thousand pairs of ears and as many pairs of eyes as a fly for all the tragedies and comedies and adventures that could be recounted with the human voice and presence to give them color and life. Natives and strangers vied with one another for years in repeating or inventing all the tales that they could imagine or recall for the benefit of their swarthy lord, who, stretched on his divans, fixed on them his piercing eye, and bade them do their best.

It was very nervous work for the poor souls, though; for the King's executioner, armed with the

longest and sharpest of simitars, stood ever by their sides; and if the King heard them repeat themselves or one another, if they turned pale under the strain, or forgot what they had to say, as like as not he would frown fiercely, and clap his hands — when off would go a head! Whereas, if he were really entertained, he would listen greedily to every detail, and, the story done, command pipes and wine and fruits to be brought for the refreshment of the speaker, clothe him in robes of scarlet, present him with a fortune in the shape of a single ring, and add to it twenty purses of gold or a dozen vineyards, according to the measure of his satisfaction.

For years and years this state of affairs continued; and by that time the King had heard all the stories of the world. From China and India and Persia and Africa, from Syria and Macedonia and Armenia and Egypt, had come scores and scores of talented men, eager to win the King's commendations and gold and goods. And still the King remained unsatisfied and as greedy for new tales as on the day that he first ascended the throne. But the task of interesting him had, of course, become increasingly difficult, and the danger to their lives greater and greater, until only the most intrepid or the most conceited persons now ventured to face the royal presence. The King's family and friends had been obliged to invent ear-flaps that shut out every sound, in order to keep their senses; and the most envied people at the court were the King's grandmother and uncle, who were both stone-deaf; for there was always danger of the ear-flaps being discovered, and their wearers fearfully punished, while to go without them had become torture.

A lady very popular at court pretended to be deaf for a season, so weary did she grow of the succession of tales that were poured out in her presence; but when the King found this out he mildly rebuked her want of intelligent interest in the literature of his court by having her put into a sack and cast into the nearest river, which had the effect of making all the other court ladies so sensitively alive to every good point in a story that they all declared that they could sit up all night, or

refrain from food all day, as well as from sleep all night, merely to have the *privilege* of being present.

The hearing of everybody in the palace, indeed, was so improved that even the King's grandmother, who was a stone so far as all noises were concerned, and had been excused from attendance in consequence, now regularly made her appearance — "that she might watch the action of the speaker's lips, at least, and improve her mind as far as possible," she said.

So many of the nobles had received the *bastinado* by this time, for putting in an oar, or looking stupid, or paying no attention, or for saying, "Oh, I have heard all that before!" or exclaiming, "Stop, for pity's sake!" or, "By the beard of the prophet, you shall be slain, if it costs me my life!" that no court in the East was half so poorly furnished with pashas and emirs and ministers and generals as Kaziwar. And in the whole kingdom, if anybody said to a friend, "That reminds me of a story," or, "I once heard a story about —" he was instantly thrown into a dungeon by the nearest official of the guards without ever being allowed to get any further. Still, stories the King would have, grumble who might, until he fell into his anecdoteage. Then he became daily more captious, both as to the quantity, the quality, and the treatment of the tales told him.

At last a day came when in all the land no one could be found who dared offer to recount the kind of story that the King commanded. For he said he had found out at last what was the matter with all tales, and why he was so dreadfully bored, and it was that *they all came to an end*. So he vowed a terrible vow. He would cut off all the heads in his kingdom of Kaziwar unless it could produce a man who could furnish him an endless tale; and he issued an edict to that effect, which was at once conveyed all over the country by couriers, and shook the kingdom to its center. Everybody gave themselves over for dead as soon as it was made public. It was true that the King added that he would cheerfully give the half of his kingdom, two hundred and sixteen provinces in all, a hundred thousand purses, and the hand of his daughter, the Princess Badroulbadora,

to the man who could succeed. But, as everybody said, the thing was impossible, and his offer was only a way of saying so, showing, as it did, that the King did not believe in the existence of such a person at all, and could afford to make fine promises, seeing that he would never be called upon to fulfil them.

The whole kingdom put on mourning and gave vent to such grief as not even the tax-gatherers had ever witnessed, nor the plague evoked. The greatest men of the nation, clad in rags, with ropes around their waists and ashes on their heads, prostrated themselves before their angry ruler, imploring mercy and a recalling of the edict, in vain. The mollas all met, and sought means to get rid of or dethrone their sovereign lord; but the King clapped them all into dungeons before they could mature their pious plans, and absolutely refused to cancel the offensive state paper, undo what had been done, or recall what had been sent!

The royal need of amusement, he said, would naturally come *first* with all right-minded subjects, and if there were any persons in the kingdom who were so lost to all patriotic feeling as to suppose that a few thousand heads, more or less, mattered at all in comparison with the ennui and earnest wish of their sovereign, "the sooner they were killed off comfortably, the better," as they never could be trusted to see things in their proper light. Some protests from the women of his household—notably the Princess Badroulboudoura—were quite as vigorously scorned and resisted; and then nothing more could be done, for the King's will was supreme.

When the third moon of the year was shining brightly and making glorious all the courtyard of the palace, so that every blossom and leaf was as clear as if it were daylight, on the fifth day of the month Armizan, all the citizens of the capital city Meheran gathered their families, tremblingly bolted their doors, and awaited the royal executioners. In the palace a great crowd of relatives and courtiers and servants squatted around the great fountain in abject fear, wondering whose turn would come first. For this was the day appointed for the appearance of the man who could tell the King an endless tale, and there was no sign of any

such person being at hand. The executioner, indeed, had sharpened his sword before them all, and was unsheathing it, with his worst enemy as convenient as could be—not ten feet away; the Queen was swallowing the last fig from a basket brought that morning from Babylon, and pretending to be quite at her ease; the King was looking hard at the Pasha of the Thousand Tails, who, being an honest man, had that morning told him that he was a disgrace to humanity; when—the trumpets sounded, and, preceded by servants bowing low in sincere reverence, there appeared a stately stranger, who in a few words stated with great dignity that he had come to accept the King's challenge and win the King's reward!

So great was his personal beauty, so benevolent his expression, that every eye was instantly fixed upon him in unfeigned admiration, and the Princess Badroulboudoura's gentle heart bled when she thought of what she felt sure would be his fate. Up rose the prostrate courtiers as one man, and did reverence to the Sage of Uzmahara, while the executioner reluctantly sheathed his sword. The King, who had not smiled for six months, welcomed his guest right pleasantly, and then, giving the signal for universal attention, sank down on his divan, a happy monarch.

"Illustrious Ruler, Mirror of Justice, Lover of all Men, Defender of the Poor, Brother of the Sun and Moon, Grandfather of the Fixed Stars, and Joy of our Eyelids, hearken diligently; for I am come hither to do thy behest as a snail, a cobweb, a mote, in the presence of the Most Magnificent Lord of Peacocks and Elephants; hearken, I pray thee, while I relate a story without an end, which you, and your children, and your children's children can continue forever and forever and the day after. Bismillah!" began the Sage, who was a man of much learning and culture.

The King got up on his elbow upon hearing this, and the court instantly accorded him the most breathless attention, as was certainly only natural under the circumstances.

"Know, O King," proceeded the Sage, "that there was once a monarch occupying the throne of the Pharaohs one hundred centuries before the world laughed and rejoiced, the rose re-

"Most willingly, sire; it is easily told," said the wise man, "and does not burn the throat of the speaker in so doing, nor make thirsty as a desert plant the ear of the listener. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat —"

He went on with his locusts until the molla called the faithful to prayers, and the King and the courtiers were nearly dead of fatigue, and at last fell sound asleep, only to hear of another locust when they awoke. The Sage again salaamed, and asked leave to defer continuing his story until another evening was come. And every day for a month he kept on tranquilly telling of his locusts with perfect repose and dignity, while the Princess Badroulbadora privately made ready her wedding clothes, to the great scorn of the King, and the great relief of the courtiers. At last the King waxed exceedingly wrathful, and commanded—yes, implored—the Sage to stop, if only for one moment, that he might not lose his senses. He

clashed his head with his hands, and looked so miserable that the Sage instantly complied, while all the courtiers trembled for their heads.

"Fellow! Dog! Cataract of the Nile! Cease! Stop! Shut thy lips! Be silent for a year, at least, that thou perish not!" he cried. "Art trying to *kill* me? Had I not given my royal word, thou hadst been slain after the first hour! When will this end? What comes next after thy everlasting locusts and locusts and locusts? When wilt thou have done with this foolish, mad prating?"

The Sage salaamed low and long. "Joy of the Earth, Illustrious Monarch, Protector of the Humble, Delight of the Learned, I will tell thee truly. I know not. The locusts have brought away only a quarter of a bushel of wheat, and the vaults contain millions. After my head lies low, others will take up the tale; for it is not for one man, or for two generations, but for all time, it may be," he said.

And the King, thankful to be rid of him at any price, fulfilled all his promises, and never asked for another story to the day of his death. On the contrary, he issued an edict making it a capital offense for anybody in his dominions to tell one. But the people of Kaziwar have preserved this one out of gratitude for their deliverance and love for their deliverer.

Frances Courtenay Baylor.



"THAT," QUOTH THE BUG, "IS A MAGIC RING;
WHATEVER YOU WISH FOR, A FAIRY WILL BRING!"

DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[*This story was begun in the March number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

POKEY TRIES TO STUDY BOTANY.

THE road wound up the mountain, in and out, up and down, sometimes through deep woods, and then down into little valleys, where a brook trickled beneath thick ferns which nearly hid it from view; and in many such spots it was decidedly boggy.

The summit of the mountain was gained and the descent begun when just such a spot was reached.

Pokey was walking, and, as usual, was considerably behind all the others, when she was seized with a desire to gather a beautiful wild flower which grew a little way in the woods.

Never stopping to consider the wisdom of the step, or ask a question, she stepped straight off the road, and found herself up to her knees in a bog which the ferns had wholly concealed.

Her screams caused the occupants of the surrey—which by this time had gone on well ahead—to turn round and behold Pokey floundering about, and getting deeper and deeper every instant. In about half a minute John had her on firm ground, but a spectacle to behold.

Frightened as they were, the children could not help shouting at the forlorn object before them, for certainly poor Pokey was about as muddy as a little girl could be.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed. "I feel just like a frog, and I do believe I should have gone right down to China if John had n't fished me out!"

Soaking and muddy, she was rolled in Sunshine's blanket and put into the surrey, to be driven home as quickly as possible, while John remained behind to look after the rest of the party, and to finish his homeward journey on foot.

By the time they reached home Pokey had been *scraped* and made neat again, and was ready to welcome them with her usual good nature.

Soon the baskets and various traps were disposed of, Ned led off to the stable, the "good nights" said, and the extra members of the party departed, singing at the top of their lungs:

"Miss Pokey wanted a posy, oh!
Heigh-ho, Miss Pokey!
And after it she had to go,
And *souse* into the bog—oh! oh!
Up to her knees she went, you know,
And John he pulled her out just so.
Heigh-ho, Miss Pokey!"

to the tune of "A Frog He Would A-wooing Go."

"Pokey," asked Denise, a few hours later, when the family was seated around the cheerful log fire, "what do you think you will dream of to-night?"

"*Nothing*, I hope!" was the quick reply, "for if I did, I'm afraid it would be about getting stuck in bogs."

"I trust that your dream might not be as real as one my brother once had," said Mama.

"Do tell about it," begged Pokey, who dearly loved a fireside tale.

"It was a great many years ago, when I was a young girl. Charley and I used to go every summer to spend a few weeks with Grandfather, who lived on a large farm in the central part of New York State.

"It was an immense place, and he had any number of horses, cows, and all sorts of farm stock.

"One afternoon Charley and I had been rambling through the fields, when we came to a large pasture, where a beautiful Holstein bull was feeding. We looked at him over the bars, but kept at a respectful distance, as we did not know what manner of beastie he might be. Charley was much struck with him, and but for me would have gone straight into the field.

"When we got home we asked Grandfather about him, and he told us that he was a very valuable animal, but not an amiable one, and

for that very reason he kept him in that distant pasture and behind a stout paling, and it was lucky for Charley that he had stopped outside.

"No more was thought of it; but that night, at about two o'clock, I was wakened by something falling upon the floor in front of my door.

"I jumped out of bed, and looked out in the hall, but failed to discover any one or anything.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the hall was dark. I slipped back to my room, and lighted my candle, for I felt sure something must be wrong."

"What was it—thieves?" asked Pokey, breathlessly.

"No," said Mama, laughing; "only a *shoe*. There it lay in the hall. But in an instant it flashed upon me that it was Charley's.

"Then I knew what the matter was. He was walking in his sleep, as he sometimes did at home. Rushing back to my room, I scrambled on my shoes and stockings and some clothes, and then flew to Grandfather's door, crying: 'Grandfather! Grandfather! Wake up, quick! Charley is walking in his sleep.' In about two minutes, which seemed two hours to me, Grandfather came out of his room, dressed in trousers, dressing-gown, and slippers, and off we started—down-stairs to the lower floor, where we found the kitchen door wide open, which told us he had gone that way; and out on the grass lay his sock, where he had dropped it.

"In one second it came upon me that Charley had gone off to see his Holstein bull, for we had come home by the fields and across this very lawn; and my heart nearly stood still.

"I told my fears to Grandfather, who said: 'Bless us and save us! I hope not. That beast is not a pleasant creature in the daytime—let alone at night!'

"The moonlight shone brightly, and it was almost as light as day as we approached the pasture.

"On the ground at our feet lay a white object, which proved to be Charley's handkerchief, and left us no doubt as to his errand. The next instant we beheld a sight which simply held us spellbound. The whole pasture lay plainly before us, bathed in the clear moonlight; and flying across it, with the great bull

in hot pursuit, was Charley, barefooted, in his night-gown and *hat*.

"Never before in his waking moments had he gone at such a rate of speed, and how he ever managed to fly over the ground as he did that night we never could guess.

"But the bull gained upon him at every step, and but for a very miracle he must have been killed. At the critical moment his hat flew off, and almost into the animal's face, which he seemed to resent as an open insult; so turning his wrath upon that, he stopped to stamp it into shreds. That was just enough to save Charley, for he reached the paling, flung himself over it and into a ditch at the farther side. The ditch was filled with water, but Charley could not stop to choose his ground for alighting. So long as he was on the farther side of the fence from the bull, he was entirely satisfied with his position.

"When we got to him he was the most frightened boy you ever heard of, and although sixteen years old, and a stout, big fellow, he was as weak and shaky as a little kitten."

"Oh," said Pokey, when the tale ended, "I believe I should have gone dead right off! Did he ever walk in his sleep again?"

"Yes, many times, but never afterward got into such a fix. And now, off to bed, but *no* dreams!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "CHAPEL."

As though Dame Nature had a tender spot in her heart for the city child who so rarely had an opportunity of enjoying the lovely things she had ready to show her, Sunday was, if possible, an even more delightful day than Saturday.

It was one of those still, dreamy days that come to us about the middle of October, when Nature seems resting from her work of the past months, when she has been so busy making and bringing her works to perfection; a yellow, mellow day, steeped in a rich golden haze which hung over mountains, river, and valley, and made the Tarrytown hills beautifully soft in outline.

The Tappan Zee lay like a mirror, which

plainly reflected the various craft idly floating upon it. Scarcely a breath of air stirred, and indeed a perfect Sabbath stillness rested upon all things.

"I don't see how any one *could* do or think a bad thing to-day," said Denise, as she and Pokey walked home from Sunday-school at eleven o'clock.

"It seems to me," she continued, "that on such a perfect day as this everybody ought to feel thankful to be alive, and I believe God sends such days to make us try all the harder to be good"—for she was quick to feel the beautiful, and to benefit by it.

"I wish I lived in the country," said little Pokey, wistfully. "Sometimes I get so hungry for a piece of it that I don't know how to live without it. I just feel as if I could run away, and never see the city again!"

"I wish you did live here," answered Denise, heartily. "Would n't we have gay times? Never mind; you must come just as often as ever you can, and have half of all my nice times and good things. You know, it 's a great deal nicer if some one goes halves."

"I should think I did go halves now. Why, I come so often, and get so many pretty things every time, that Mama says I 'd better live here altogether. I wonder why it is you are all so nice to me," said Pokey, innocently, wholly unconscious of her many winsome qualities and of the affectionate nature that endeared her to all.

"Why, we are nice to you because we all love you; and Mama says that if we would always remember to 'do unto others as we would be done by,' we would never be unhappy, and could make everybody happy too."

"I wish you would ask Mr. Papa to go up to the 'Chapel' this afternoon. I do so love to go there. It is so quiet and sort of peaceful that it makes me feel good all over, and as though I never could feel cross any more."

"Of course I will. It is so warm that it will be just lovely there this afternoon, and I guess Mama and Miss Meredith will go too. We will take a nice book, and ask Miss Meredith to read aloud. She is so kind that she never minds reading a bit, and her voice is so soft and sweet that it 's just like little bells."

The "Chapel" was a charming spot about a third of the way up the mountain, just where the open fields ended and the dense woods began. From it an uninterrupted view of miles lay before one, for the brushwood had been cut away, and the great forest-trees formed a lovely framework for the picture.

Just within the wood, rustic seats and tables had been made, hammocks swung, and cozy nests constructed of moss and branches, so that almost anybody could be comfortably bestowed.

Prettily carved around the top of the big rustic table, which formed the very central point of the Chapel, was the quotation: "The woods were God's first temples." A delightfully cool, restful spot in which to spend a quiet Sunday afternoon, after the hurry and cares of the week, and an excellent place in which to lay wise plans for the coming one.

Nearly every Sunday afternoon, when the weather permitted, the family betook themselves thither to read, write letters, talk, dream, or drowse, as the fancy prompted. No wonder that Pokey, whose brain was so wearied with weeks of helter-skelter study that she did n't know whether nine times nine were eighty-one or eight hundred, longed for this peaceful spot.

So, directly dinner was ended, all armed themselves with climbing-staffs and started for the Chapel, Tan, Ned, Sailor, and Beauty following or leading, as the notion took them; for they always went with the rest, and needed no leaders, being only too ready to go with their beloved little mistress to the very ends of the earth, should her fancy lead her that way.

Pokey stood in respectful awe of the pets, and kept close beside Miss Meredith, who laughingly said it was the book she carried which made Pokey so devoted to her.

It did not take long to reach the Chapel, and once there, Sailor and Beauty stretched themselves on the dry, warm earth for a snooze; but Ned and Tan thought it better fun to poke about in the woods, one to eat leaves and bark, and the other to nibble daintily at the straggling wood-grasses.

After much plumping and arranging of pillows,—with which each had come so well provided that a neighbor who saw them start asked

if they were playing at "Pilgrim's Progress," like Miss Alcott's heroines,—all settled down for a luxurious rest.

"Now, Miss Meredith, please turn Ichabod Crane loose, and let him roam about hill and dale; for this is an ideal spot for him, and Pokey looks as though she were positively suffering in her impatience to meet him," said Mama, when

could be seen so plainly from their lovely outlook.

Pokey sat breathless, lost to everything but Ichabod and his pursuer, till the tale was ended, and then said in a serious way which convulsed her hearers:

"Did they ever catch the *real* Hessian? I don't mean the *pumpkin* one, you know."



AN AFTERNOON IN THE "CHAPEL."

all were comfortably settled, she in one big chair and Miss Meredith in another, with plenty of cushions to make them luxurious. Papa was reading in one hammock, Pokey and Denise swinging in another.

So Miss Meredith began: "'In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson'"—and soon had carried her good friends straight across the glassy river and into the Sleepy Hollow which

"They had n't done so at last reports," answered Papa, "and I should n't wonder if he was still on the rampage."

"Let's have a swing," said Denise, presently, after Pokey had digested and pondered over Papa's reply; for she had sat still as long as was possible for her, and longed for some motion to act as safety-valve.

"You sit still, and I'll get the hammock swinging real high, and then sit in it as it swings

back, just as I 've seen Papa step into a row-boat after he pushes it off."

This being successfully accomplished, they enjoyed a swing of about five minutes, when "the old cat" began to "die," and the operation had to be repeated.

Denise had served her turn four or five times, when Pokey thought it only right that *she* should supply the motive power, and said to Denise:

"Now, you sit still this time, and I 'll give you a *good* one."

"Take care you don't make it *too* good, and spill us both out."

"Why, don't you suppose I can do it just as well as you can, when I 've seen you do it *four* times?" demanded Pokey.

"Well, be careful, Pokey," was the warning given.

Up she hopped, and soon had the hammock swinging at a wild rate; but, alas! Pokey's idea of philosophy, natural science, the center of gravity, or whatever it is that keeps hammocks right side up, was not so good as Denise's. Instead of getting into the hammock as it swung *backward*, she stood stock still, back to it, as it swung *forward*, and then, jumping up, tried to sit in it as it swung *under* her. Unfortunately, not having eyes in the back of her head, she could not gage the distance correctly, and instead of sitting *into* it, she sat completely *over* it, thereby instantly turning it bottom side up, and landing herself and Denise in such a promiscuous heap that it was difficult to tell their heads from their feet when Papa rushed to the rescue.

"Oh, Denise, Denise! are you dead?" came in imploring accents from one part of the heap.

Denise was not dead, by any means, only decidedly mussed and shaken up by the sudden summersault.

Tan had been so startled by the spectacle that he jumped about a foot straight up into the air, and then stood with ears and tail erect, and blaated like a distracted thing; Ned stampeded to a safe distance, and then stood regarding such frivolous conduct in a way which clearly indicated his disgust; while Sailor and Beauty barked as though set upon by thieves, and it rested with them to rouse the town.

Peace was restored, however, and then it was

decided that the homeward walk must be begun, for the afternoon was beginning to tell that an October evening was nearly upon them.

Monday morning carried Pokey back to town, consoled only by the thought that she was already invited for the Christmas holidays.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANXIOUS HOURS.

A FEW days after Pokey's departure, Denise, coming into her mother's room after an afternoon's ramble with Ned, found her lying upon her couch and complaining of headache.

"Poor Moddie! let me sit here and smooth the ache away," said she, taking her mother's head in her lap. "See; I 'll smooth all the little knotty kinks out, and then the ache will go away."

But even the gentle touch failed to dispel the ache, which seemed to grow worse as evening approached; and although Denise had sat "pooring" for more than an hour, Mama's eyes grew duller and duller, and the poor head throbbed the harder. At last she fell into a restless sleep, and, placing her comfortably upon the pillows, Denise went in search of Grandma, filled with an indefinable anxiety, as of something distressing about to come upon her.

Going into her grandmother's room, she said: "Grandma, won't you come and look at Mama? I am afraid she is quite ill, for I 've been with her more than an hour, and she does n't seem a bit like herself."

Instantly Grandma rose, and she and Denise went quickly back to Mama's room.

By this time a decided change had taken place, and Grandma noticed with serious alarm that, although apparently asleep, the sleep was far from being a restful one, and Mama had a high fever. Not wishing to frighten Denise, she said: "I wish, dearie, you would step down and ask John to saddle Flash and go for Dr. Swift. Such a severe headache as Mama's ought to be relieved at once."

Noiselessly Denise flew down the stairs, and in a few moments John had started; for the good man was always ready to speed at the need of the mistress to whom he, as well as the other servants, was sincerely attached.

Meanwhile Denise went to her room to put on her softest slippers, and then returned to Mama, whom Grandma and Mary were already preparing for her bed. Denise flitted about, arranging the pillows, filling the hot-water bags, and helping like any little nurse; for she had a wise little head on her frisky body, and her love for her mother seemed to suggest the things which would make the invalid most comfortable. John was not long in fetching Dr. Swift, who looked very serious as he put question after question to Grandma.

Denise stood by with an anxious little face, seeming to beg an encouraging word; but none came, and Dr. Swift took his departure, after ordering perfect quiet and careful attention to his directions.

As he was about to get into his carriage, Denise caught his hand, and said: "Dr. Swift, *please* tell me if Mama is going to be very sick?"

"That is more than I can say, little girl; but you must trust to Dr. Swift to bring her through safely, if the good Lord will let him," said the kind doctor, with a pat on Denise's upturned face.

When Papa returned at six o'clock he took matters in hand at once, and a telegram was soon speeding on its way to Aunt Helen, asking her to come immediately, and bring with her a trained nurse.

At midnight Denise was wakened by Auntie's kiss, and putting up her arms, she hugged her close, and begged her take good care of Mama.

But Auntie needed no urging, and at once the care of the household fell to her share, while Grandma and the nurse were thus freed from other duties, so as to devote themselves to the invalid.

The next morning all realized how ill Mrs. Lombard was, and for many days the doctor came and went without being able to give much

encouragement, or conquer the obstinate fever, which was doing its best to change Mama into a mere shadow.

To Denise the days seemed the longest she had ever known; for the little girl tried to be brave and to keep her fears to herself, lest she give an added care to those who already had so many.

It seemed to her as though she lived in a sort of nightmare, and could not get awake. The house was so still, the parlors and library so deserted, and even the door-bell was silenced, for a maid anticipated every ring, and gave word of the invalid's condition and the thanks of the family to the many who came with kind inquiries or offers of assistance.

Gentle Miss Meredith had not the heart to force the lessons, for she saw very plainly that Denise's mind was too much tossed about to study, and so she determined to let the tasks wait, and tried to help the unhappy little girl by reading with her such books as might help her forget, and yet would put new ideas in the little head, which later would profit thereby.



"EVEN DENISE'S GENTLE TOUCH FAILED TO DISPEL HER MOTHER'S HEADACHE."

Strange as it may seem, Ned was Denise's best consoler during these dark days. She had no heart to ride or drive him, but would go off and sit on the ground under the trees, with Ned cuddling beside her like a huge dog, and with

his head held close in her lap she would talk to him as though he were a human creature and could understand all she said.

Many a bitter tear fell upon his shaggy mane as Denise held him close and sobbed out her grief.

Sitting thus on one of the soft October afternoons when all was so still, she said: "Little Toodledums, do you know how sick Mama is? God did n't give you a voice to speak with; but I know you *think* and *love*, and maybe you know more than I do, after all."

A soft neigh answered her, and accepting it as a reply, she continued: "Toodledums, Mama may go away from us, and never come back any more, and what ever, *ever* should we do without her? Do animals have any way of asking God to help them? Can't you tell me, when you know I love you so dearly?"

The soft brown eyes looked at her with almost human intelligence, and it was small wonder that the little girl, who loved her pet so dearly, was comforted.

Just then the doctor's carriage came to the door, and she flew to hear the report he had to give on his return from the sick-room. He stayed longer than usual, and when he came out said to Mr. Lombard: "Yes, you may telegraph for Dr. Burton, for I believe a consultation to be best."

Neither noticed the little girl behind the screen; but directly the doctor had gone she came out, and, taking her father's hand, said, "Papa, is Mama worse?" and hid her face in his coat.

Her father gathered her in his arms, saying: "We fear so, little one, and to-night must decide all for us."

She made no sound, but her quivering body told her anguish.

The house knew no rest that night, for at ten o'clock the great doctor came from town, and he and Dr. Swift talked long and earnestly.

The hours crept slowly on, and the house was so still that Denise could plainly hear the great hall clock ticking, and now and again a low moan that nearly broke her heart. Curled up on the couch in Mama's sitting-room, she fell into a restless sleep, and dreamed that she and

her mother were sailing down a swift river whose waters were inky black, into which she feared her mother would fall. She clasped her arms tightly around her, and cried out: "No, no; you must not fall!" and with the cry wakened to find Aunt Helen standing beside her and saying: "Come, Denise, and speak to Mama."

CHAPTER XX.

AN HOUR OF ANGUISH.

WITHOUT a word she took Aunt Helen's hand, and, as if still in a dream, passed into her mother's room. Going to the bedside, she knelt beside it, and taking the poor, thin hand in her own, laid her cheek upon it.

No sound came from the sufferer, and it seemed as though she had already passed beyond the care of those who stood or sat so silently beside her. The gentle, white-capped nurse sat waving a fan softly back and forth, while the doctors and Mr. Lombard stood watching every breath.

In the absolute silence every sound seemed intensified.

Then a strange thing happened. High and clear on the soft night air came little Ned's loud neigh, just as he "called" Denise whenever he saw her in the distance. Whether he was wide awake and called her, or had whinnied in his dreams, no one ever knew, but the call was unmistakable, and Denise almost started to her feet. As she did so her mother slowly opened her eyes, and seeing Denise, whispered: "Yes, darling; Ned is calling to us to come for a drive; we shall soon be ready." And with a smile she turned her head and fell into her first refreshing sleep.

Papa left the room, for it was impossible for him to control his feelings; but Denise never stirred, and not until three o'clock had struck could they induce her to leave the bedside.

No one attempted to send her to bed; and, going down-stairs, she said to John, who had sat in the hall throughout all the long, anxious night: "John, did you hear Ned call to me?"

"Faith, I did, thin, Miss Denise; and good

luck it means when a horse whinnies after midnight, and the dear missis will be gettin' better soon," said he.

"John, I want you to take me to Ned; I want to see him." And the kind-hearted John never hesitated an instant, but led her out to the Bird's Nest, and unlocking the door, lighted the gas.

A big brown eye was peeping at them through the slot in the door, and a soft whinnying was saying good morning as Ned wondered why he was receiving so early a visit.

Denise did not say a word, but putting her arms about his neck, hugged him close when John led him into the play-house.

Piling her rugs and cushions on the floor, she sat down, and made Ned lie down beside her.

Being but half awake, he was quite ready to snuggle down, and with his head in her lap was soon fast asleep.

John went back to the house to tell them where Denise was; and when Mr. Lombard came out twenty minutes later to take her in to bed, he found her fast asleep in her cushions, with her little pet held tightly in her arms.

"Did iver ye see the loike of that, soor?" asked John.

"No, John, I never did; and through all her sad trial Ned has been her greatest comfort, and I would not disturb them now for their weight in gold. She is utterly worn out."

The next sunshine brought good news for all; for the fever had broken, and the dear invalid was certainly going to get better.

But many days had to pass before the lost strength was regained, and meantime everybody was anxious to do something for the beloved mother. Denise's lessons had been resumed, and all went as usual in the mornings; but the afternoons were devoted to the "precious Moddie"—more than ever precious since she had so nearly slipped from them.

So many letters to be read and kind messages to be delivered!

Scarcely a day had passed without some word from poor Pokey, who nearly grieved herself to death. Next to her own people, Pokey probably loved "Mrs. Mama" better than any one else in the world, and no one realized

how keenly she suffered in her affectionate anxiety.

Her joy on receiving the good news had been unbounded, and Pokey could now study in earnest; for it had been impossible for her to give her attention to school or anything else.

The second week in November Mama began to get about once more, and great was the rejoicing when she again took her place at the head of the table. Denise would have invited all the lads and lasses she knew to help celebrate the great event, but Mama said they had better defer inviting the little guests until Thanksgiving, which would soon be upon them.

"Papa," asked Denise, a few weeks later, when November had fairly set in, and had been selfish enough to destroy all the lovely tints displayed by "Brown, October & Co.," "are we to live in the city again this winter?"

"No, little maid, I think not, unless *you* would prefer doing so."

"Well, I just guess *not*. It was hard enough to go last year, when Ned was spandy new, and I had no Bird's Nest; but I just believe I 'd die *dead* if I had to go *this* year."

"You need not prepare to 'die dead' yet, then, for I look forward to a cozy winter beneath my own 'roof-tree,' and the carving of my own gobbler at Thanksgiving; and this year the day must be indeed one of Thanksgiving, for surely we never had greater cause to be thankful," answered Papa, with a glance toward Mama, who sat reading close by.

"Is that a hint for me?" asked Mama, who was now rapidly getting back her strength and beginning to be her cheerful self once more.

"I should n't wonder, for I 'm already whetting my appetite for something extra nice *this* Thanksgiving, having been cheated out of it last," answered Papa.

"You shall have it; for now that I am growing so strong, Denise is going to help get up the feast, and you shall see what a skilful little cook the Bird's Nest cooking-school has made her."

"Good! I 'll prepare myself for something extra plummy a week from Thursday, and shall put myself on short rations, meanwhile, in order to be in prime condition to enjoy it."

JUANITO AND JEFE.

A Story of the Philippines.

BY CHARLES B. HOWARD.

ON an obscure little island in the Philippine group stands an obscure little native village; and in this village there stood, a few years ago, a certain hut, built, like the others, entirely of bamboo, and thatched with dried nipa-leaves. In this hut there dwelt a chocolate-colored family, consisting of Mariano Pelasquez, his wife, and a sturdy eleven-year-old boy, Juanito by name.

Old Mariano had lived as a boy in one of the large seaports, and there had learned to speak Spanish fluently; and this language he had taught Juanito as he grew up, in hope that some day the boy might become a servant or possibly a clerk to one of the Spanish or English residents — preferably the latter, as the *Ingleses* paid better wages than the *Españoles*, and were less liable to throw boots and dishes and things.

Mariano was a species of agriculturist whenever he chose to exert himself, which was seldom. He owned a tiny bit of land, on which stood a commodious hut and a fruitful mango-tree; but the pride of his heart was his *carabao*, or water-buffalo, which tugged at the plow or rough cart on the rare occasions when Mariano took to farming. These carabaos are huge mouse-colored beasts, amazingly hideous in appearance, and very savage when wild; but they are docile as lambs when once tamed. Moreover, their tremendous strength is of great service, while their very slow gait is quite in accord with the ideas of the Philippine natives, and perfectly suits that laziest of races.

This particular carabao was called "Jefe" (which means "chief"), because he was the largest and strongest in the village; and the Pelasquez family took the same amount of pride in him that an English family would have in a thoroughbred race-horse. Therefore the head of the household was greatly exercised

in mind, one morning, to discover that Jefe had broken his tether during the night, and left for parts unknown.

"Oh, thou ungrateful one!" muttered Mariano; "and I was to plow to-day. Juanito!" he called.

"*Si, padre*," answered Juanito, appearing in the doorway arrayed in a pair of short trousers, his customary costume.

"Good boy, to answer in Spanish," said the father, smiling, and holding out his hand, which Juanito dutifully kissed, as all good little *Filipinos* are expected to do every morning, and all bad ones must. "See," went on Mariano, "that pig of a Jefe has broken his rope, and gone probably to the river-bend. Get from thy mother some breakfast, and seek him."

Juanito looked thoughtful. "Perhaps the crazy Englishmen who arrived yesterday have stolen him," he suggested.

Two naturalists, who seemed English, had come to the village the evening before, and spent the night at the priest's house. Juanito had seen them, and had thought of little else ever since.

"Ingleses do not steal carabaos, thou monkey," answered Mariano. "These two particular lunatics seek only bugs and snakes. Think-est thou that they could put Jefe in their pockets? Haste away, now, and come not back without him."

Juanito secured two plump bananas from his mother, and trudged away across the fields toward the bend in the river. Carabaos at liberty for the time being always assembled there to sink themselves up to the eyes in the cool water, and to doze in comfort, defying their insect tormentors.

Juanito munched his bananas as he went along in the cool morning air, and soon was pushing his way through the bushes which

skirted the river, following the path worn by the buffaloes in their pilgrimages. Coming out on the bank, he saw, apparently floating on the surface, about a dozen huge horned heads, which turned slowly and fixed as many pairs of big, sleepy eyes on the coming boy.

Juanito studied them carefully. "Aha!" he exclaimed at last, "there thou art — thou with the biggest horns! Come here, Jefe!"

But Jefe was too comfortable, and would n't come; so Juanito finally took off his trousers, and waded in until he could climb up on the great beast's back. "Now get up, big stupid!" he shouted, pounding the massive head vigorously with a small fist. Either the insult or the thumps had the desired effect, and, with many sighs and grunts, Jefe scrambled laboriously to his feet (almost submerging his companions in the waves created by the process), and splashed shoreward.

Juanito secured his trousers, and mounting again, urged his ponderous steed along the path. As they emerged from the bushes, Juanito caught sight of two figures across the field, dressed in white, with huge sun-helmets, apparently examining something closely.

"*Hola!*" exclaimed Juanito, "the two English lunatics. Let us go and see what they have found, Jefe."

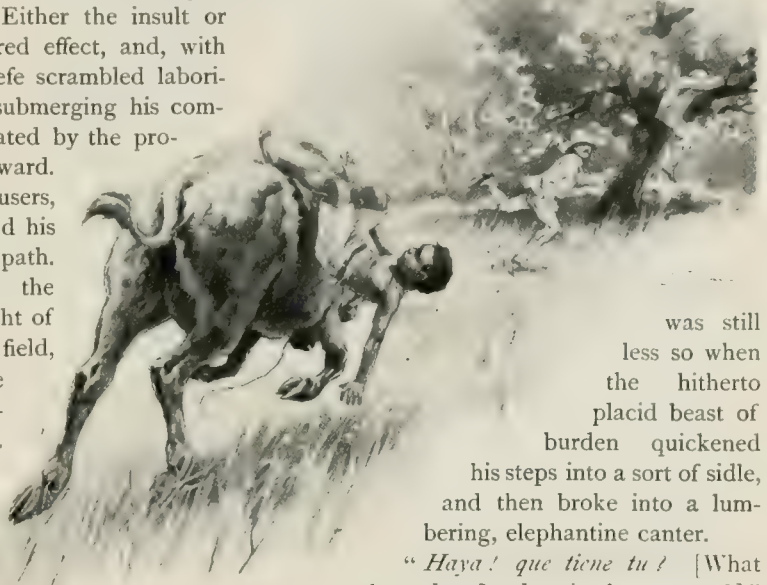
I may say here that all the ignorant natives of the far East, being unable to understand their ways, came to the conclusion long ago that the English and American races were composed entirely of harmless lunatics.

Jefe, having been at last persuaded to turn his nose in that direction, proceeded, one leg at a time, toward the two white figures.

Now there is a peculiarity about these carabaos of which Juanito was unaware; and that is that, although they can be controlled and led by a six-year-old native, if necessary, at the same time, in those parts of the islands where a white man is a rarity the sight of one seems to

drive the creatures frantic, and they will often attack with all the fierceness and fury of a wild bull a white person who has not given them the slightest cause; and their attack is really the more dangerous to the victim, for a carabao's horns are each as long and thick as a man's arm. A single carabao has been known to attack and kill a full-grown tiger.

Consequently, Juanito was hardly prepared when, about half-way across the field, Jefe raised his head aloft, and began to utter strange, nasal grunts, pricking his great ears forward; and



was still less so when the hitherto placid beast of burden quickened his steps into a sort of sidle, and then broke into a lumbering, elephantine canter.

"*Haya! que tiene tu!* [What hast thou? what is the matter?]"

shouted the amazed Juanito, striving to maintain his balance. But Jefe's sides were still wet and slippery, and in another moment Juanito tumbled ingloriously off. He picked himself up, and gazed open-mouthed at Jefe, who, with his head in the air, his back arched like a bow, and his feet in a bunch, was going across the field in a sort of hopping, see-saw-like gallop. I do not know of any other beast whose movements, when galloping, are like those of a carabao, unless it be a bear.

So, combining this with Jefe's own individual hideousness, it is no wonder that the two naturalists, upon catching sight of what was coming, dropped their specimens and fled at the top of their speed toward the nearest tree.

"IN ANOTHER MOMENT JUANITO TUMBLED INGLORIOUSLY OFF."

This, fortunately for them, belonged to a certain species the branches of which grow very low, and are as gnarled and irregular as those of any old apple-tree in New England, affording equally good footholds for climbing.

So, when Juanito arrived breathless on the scene, the two Englishes were perched com-

"I did n't set him on you, señor," answered Juanito, with indignation. "He went."

"Humph!" growled the other prisoner. "Well, will you kindly oblige us by removing him to as great a distance as possible? We should like to get down."

Juanito grasped the fragment of cord attached to Jefe's nose, and pulled it as he was accustomed to do; but Jefe refused to budge, and butted the tree again.

"Come along, thou son of a hundred crazy monkeys!" shouted Juanito, tugging at the cord. But even this reflection on his family had no effect on Jefe, and again he butted the tree.

"He will not come, señores," said Juanito, feeling very much hurt at his old friend's strange behavior. "I do not know what ails him. He is a pig!" he added spitefully, with a barefooted kick, at which Jefe merely wagged an ear and whisked his ridiculous little tail.

One of the Englishmen began to laugh; but the other exclaimed impatiently: "Well, well, go and get your father, or somebody; and hurry up! We wish to come down."

Juanito rubbed his scrubby head in great

perplexity. "I cannot, señor," he said; "my father told me not to come back without Jefe."

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the Englishman, "he won't mind when you tell him about it. Here, I will give you this peseta if you will go."

Juanito gazed at the shining coin, worth about twenty cents. He had never seen a piece of silver before, and knew nothing of its value; but he had a vague idea that it would



"HE BUTTED OFF A HANDSOME JACKKNIFE, AND OPENED ITS GLIMMERING BLADES."

fortably aloft, bombarding Jefe with sticks and disagreeable names, while he, regardless of both of these weapons, butted the tree, and grunted angrily.

"Hullo," said one of the men, "here's a boy. *Hola*, youngster," he called, in Spanish; "is this beast yours?"

"*Si, señor*," panted Juanito.

"Well, what do you mean by setting him on us?" was his indignant demand.

buy things. Still he shook his head. "Señor, *mi padre* [my father] —"

"Hang your padre!" sputtered the angry naturalist. "Stop your confounded giggling, Hardy,"—to his companion. "Here, youngster, I will give you a whole *peso*!"

"It's no use, Brown," interrupted the other; "the little savage knows nothing about money. Perhaps this will serve the purpose"; and he pulled out a handsome jack-knife, and opened its gleaming blades. "Now, *chicito* [youngster]," he said, holding it up, "here is a fine knife for you, if you will go and get your father."

A knife! Juanito's black eyes shone. Why, only one man in the whole village owned such a knife as that—and his had only one blade! What wonderful things he could do with it! What bamboo whistles and pipes he could make! And how much better he could carve sticks than with his father's great heavy *bolo* (hunting-knife), which he always had to ask permission to take. And then, just to *own* such a knife!—he would be a hero, an aristocrat, an object of reverence to all his companions! There unrolled in his mind endless visions of the advantages to be gained by lending it to trusted friends under certain conditions.

He looked at the still obstinate Jefe, and gave one last useless tug at the cord. Then he gazed away toward the village, and dug his toes into the ground. Finally he looked up again, his big black eyes brimming with tears, and a pitiful quaver in his voice as he said:

"*No puedo* [I cannot], señor; I should be disobeying my father."

"Well, of all —!" began Brown angrily.

"It's really no use to talk that way, you know," said the other, resignedly. "If there is one admirable trait among these people, it is filial piety. I don't believe anything on earth would induce a Philippine child to disobey its parents."

"A sort of Casabianca on the burning deck," growled Brown. "Of all absurd situations! The sun will be high in half an hour, and we shall be cooked, and that rare specimen we found will be utterly spoiled."

"Can't you tie him up in some way?" asked Hardy of Juanito, after a thoughtful pause.

"I have nothing to tie him with, señor," answered Juanito. "Indeed, I am very sorry, señores," he added apologetically.

"So are we," answered Hardy, grimly. "I wish I had a gun. You don't suppose our belts would hold the horrible beast, do you, Brown?"

"Why, yes; they might," answered his friend; "that's a good idea! Here, Casabianca," he called, "take these, and see if you can tie up your friend till we can get away."

They threw down two stout belts made of leather and canvas, which Juanito picked up and examined dubiously. He understood better than the Englishmen the tremendous strength of a carabao's neck-muscles. Then a brilliant idea struck him.

"I will fasten his legs together, señores," he said, "so he cannot run."

"All right; go ahead," answered Brown. "Anything to get us out of this."

Juanito took one of the belts, and, kneeling down, proceeded to fasten it around Jefe's hocks, which, in the legs of a carabao, are very close together, buckling it as tight as he could. Jefe looked around inquiringly, and wiggled his tail, but made no further objections, being more or less used to pranks on the part of his small master. The two Englishmen looked on with absorbing interest.

To secure his fore legs was more difficult, because Jefe insisted upon being affectionate, and pushed Juanito about with his huge black muzzle; but at last the second belt was made fast around his knees, as tight as Juanito could pull it.

"Is he all right, Casabianca?" called Brown.

"Si, señor," answered Juanito, "he is, if your belts are."

"Well said," replied Hardy. "We will take our chances, and also those of recovering our belts. Now suppose you keep his head in your direction while we get down."

Juanito pulled a big handful of leaves, and thereby kept Jefe's attention distracted while the Englishmen crawled gingerly out on the longest branch, and swung down to the ground as quietly as possible; but Jefe's ears were sharp, and he turned his head just in time to see his intended victims departing with judicious

speed. He gave an angry squeal, and a plunge, only to pitch forward and come down on his side with a most prodigious thump.

"Run, señores!" shouted Juanito, hopping wildly about in his excitement, "the straps may break!"

Jefe was kicking furiously, and squealing and grunting as if he were wild with rage.

The Englishmen stopped only to secure the botanical specimen they had discovered, and then scampered for the village; and none too soon, for in another second the belts snapped in quick succession, and Jefe was up and after them, with Juanito clinging to his back like a big frog, and clutching with fingers and toes the long, coarse hair!

The naturalists ran swiftly and well, but Jefe gained on them rapidly with his extraordinary gallop, and by the time they reached the village was only a few yards behind, with Juanito still attached to his back. Evidently the boy was determined that he and Jefe should come home together, according to orders.

The fugitives flew for the priest's house, a two-story structure, and tumbled up the outside steps to the balcony, while Jefe pulled up with a terrific shuffle and cloud of dust, and then, after a moment of reflection, did his best to butt the house down—to the horror of Juanito, and the consternation of the stout and reverend proprietor, who came waddling out on the balcony to see what was going on.

So Jefe was butting, and Juanito was kicking

him, and the Englishmen were panting and laughing, and the priest was scolding, when old Mariano, who had witnessed the procession as it passed his hut, came tearing up, armed with a cudgel. A few whacks from the stick soon reduced the belligerent Jefe to subjection, and Juanito led him away, the picture of meekness.

Mariano remained to apologize for his carabao's misbehavior, dwelling on his good qualities and offering to sell him for a good price.

"No, thank you," said Hardy,—"not that particular beast, at any rate!"

The same evening Juanito and his father were summoned over to the priest's house again, and Brown said to Mariano:

"Now, listen: we shall return here in a few weeks, on our way to Manila, and we will then take that remarkable boy of yours with us, if you like, as our servant. We will pay him good wages, and when we leave the islands we will see that he gets a place in one of the merchants' offices. A *muchacho* [boy] who can obey orders as well as he ought to be able to make a comfortable living, as a curiosity, at least."

It did not take Juanito long to accept this surprising offer.

"And now," said Hardy, good-naturedly pulling the lad's ear, "that is for keeping us up that tree so long; and this," placing something in his hand, "is for obeying thy father so bravely."

"This" was the three-bladed jack-knife.

THE STREET-SWEEPER.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Now Mainz is one of the strongest fortresses in Germany; but, nevertheless, during the 'Thirty Years' War it was occupied by the French, who laid the country waste and ruled over the land with all the harshness of invaders. There seemed no hope of escape from their tyranny, for the men who had fought and lost were discouraged, and had no further heart for resistance. So matters went from

bad to worse, until, one day, the beautiful young Countess of Stein summoned all the sweetest and best maidens of the city into her presence, and urged them to make a solemn vow that they would neither wed nor listen to a word of wooing until their country was entirely free.

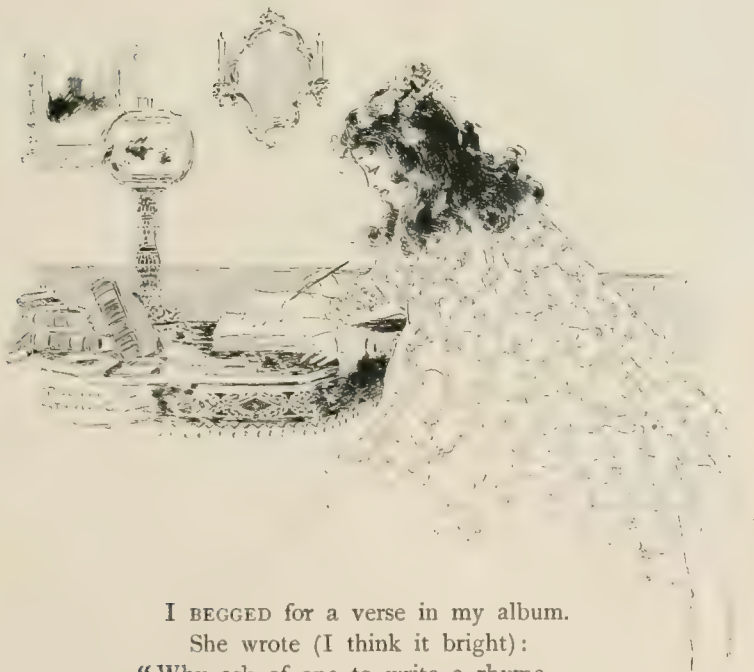
As you may believe, the news of this league made a great stir; for men who have lost their

courage in war, and men who have lost their hearts in love, are very different beings. The Frenchmen saw very soon that the young Germans were showing signs of rebellion, and so they determined to wreak their vengeance on the countess. They took her prisoner, dragged her through the city, and at last thrust a broom into her hand, and bade her sweep the principal street of the town—a terrible humiliation, they thought, for a high-bred lady as she was.

But do you think she faltered? No, indeed. She raised her eyes, and, praying aloud so all could hear,—“God of my fatherland, bless my sweeping, and as I sweep the highway, grant that the enemy may be swept from our land!”—grasped the broom firmly (like the true young

noblewoman she was), and swept so clean that not a Frenchman of them all (and Frenchmen pride themselves on being able to see very fine points) could discover a speck of dust. They stood about, and twirled their mustaches, and tried to look supercilious, and to raise the people's mirth against her. But they did not succeed; and the townsfolk, instead of jeering, took off their caps, and echoed her prayer—“God bless the sweeping!”

And God did bless it; for the sight of their noble young countess at her task put the men on their mettle, and they turned on the Frenchmen and fought with such a will that it was not long before there was not one left in the land, and they had indeed swept the country quite clear of every foe.



I BEGGED for a verse in my album.
She wrote (I think it bright):
“Why ask of one to write a rhyme
Who cannot rhyme aright?”

Norman D. Gray.

A Tragic Tale of Tea

By Carolyn Wells



THE Beetle was blind, and
the Bat was blinder,
And they went to take tea
with the Scissors-grinder.
The Scissors-grinder had gone
away
Across the river to spend
the day,
But he 'd tied his bell to the
grapevine swing.
The Bat and the Beetle heard
it ring,
And neither the Beetle nor
Bat could see
Why no one offered them
any tea.
So, polite and patient, they
are waiting yet
For the cup of tea they
expect to get.



Herford



“—As she lay
Till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!”

DOUBTLESS, many of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* have crossed the ocean, but I wonder if any ever had the misfortune to encounter a storm, and, if so, what were their sensations while it lasted. It requires a life-long familiarity with the perils of the sea to become as philosophical as Barney Buntline, who, as the old song has it, remarked to his shipmate, Billy Bowline,

“‘A stiff nor’easter ’s blowin’, Bill,
Hark! don’t you hear it roar?
Lor’, how I pities them poor folks
Wot ’s got to live on shore!’”

and who, while the storm raged, and the seas were mountains rolling, took great comfort in the fact that he was on board of a tight little craft, all reefed down snug, and was in no danger from the falling tiles and chimney-pots that threatened the luckless wights abroad in the storm on land!

But it is no joke to be overtaken by one of those terrible hurricanes that, every summer and autumn, sweep over the North Atlantic Ocean; and while it may be pleasant afterward to relate thrilling stories by one’s fireside of “fearful nights at sea,” yet, at the time, the narrator

would no doubt have gladly foregone the future pleasure to have been safely out of the present danger.

These dreadful disturbances that are variously known as “hurricanes” in the North Atlantic, “cyclones” in the Indian Ocean, and “typhoons” in the China Seas, are all of the same general character, and equally dreaded by Jack, no matter what they are called.

In old days, sailors described the wind, in their logs, as a breeze, a gale, or a hurricane; but the late Admiral Beaufort, Royal Navy, devised a much more definite, though very simple, system of record, which is now universally used at sea. This scale runs from 0 (calm) to 12 (hurricane), and the force of the wind is estimated by the amount of *sail* a vessel can safely carry. It is rough, of course, but it gives a sailor an instant idea of the exact state of things. Here are three or four possible records taken at random: 1 means a very light air—that the ship was barely moving; 5, a good, fresh breeze—all sail set; 7, a moderate gale—topsails double-reefed; 12, a hurricane—the ship “under bare poles.”

A hurricane is a *revolving* storm, or whirlwind, spinning around with terrific force, while, at the same time, it moves bodily along in a curved track termed a parabola. The first dia-

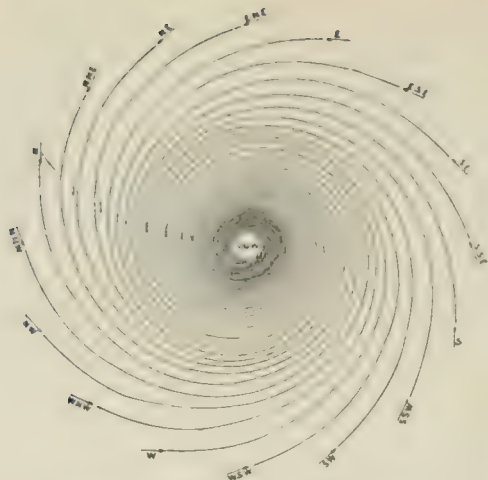


DIAGRAM 1. CIRCULATION OF A HURRICANE.

gram shows how the wind circles toward and around the center, marked "LOW," where the barometer stands lowest, and where—strange to say—it is almost perfectly calm. We see that for some distance around the LOW the lines are shaded much darker, and are almost circular. It is here that the winds blow most fiercely, and are prevented by an *updraft* from approaching nearer the center; producing on the surface of the sea that "dreadful calm" called by the sailor the "eye of the wind." Here the roar of the storm dies suddenly away, and all is still save for the confusion of the tumultuous seas. This lasts but a short time, however, and the suspense is soon over, for the center passes by, and the *opposite* side of the whirl falls on the doomed ship with all the previous terrible fury, but blowing in the *contrary* direction, accompanied by tremendous cross-seas.

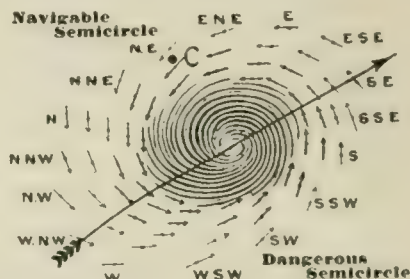
Again looking at the diagram, we see that the winds all blow from *right to left* about the center, or, as sailors say, "*against the hands of a watch.*" This is the case only in the northern

hemisphere, for in the southern hemisphere their course is exactly the reverse, or "*with the hands of a watch.*"

In the second diagram, we see how the whole storm moves along its track. Starting from the West Indies, it proceeds in a westerly and northwesterly direction toward the coast of the United States, along the path shown by the arrows. As it reaches higher latitudes (depending upon the season), it recurves toward the north and northeast, and whirls away off to sea again, probably driving across the Grand Banks, meeting the home-coming steamers from Europe (see the part marked "In High Latitudes"), and swooping upon many of the frail fishing-craft whose hardy crews take their peril-

IN HIGH LATITUDES:

Velocity
along track,
20 to 30 miles
per hour.

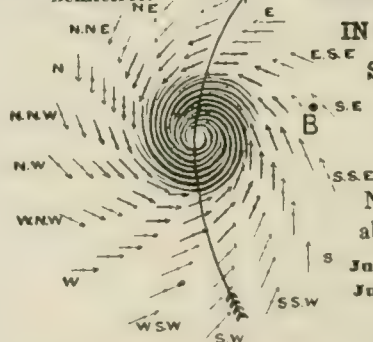


Navigable Semicircle Dangerous Semicircle

IN MIDDLE LATITUDES. STORM RECURVING:

Velocity along track,
5 to 10 miles per hour.

NOTE.—Hurricanes recurve
about the following latitude:
June and Oct., lat. 20° to 23° N.
July and Sept., lat. 27° to 29° N.
August, lat. 30° to 33° N.



IN LOW LATITUDES:

Velocity
along track,
about 17 miles
per hour.

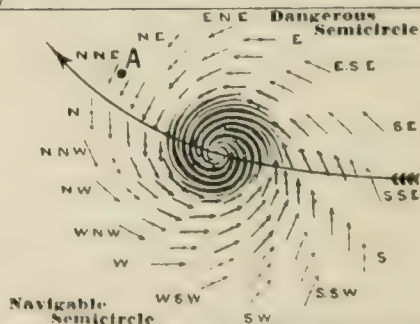


DIAGRAM 2. STORM TRACK, FROM LOW TO HIGH LATITUDES.

ous chances here. I have known one evening's papers to bring accounts of the loss of *ten* of these vessels in a furious gale off the Grand Banks.

Referring again to the figure marked "In Middle Latitudes," we see that the half of the storm to the *right* of the arrow is

so the ship must be "hove to" on the starboard tack, which would then be the "coming-up tack," so that she will come up to the wind, as it shifts, and not get taken aback — which would be fatal. An historical instance of such a grievous mistake was the disaster that

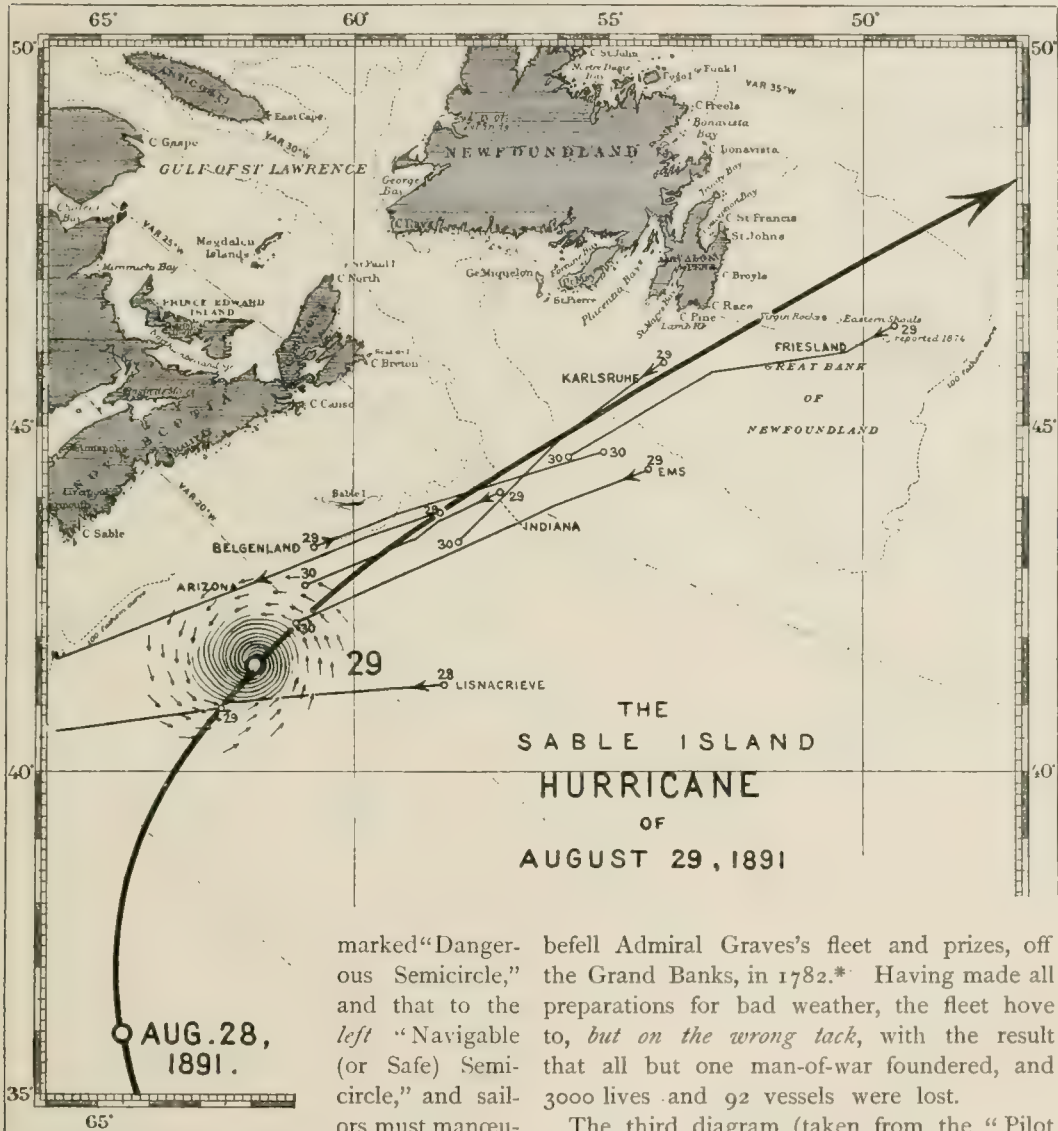


DIAGRAM 3. (FROM THE "PILOT CHART.")

ver to keep in the latter always. To learn which half they are in, they watch the successive "shifts" of wind. If to the *right*, they know they are on the *right* of the storm track, and in the *dangerous* part,

marked "Dangerous Semicircle," and that to the *left* "Navigable (or Safe) Semicircle," and sailors must manoeuvre

to keep in the latter always. To learn which half they are in, they watch the successive "shifts" of wind. If to the *right*, they know they are on the *right* of the storm track, and in the *dangerous* part, befell Admiral Graves's fleet and prizes, off the Grand Banks, in 1782.* Having made all preparations for bad weather, the fleet hove to, *but on the wrong tack*, with the result that all but one man-of-war foundered, and 3000 lives and 92 vessels were lost.

The third diagram (taken from the "Pilot Chart") is an excellent illustration of a typical hurricane of great intensity, though of small diameter, which passed close to Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, and over the Banks, August 29, 1891. As we see, it was

* See Letter Box, page 877.

right in the path of numbers of ocean steamers with whose names we are very familiar.

1. The "Lisnagrieve" was directly in the rear of the center of the storm on the 29th, and, although almost on the outer edge, her captain reported the wind as blowing with "terrific force." His experience lasted about six hours.

2. On the outer edge of the navigable semi-circle we notice the "Arizona," which reported "a hurricane wind and blinding rain."

3. More nearly in front of the path of the storm, we observe the "Belgenland," which began to encounter it about 10 A. M. By noon it was a "full gale, with mountainous head seas sweeping over her and straining her badly." At 1.30 P. M. the center passed by her.

4. The "Ems" was almost directly in the path of the storm and experienced a wind whose force was logged "from 11 to 12," which, as you will remember, means a "hurricane," and tells the whole story.

5. The "Karlsruhe" ran into the storm at 5 P. M., 29th, and at 6 the vortex passed over her, when it fell calm; but at 6.30 she encountered the *opposite* side of the whirl.

6. The "Indiana" was kept dry by the dripping of oil from both bows; and although tremendous seas were running and breaking, they could not come on board.

This was certainly a most practical illustration of the old saying as to the "pouring of oil on troubled waters,"—a proverb as old as the Bible, but only very recently applied, thanks to the Hydrographic Office of the United States, and now very generally followed by seamen the world over. It was an American also (Redfield) who first thoroughly found out and explained the true character of these revolving storms, and to him all seamen are forever indebted.

In using oil, it is astonishing how small a quantity will suffice—just a quart or two, in a bag stuffed with oakum, hung over the bows, and allowed to drip, drop by drop, on the sea, where it spreads out in a thin, greasy film over the surface of the water. Over the film the wind slips, as it were, and has no power to bank the water up into waves which would break over the ship. Hundreds of reports are

on file in the office, attesting the marvelous results of this simple agent of safety.

On October 10, 1846, in the *land-locked* harbor of Havana, 216 vessels foundered at their anchors, 2000 houses were destroyed, and great loss of life followed. Two years before, in the same harbor—unrivalled for the security of its anchorage—72 vessels foundered in a few hours. No wonder that the "Te Deum" is sung at the close of the hurricane season in many places in the West Indies, according to my friend the editor of the "Pilot Chart."

Another instance of the effect of these terrible storms, and one that more closely appeals to us, is the sad result of the great hurricane that passed over Samoa on March 15-16, 1889, the story of which has already been told in ST. NICHOLAS. In the harbor of Apia were anchored the United States steamers "Trenton," "Vandalia," and "Nipsic," the British war-vessel "Calliope," and the German men-of-war "Olga," "Adler," and "Eber," with quite a number of merchant vessels. Of all these, the Calliope was the only one to escape uninjured, and she was saved only by her powerful engines, which enabled her, when she "slipped her cables," as a desperate resort, after hanging for a while in terrible suspense, to slowly force her way out of the harbor into the open sea, in the teeth of the gale, followed by the ringing cheers of the Trenton's men. Even in their dire extremity, with the generosity characteristic of the sailor at all times, they found time to applaud this plucky attempt. The Adler was capsized on the reef, and the little Eber completely disappeared, only one man, a young midshipman, being saved. Of our own ships, the Trenton and Vandalia were sunk, and the gallant captain of the latter and forty-five men and officers were lost. As the ill-fated Vandalia was forced on the cruel reefs, and her crew clung, dazed and worn out, in the rigging, the band of the Trenton—even while the latter was drifting to destruction—strove to cheer and encourage the poor unfortunates by playing the national anthem, an act of heroism, under the circumstances, in keeping with the well-known courage of American tars.



THE CRADLE OF CYCLONES

By J. M. ELLICOTT · U.S.N.

IMAGINE yourself on a trim ocean-steamer, gently throbbing along over a summer sea of indigo blue, ruffled here and there by little white wavelets. You are screened by taut-spread awnings from a tropical sun in a clear sky, and cooled by a constant breeze, which blows so gently that you feel as if it might continue unchanged forever. Toward the south a long stretch of horizon is hidden by a big island, rising in tropically green, verdure-covered terraces to piled-up, hazy mountain-peaks. More fascinating than the island itself are the clouds piled above it, masses upon masses of them, rolling and tumbling and contending among themselves. Great, dazzling white piles swell higher and higher above the peaks, growing first iridescent with beautiful opal tints, then

an ominous copper color, and finally seeming to burst asunder and send up fine white streams far into the blue of heaven, like volcanic vapor. Along the mountain-sides white fleeces drift like wisps of wool blown against a wayside hedge, while through the valleys dark-gray streamers trail like damp and newly combed hair.

Night comes on, and lurid lightning rushes through these clouds, throwing the moon-lit sea into pale insignificance, while from many other places on the horizon arise fitful flares and flashes out of smaller mounds of clouds hanging over other unseen islands. These lightnings all seem voiceless, and still your ship speeds on through stormless waters.

The big island is Cuba, and not far away are the Bahamas. You are in what may be called the cradle of cyclones. Here nature is calling into existence those dreadful storms which rush away northward over sea and land upon their ruthless and terrible course of destruction.

To get an idea of a cyclone's formation, imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of its bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water; then draw out the plug, and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole, and a turbulent effort to get through. Then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around, and rushing, ever faster, toward the center. At last there is actually a hollow space through the center, around which all the water in the tub is whirling, sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity toward the middle, until it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air, you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward. In the cradle of cyclones, during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter and hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light, and full of vapor, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner place in the air above is found. Then up it madly rushes, and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common center. The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole, and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking, and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the whirl, until the storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast, and tears fiercely through forests, fields, and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean, and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in a while it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken.

For many years we have studied this weather monster of our summer months, until we have learned, to some extent, how to combat it. We have learned when it usually comes into being, and the general path it lays waste, and we have

learned that it always circles the same way, opposite to the direction of the hands of a watch. Mariners have a thumb-rule in rhyme to remind them in what months to expect such storms, and will say:

June,
Too soon.

August,
You must.

July,
Stand by.

September,
Remember.

October,
All over.

This is not quite true, for in October we often have the very worst storms of all.

There are telegraph-lines to Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba, Haiti, and nearly all the other West India Islands, so that when cyclones start from their cradle, observers telegraph to us their departure. Then along our Gulf and Atlantic coasts are ninety signal-stations, ready to telegraph to Washington the progress of the storm as it reaches them, so that it seldom gets far before all the ships in our great commercial ports are warned from Washington where the cyclone will be at almost every hour of its existence. A warning signal, consisting of two square red flags with black square centers, hoisted one above the other, is then displayed from prominent structures around the harbors, so that no ship can go to sea without seeing it, and messages are sent to all ship agents, giving details of the storm. Whenever you see those two square red flags displayed, make no plans for outdoor pastime. Remember that they mean a tropical cyclone is approaching, and be prepared for it. No ship should go to sea while those warning flags fly, yet some ship agents, straining to make business connections, send their ships to sea in the face of the warning, risking hundreds of lives, and usually losing just as much time as if they had detained the ship in port, while much more coal is burned in the deadly battle with the winds. Let me give you an idea what happens when a ship is sent to sea by such folly.

It is a cool forenoon early in October, and a ship is loading in New York City at a North

River pier for a West Indian port. The freight is all on board; trunks are swinging down into the hold, and passengers, gay or sad, are crowding upon the decks. The sun, brightly shining earlier, has disappeared behind a leaden pall of cloud coming from the south. In an office at the far end of the dock the officials of the line are assembled. It lacks an hour of sailing time; but the press of loading is over, and the company's agent reads his morning paper. The weather forecast falls under his eye: "Outgoing south-bound vessels will encounter a dangerous tropical hurricane between Cape Henry and Sandy Hook before morning. Hurricane-signals are ordered at all stations from Jupiter Inlet to Eastport." He turns the page impatiently, and becomes absorbed in the stock quotations.

Presently the steamer's captain arrives from his New Jersey home—a tall, strong man with a face like an antique bronze. When he has exchanged silk hat and civilian's clothes for cap and uniform, he, with a serious and steady glance, inquires:

"Have you seen the weather predictions?"

"Yes," the agent replies curtly; "you are going to have a blow." Then he returns to his stocks; and the captain, with a tightening of his lips, attends to other business.

A telegram is handed to the agent. He reads it with an impatient exclamation, and tosses it aside to resume his paper; then takes up the message again, and hands it to the captain.

"That may interest you," he says; "it is from the signal-office."

After a glance, the captain reads it slowly aloud with peculiar emphasis:

"Southern hurricane gaining great violence."

The rugged sailor compresses his lips, and eyes his agent keenly; but the latter is still more absorbed in his paper. It does not interest him that three hundred souls, men, women, and little children, are to be sent out to court death in that violent hurricane. He is not going to sea. The coming night will have no terrors for him beside a warm hearth in a snug home. Business must not be interrupted by the Weather Bureau.

Lines are cast off, and the ship steams down the bay. The passengers unwittingly watch

the nimble sailors, not noting that they are putting extra lashings everywhere. Even in the lower bay the sea is rough and the wind strong, while from a tall pole at Sandy Hook float two red flags with black centers. Outside the bar the ship stops, and the pilot's boat approaches through a broken sea. The rough pilot and the stalwart captain grasp hands in no unmeaning way.

"I 'm afraid you 'll have a dirty night, captain."

"Pilot, if I owned this ship, she 'd not go to sea while those flags fly!"

At midnight the storm is around that luckless ship. The wind rushes upon her from the east in a fierce gale, dashing and driving before it a hurrying, tumbling sea, under whose ponderous blows the reeling vessel shudders from end to end. The dark pall of clouds dips downward, and closes round about, flinging across the water, from time to time, sharp gusts of rain.

When caught in a cyclone, a seaman must determine as quickly as possible the whereabouts of the center of the storm, and the direction in which it is moving. The first is easy to find out, for if it is remembered that the wind is blowing around a vast circle, in a direction opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch, one can face the wind and know that his right arm, extended, is pointing nearly toward the storm's center. Thus, when the wind comes from the east the center is to the south.

Now to discover which way that center is moving we must wait for the direction of the wind to change. If the direction from which the wind comes changes gradually toward the right, the wind is said to "haul." If it changes to the left the wind is said to "back." If, then, our gale backs, and we continue to face it, our right hand, always pointing toward the center, has swung around to the left, showing that the center is moving from right to left. If the gale hauls, its center is passing from left to right. If the wind neither hauls nor backs, but persistently blows from the same direction with increasing violence, the center is approaching in a straight line.

When in a cyclone, it is a seaman's endeavor to avoid its center; for, like the swirling water around the hole in the tub, the motion is more

rapid, the hurricane more violent, as we approach that center. Sometimes, like the hole in the water over the place where it runs out of the tub, there is a dead-calm center, for the air all around it is rushing upward; but woe betide the foolish or unfortunate captain who gets his vessel there! Into that confined circular area the waves have been lashed and driven like countless wild cattle into a corral. Like cattle, those confined waves madly turn hither and thither, leap upward, and pile upon one another; for around them sweep, in endless circles, the regular, onrushing seas of the storm. A ship in the midst of these confused seas knows not which way to turn to meet them. They leap about her with demoniac frenzy, falling in mountain heaps upon her decks, until, perhaps, she is swamped and sinks.

The discovery of the direction of motion of a cyclone's center may be a matter of hours or even of days; for the storm may be of such vast area, and traveling so slowly, that the wind blows from the same direction for a long time. Once discovered, it is a seaman's endeavor to cross the storm's path, if cross he must, behind the center instead of in front of it. In the southern hemisphere cyclones revolve right-handedly, and move toward the south pole, so what is here told must be reversed to fit storms in that part of the world.

If a ship has left port in good weather, the captain will be warned of a storm by his barometer. You know how in that instrument a column of mercury is balanced by the pressure of the outside air. When, therefore, the barometer falls steadily hour after hour, a sea-captain knows that his ship is approaching a spot where the uprushing atmosphere of a cyclone's center is making the air around it thin and light. Then he must watch and wait for the wind to tell him which way the storm is going.

Morning dawns upon our storm-tossed steamer. She is no longer on her course toward the south, but heading far off to the eastward, her bow turned toward the terrible gray seas, her engines turning slowly, making no headway; perhaps she is even drifting toward the treacherous Hatteras coast in a wind-made current. The noise of the wind is terrific; the sea is like a slate-colored mountainous country;

the tops of the waves are cut off bodily by the hurricane, and flung through the air; the clouds bow down and brush against the very ocean itself. Rain in great sheets rushes horizontally through the saturated atmosphere. Nothing is visible but mountain seas sweeping incessantly upon the ship out of the half-darkness. Up, up, she climbs, with a long, slow heave, then dives downward with a swift, gasp-creating stagger, bowing her head to receive a watery blow which shocks and strains her from stem to stern.

Her officers are weary, bruised, sleepless, and unnerved; her passengers are ill, terrified, helpless, and almost dying; her freight may be saturated and ruined. Days may be spent thus which might just as well have been spent snugly and safely at anchor in New York bay, behind those warning signal-flags at Sandy Hook. Coal is being burned which might as well have been saved at anchor. Poor human beings are agonized with anxiety for dear ones at sea who need never have started had the storm warning been heeded. Or else the great tragedy of the ocean is once again enacted, and that ship's fate becomes one of the unsolved mysteries of the deep.

Let us suppose, however, that the ship survives. Days of terrible weather may pass, till, all at once, the clouds seem to lift from the sea, the rain ceases, and the horizon is once more seen. The center of the storm has passed by, and the worst is over. With frightful, reeling rolls the ship is turned on her course, and, under all steam, rushes away from the grasp of the storm monster. In a few days she is sailing over summer seas amid the cloud-tipped islands, while her passengers, in ignorance, are admiring the peaceful cradle of cyclones. They gather in a testimonial of praise to their captain, and forget to blame the heartless autocrat in the New York office who sent them through "the valley of the shadow of death."

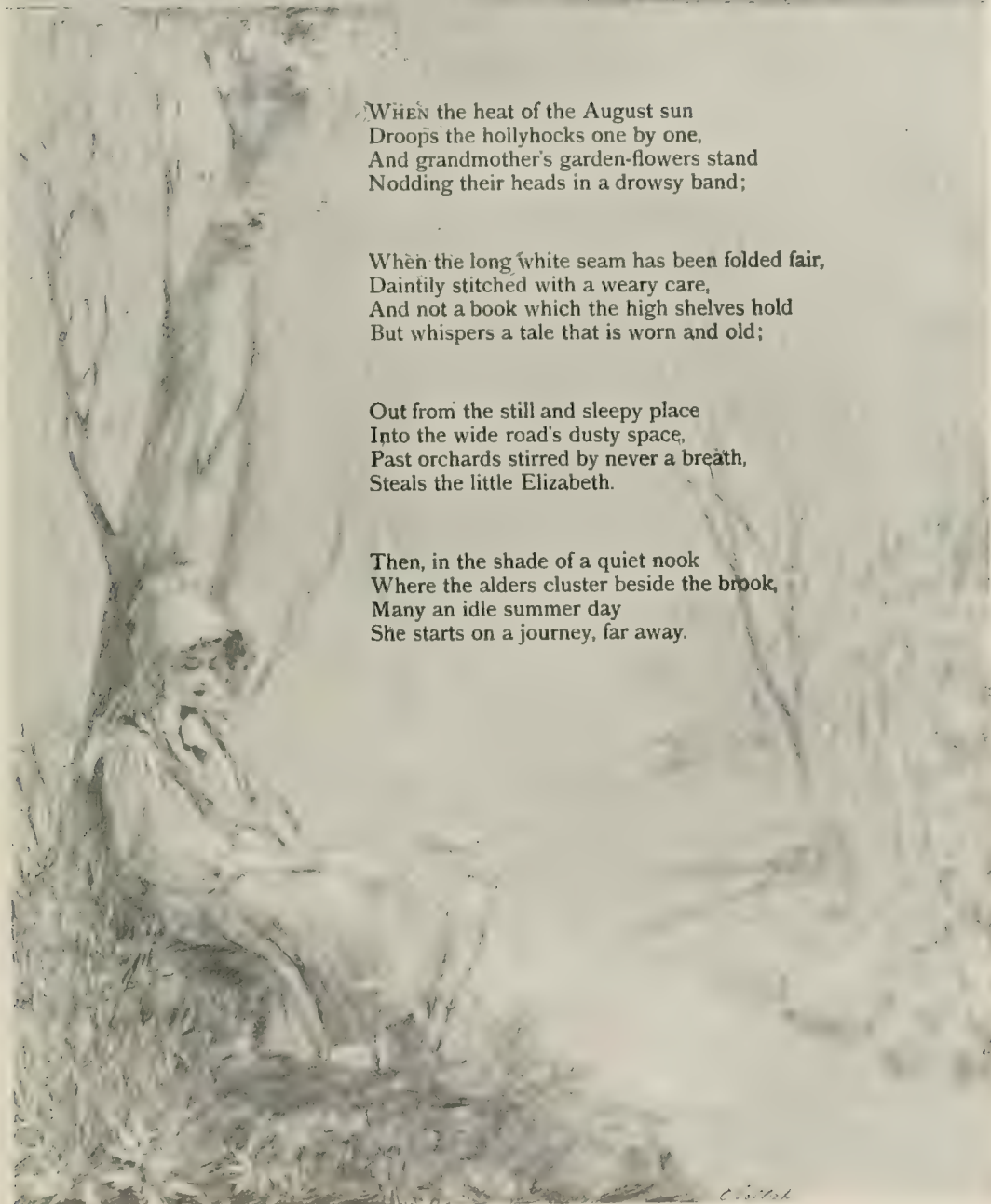
Do not forget that man, you who read what I write. If you have fathers in Congress, beg them to call for a law prohibiting at least our American ships from going to sea when warned of such storms. If your fathers are insurance men, urge them to make it a clause in their policies that a ship forfeits her insurance if sent to sea when storm-flags fly.


When the heat of the August sun
Droops the hollyhocks one by one,
And grandmother's garden-flowers stand
Nodding their heads in a drowsy band;

When the long white seam has been folded fair,
Daintily stitched with a weary care,
And not a book which the high shelves hold
But whispers a tale that is worn and old;

Out from the still and sleepy place
Into the wide road's dusty space,
Past orchards stirred by never a breath,
Steals the little Elizabeth.

Then, in the shade of a quiet nook
Where the alders cluster beside the brook,
Many an idle summer day
She starts on a journey, far away.





A mossy stone is her carriage-seat.
She looks in the stream beneath her feet,
And fancies the foam-flecks borne on it
Blow from the ring of a silver bit.

And the dappled water dashes past
Till it draws her after, far and fast—
Faster and farther on and down
Past field and forest and river and town.

Where glistening castles, proud and high,
Lift their turrets against the sky,
With wonderful gardens, fair and wide,
Whose flowers and fruit grow side by side.

Yet, tempt as they will, she must not stay;
She leaves them all on her tireless way.
Forever you long for lands beyond
When you drive a brook with a willow wand.

Once a highwayman, big and bold,
In dusty trappings of black and gold,
Paused in his raids on the flower throng,
Brushing her cheek as he plunged along.

Bravely she faced him—"Foolish Bee,
All the honey I have," said she,
Fills a jar on the pantry shelf;
Hurry away and help yourself!"

Once a shy little messenger,
 Fine in his coat of striped fur,
 Tossed her a nut from where he swung,
 Chattering shrill in an unknown tongue.

Everywhere in her journeyings
 She has gathered marvelous things:
 Smooth brown pebbles that maybe hide
 Store of glittering gems inside;

Cardinal-flowers, crimson-lipped;
 Tremulous touch-me-not, jewel-tipped;
 Shadowy arrow-head, that seems
 Like the blossoms that grow in dreams;

Cresses all crisp and dripping cool,
 Snatched from their bed in the shallow pool—
 Who can count them, or who can tell
 Half the treasures the brook hides well!

Then in the sky the sun hangs low;
 Little Elizabeth home must go.
 Yet she listens once, as she climbs the hill,
 For the rippling water, never still,
 And laughs to herself for the joy she feels
 To hear the rush of her carriage-wheels!

So, little maid, when the days are long,
 And dull as the locust's changeless song,
 And the drowsy old earth seems charmed to keep,
 Like the court of the Princess, fast asleep,
 And the grown folk leave you to play alone—
 Go find a brook and a mossy stone.

Elsie Hill

E. Hill



Battleship "Texas" Cruiser "Columbia" Torpedo boat "Porter" Battleship "Maine" Cruiser "Albatross" Torpedo boat "Thetis" Cruiser "Brooklyn" Cruiser "New Orleans" Torpedo boat "Albatross" Battleship "Texas"

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLYING SQUADRON AWAITING ORDERS IN HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, MAY, 1898.



Lawn Tennis For School Boys

By J. Parmly Paret.



GOLF may be more popular with our older relatives, but for boys and younger men in whom the vigor of youth and the love of excitement have not yet faded, it cannot take the place of lawn-tennis. Any sport that offers the coveted excitement, and is without the danger of overdoing the exercise through enthusiasm, deserves popularity, and lawn-tennis is particularly adapted to young people for this reason. It has proved a wonderful training-school

cal capabilities do not argue particularly in his favor. To play the game well—even to become an expert—does not require powerful arms or legs, great height or weight, or even particular speed or agility. Height undoubtedly is an advantage to a good tennis-player; but strength is little in his favor, and weight not at all. Tall men and short men, stout men and thin men, strong men and weak men, all have been successful tennis-players. I have even known a player with but one arm, one who was badly lame at the hip, and still another who had the use of only one eye, and yet all played the game well.

Lawn-tennis players generally develop strong and healthy muscles; and the excellence of the training is shown by the prominence of its most successful experts in other sports, and the general all-round athletic ability of its devotees. Those who begin to develop their unformed systems by some sport like this, which does not overtax them, usually make the most successful athletes.

Any form of ball-playing will help the beginner to judge the flight of a tennis-ball through the air, and to estimate the angle and distance of its rebound from the ground, while merely skipping a rope will teach a girl to judge distance and speed. One of the greatest elements of success in lawn-tennis is this ability to judge speed, distance, and angles;

AN OVER-HAND SERVE.

for immature organs; for the play develops a keen eye, steady nerves, strong arms, quick judgment, and furnishes plenty of exercise in great variety, without the severity of physical strain that produces the abnormal lungs of the runner, the hollow chest of the bicycle-rider, or the enlarged heart of the oarsman.

It is a game, too, that does not call for unusual qualifications in the beginner, and physi-

and it is a quality that is not born in one, but secured only through long training of the eye by constant practice and close observation.



to reach an imaginary point in the air after it has bounded, so that the racket may meet it at exactly the right time and place. I remember hearing Goodbody, the famous English expert, who played in America several years ago, say, one day, that he was feeling in perfect condition for a match. "I believe I could hit a sixpence at the far end of the court," he said. And I have seen Wrenn, the American champion, look at a falling ball and, while it was still high above his head, call, "Outside!" and walk away toward the net with perfect confidence in his judgment. When the ball had struck the ground, the umpire declared it to be out, but not more than six or eight inches.

All this sounds very difficult, but it is the very groundwork of an expert's skill, and it comes so gradually to one who is learning to play the game that he does not appreciate its importance. You have seen a beginner miss the ball entirely with his racket? Well, that was probably because he had not learned to judge speed and distance properly, and could not time his stroke, or because he did not understand the old rule that the "angle of deflection is equal to the angle of incidence." A little later on he has learned to hit the ball, perhaps, but finds that it constantly touches the frame of his racket, and will not go as he intends. He is

PRACTICING STROKES AGAINST A DEAD WALL

improving, but still his eye is faulty.

As the ball flies swiftly toward you, you have only a second or two in which to guess where it will strike the ground, and how far and how high it will bound.

Before you can become an expert player, you must be able to estimate to within a few inches the spot a ball will strike, and to within a small fraction of a second of the time it will take

How accurate the trained eye of a tennis-player finally becomes is shown by the small circle, perhaps three inches in diameter, of blackened stringing in the very center of an expert's racket, where the constant hitting of the ball has discolored it. Pettit, the famous American professional player, used sometimes to play with a wooden lath three inches wide, against amateur players using regular rackets; and he often beat them, too, under these conditions. And yet the handicap was not so severe, when one appreciates how little of a

full-sized racket is ever used by a good player. The strings near the frame of a racket have little or no elasticity in them, and a stroke made there will not send the ball with good speed or direction.

One of the most common faults of young players is that of getting too close to the ball when making a stroke. But this is not confined to beginners, for even the oldest players are frequently bothered by it. One of the earmarks of good form is the ability to keep far enough away from the ball. The straighter the arm must be to reach it, the longer and freer will be the sweep of the racket, and the greater speed and control will be had. After one of the big international matches at Longwood, last summer, Mahony, the great Irish player, was complaining of his poor form. "Why, a yoke of oxen could not keep me away from the ball enough," he said. "I was too close to it all the time, and most of my strokes were ruined by the cramped elbow."

It is a mistake to suppose that good tennis strokes are made through the strength of the player's arm. The skill in striking the ball, even the speed of the ball, depends upon the proper swing of the racket and timing of the stroke, rather than upon its force. The racket should always be held by the extreme end of its handle, and the whole arm treated just like a jointed rod, like the pendulum of a clock. A regular pendulum has practically no power at all behind it, yet it has considerable force at the bottom of its swing; and a tennis stroke should be made at a similar point—when the gathered momentum is greatest. The racket should be swung from the shoulder as if pivoted there. The elbow and wrist should be kept pretty stiff in making the strokes until one becomes thoroughly accustomed to the method. To

be sure, the experts control their most delicate strokes by the play in the wrist; but this is the most difficult part of their skill, and one should first learn to play with a comparatively stiff arm before he attempts to loosen the wrist at all. The grip on the handle, too, should be very tight at all times.

Even the best players carry their rackets in both hands when preparing to hit the ball, but never under any circumstances do they use both in making a stroke. Budlong, one of the American experts, used to help out his right



BALANCING
THE RACKET
WHILE
WAITING
FOR THE
BALL.

hand with his left in making backhand volleys; but the strokes were never well executed, and

A
FOREHAND
DRIVE

soon enough learn to use his wrist after the simpler strokes are mastered. The finger-nails generally face directly as the ball is to go in playing forehand strokes, or those on the right side of the body; and the second knuckles of the fingers in playing backhand strokes, or those in which the arm crosses in front of the body.

It is interesting to hear the advocates of the American and the English methods of playing backhand strokes. "Johnny Bull" says you must have your elbow below your racket's head for good form, and that the American players are handicapped by raising their elbows. But the Yankee experts insist that the elbow is not in their way, and that their position of the arm gives the freedom in the wrist that conceals the direction of the ball, and permits greater range in placing. Almost all agree, however,

the awkwardness and poor form of the play invariably called forth adverse comment at his expense. But to balance the racket before the stroke, and to take its weight off the playing arm, the upper end of the handle is generally allowed to rest in the palm of the left hand. Neel, the famous Western champion, used to do this more than any of the other good players. He steadied his racket before making a stroke by balancing its head in his left hand, and did not let go of it until the last instant before the stroke. His play in these strokes, however, was rather weak, and he carried the habit to excess.

The exact position of the hand in making a stroke differs slightly, according to the style of stroke that is being made, and, even for the same strokes, differs in America from the English grip. As an excellent rule, however, the beginner should always hold the racket so as to get the most freedom for his wrist, for he will

MAKING THE
BACKHAND STROKE

that the grip on the handle must be shifted in changing from a forehand to a backhand stroke, and most of the experts of both countries believe that the opposite face of the stringing is to be used.

Another cardinal rule that good players have made almost a watchword is that every ball should be struck with the weight of the body thrown well forward, if not actually moving in the direction the ball is to be sent. Nothing will ruin an otherwise good stroke so quickly as to throw the weight backward in making it, and even those made with the body stationary and perpendicular are never so strong. The forward motion adds greatly to the momentum of the racket, and increases its striking power wonderfully. Instantaneous photographs of the best players, taken while they are actually hitting the ball, show the body tipped far forward, and generally poised on one foot, the other being thrown ahead to regain the balance. "Snap shots" of both the famous Wrenn brothers, taken during the international matches last summer, show them in this position.

No stroke can ever be played successfully without being practised many thousands of times. Perhaps the very best way to practise strokes for tennis is against a dead wall, the side of a convenient house, or the wall of some large room. Ex-champion Slocum and Valentine Hall, two famous players of years gone by, both testified to the value of this method, and Slocum once attributed all his success to its use. I have known many experienced tournament players to prefer wall-practice to actual play on the court; and many use it every spring to get into shape for tournament play. The ball always comes back to you at a true angle corresponding to your stroke, and there is none of the uncertainty of another player's return to upset one's practice, or the necessity of running to meet the ball to take one's mind off the actual making of the stroke.

Nine out of every ten young men have all the qualifications necessary to become good tennis-players, but the chances of most of those who are ambitious to play well are ruined by the awkward strokes and poor form they generally pick up in learning. Few have the advantage of any coaching from experienced players, and the

longer these habits of play are allowed to grow, the more difficult it becomes to correct them afterward. Once started in the right direction, however, all that is needed is plenty of ambitious

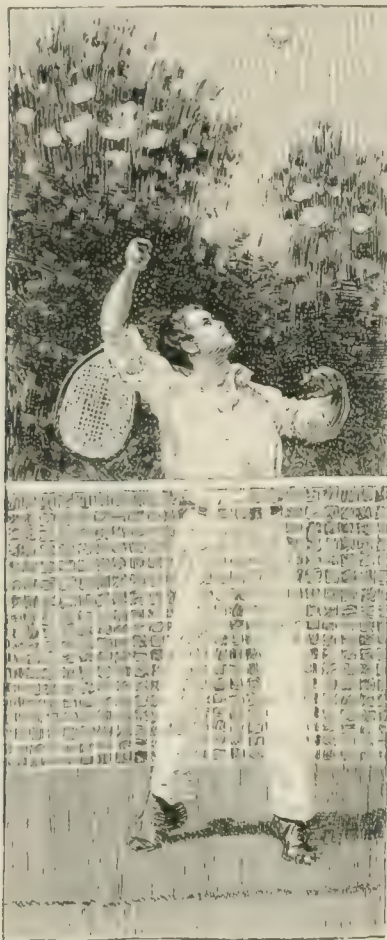


THE UMPIRE

enthusiasm, and steady, persistent practice, for early skill to ripen into final success in tournament play.

In America, systematic tournament competition among school-boys is of only recent origin; but the movement has been eminently successful, and already the national standards of skill at the sport have been materially raised by the players whose training began in school-days. The active career of the average American tennis-player is all too short, and this plan, which gives him tournament experience before he enters college, furnishes experts of the championship class

before college days are over and business life begins. It is a well-known maxim in sports, too, that those whose muscles are trained early in life always become the best athletes; and tennis-players have helped to prove this truth.



SMASHING A
HIGH BALL
NEAR THE NET

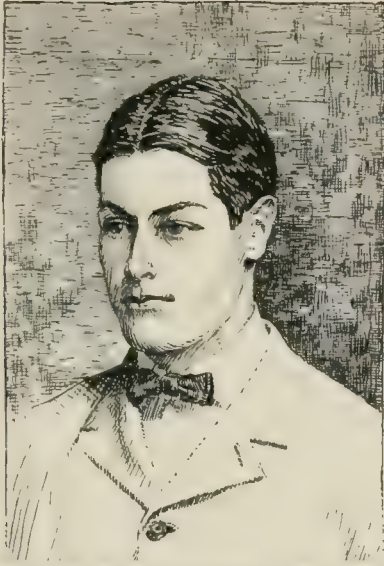
Only seven years ago the first interscholastic tournament was held in the United States, and since then the movement has grown in size and importance with almost every season. The first holder of the interscholastic championship was Robert Wrenn, the present champion of America, and the conqueror of Eaves, Mahony, and Nisbet, the British experts who visited American courts last summer. Every

one of the five succeeding holders of the interscholastic title has since been famous among experts of national reputation; and how heavily this system of competition has contributed toward the development of "crack" players was shown in 1894, when all four of the young experts who had then held the interscholastic championship were officially ranked among the "leading ten" experts of the country, and their order on the honor roll, too, agreed with their succession to the junior title.

Wrenn, Chace, Budlong, Parker, Ware, and Fincke all are names that have been deeply graven in the tennis history of America, and several of them have been almost as prominent in other collegiate sports as well. Wrenn was, perhaps, the most successful in other sports, as in tennis, and his name is one of the most prominent among all those of American athletes. During his college days at Harvard he not only held the national championship in tennis at both singles and doubles, but played quarter-back on the "varsity" foot-ball team, and second-base on the base-ball nine. Since then, too, he has become a clever ice-hockey player as well.

Each of the big colleges interested in tennis gives, every spring, a tournament open to all school-boys preparing for its courses; and the winner becomes known as the Yale, Harvard, Princeton, or Columbia interscholastic tennis champion, as the case may be. The winners of these tournaments then come together at Newport, in a final series of matches for the national supremacy among school-boys, later in the season, during the annual tournament for the American championship. Last summer there were seven colleges represented in the series, and more are expected to send their winners to Newport this season.

Reginald Fincke, who represented the Yale sectional tournament, once more carried off the first honors, and he is the present holder of the national interscholastic championship. He also won the title the year before; but he will be ineligible to play again for it, since he entered Harvard last fall. Fincke lacks only a little more tournament experience, and the physical development that will come in a few years, to be an expert of national reputation. Already



REGINALD FINCKE, INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS CHAMPION.
(Drawn from a photograph by L. Alman & Co., New York.)

he makes many difficult strokes with ease and precision, and his play was a great surprise to the spectators at Newport last summer.

Dr. Eaves, one of the three British experts who were there, made a careful study of American tennis while on this side of the water, and in an interview recently published in London he expressed great admiration for the skill of the school-boy players he saw over here. The

future standards of the game in our country are sure to be raised by the interscholastic movement, he declared.

"Where I think the Americans hold an advantage over us is in the promising young material they possess," he said, during the course of his comments on lawn-tennis in America. "I watched several of these young players in the boys' championship at Newport, and greatly admired the form shown. These youngsters have got every stroke, and hold out promise of great things. They form a nucleus the like of which is wanting here."

While the English public schools do not give as much attention to tennis, perhaps, as is shown over here, other forms of athletics form a large part of the undergraduate life at most of their preparatory schools. The young athletes of Rugby, Eton, and Harrow prize the "caps" given to the successful candidates for "varsity" teams almost as much as they do their diplomas.

It will come here, too, in time, and we shall some day see athletics as much a part of the curriculum of all well-regulated schools as mathematics or Greek. Americans are a sport-loving people, and they are gradually learning the advantages to health and physical comfort, as well as the excellent preparations for after battles of life, that competitive sports afford.

THE END OF THE GAME



The VIKING SHIP



By Edwin W. Foster.

WITHIN a short walk from the palace in Christiania, Norway, is the great University with its museums. The museums we found closed, with the exception of a frame building in which is one of the most interesting things in all Scandinavia. The *vagtmaster* (caretaker) here was a woman; and as she opened the door for us we saw, stretching from one end of the building to the other, the only real viking ship in existence. It is one hundred and three feet long and ten feet wide.

It was built somewhere between eight hun-

dred and a thousand years ago, and was discovered in 1880, at the mouth of the Christiania Fiord, embedded in the blue clay. You know, it was customary in the time of the vikings, when a great chief died, to draw his ship up on the beach, build a sort of grave-chamber in her, lay him in this rude shelter, with those of his worldly goods which he was supposed to need in the next world, and make a mound of earth over the whole thing. Sometimes he would be placed on his ship, which was headed out to sea with all sail on, after being set on fire.



The chief who was buried in this vessel must have been a great hero, for the bones of at least twelve horses and six dogs, and the remains of gold articles were found in the ruins. Robbers had broken into this mound at some time, otherwise there would have been many more interesting relics to show with the ship.

You will notice, from the illustration, that the oar-like rudder is on one side, the right side,

were propelled by both oars and sail. The one sail was square, and the mast was frequently lowered, especially when preparing for battle or when going against a head wind.

We saw several of the oars, which are heavy, and about twenty feet long. They extended through holes in the boat's side,—thirty-two altogether, sixteen on each side,—but there was no sign of anything like seats for the oarsmen.



THE VIKING SHIP, STARBOARD SIDE.

facing the bow. This rudder was known as the "steerboard," and that side became known as the steerboard, or starboard, side. This name is used, as we all know, even to the present day.

This ship is entirely of oak, and belongs to the type we call clinker-built, the planks that compose it being an inch thick, and fastened with hand-made iron nails, the joints calked with oakum. These boats, as is well known,

These vessels had no decks, but it seems it was customary at times to stretch a sort of tent over the men as a rude form of protection from the weather.

We saw the remains of a wooden chair, finely carved, which was evidently the "high seat" of the chieftain or commander of the vessel, who, as we learn from the old ballads, was "monarch of all he surveyed."



NEW BIRDS OF PARADISE.

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

GOOD Mother Nature often has difficult puzzles to solve, but, unlike that other old lady who, Mother Goose informs us, "lived in a shoe," she is never at a loss what to do with her myriads of children.

There are the birds, for instance. We may imagine the question to have been put to her: "How shall these delicately formed creatures, destined to move about in the air, be clothed? Their covering must be such as will protect its wearers in the greatest extremes of climate—the fearful winds of the frozen poles, and the

the skin, and yet be capable of being made water-tight; and, above all, it must never add greatly to the weight.

"The heavy coats and hairy hides of beasts, the stiff, solid shells of turtles and lobsters and crabs, or even the scales of fish and serpents, will never do for them; birds' garments must also be of a lightness unequaled by any other organized substance." And Nature, working out the problem, produced feathers.

But Nature is not only the greatest of practical inventors, but also has an artistic sense.

shown to a greater or less extent in all her works. Admirable as are feathers in being just the right covering to keep their wearers comfortable, they are quite as admirable as adornments; and the most beautiful feathers in color, shape, and arrangement are found in the birds of paradise. Those shown in the pictures are all quite recently discovered members of the family.

That such wonderful birds should have so long escaped the naturalists seems incredible; but they are found far back from the coast in the mountains of New Guinea, amid a trackless wilderness, the home of savage tribes.

A few years ago about a dozen species of birds of paradise were known; at present we can name some eighty-two species. The first to be discovered was the emerald bird of Paradise.

midday blaze of the tropic sun; it must render flight possible by spreading and pressing like a light fan on the elastic air beneath; moreover, it must allow the air to reach the pores of

Absurd indeed were the accounts given of this bird on its discovery. At that time, in the year 1598, it was supposed the garden of Eden yet existed somewhere in the far East, and that



THE Ptilinopus CAROLI

so beautiful a bird could not have come from any less wonderful region. It was believed to be a survivor of the heavenly creatures that peopled paradise at the creation of Adam. This belief may have suggested the name by which these birds are still known.

Space is wanting to describe the colors and markings of this magnificent bird, nor is

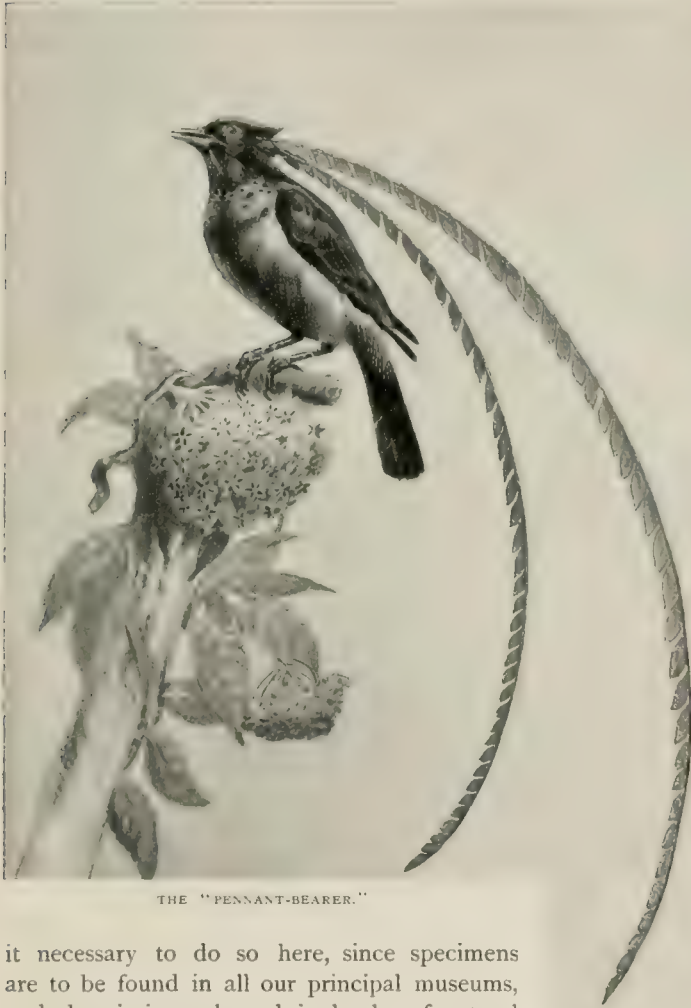
men of the *Parotia Carolæ*, a careful drawing of which is here shown.

Stripped of its ornaments, this bird would be as black as a crow; but with them it is a feathered rainbow. A diadem of purple, emerald-green, ivory-white, and sapphire-blue surmounts a black half-mask upon orange-colored brow and cheeks. A profusion of fleecy plumes stands out

at the shoulders, deepening from snow-white through many gradations of orange-brown to deep black. From each side of the head project three long filaments terminating in disks, which are, in fact, feathers of unusual form. Nor must the breast-plate be forgotten; it is the crowning glory of the bird that wears it, shining as it does with changeable hues of lilac and aquamarine, and rivaling in luster the most brilliant throat-patches of the humming-birds. This bird, of which three clearly-defined varieties are now known, was discovered by the traveler Hunstein, and by Dr. Meyer was named *Carolæ*, in honor of Queen Caroline of Saxony.

The modification of feathers that occurs in the group to which the bird just described belongs, reaches the greatest possible oddity in the "pennant-bearer" (*Pteridoptera Alberti*), where they are

formed into two stalk-like appendages starting from each side of the head behind the eyes, and extending at least three times the length of the bird's body, as the picture on this page will show you. These shafts are studded from one



THE "PENNANT-BEARER."

it necessary to do so here, since specimens are to be found in all our principal museums, and descriptions abound in books of natural history. This is not the case, however, with the other birds which the accompanying illustrations represent. They are newly discovered and not generally well known. It is, comparatively speaking, quite lately that the Paris Museum has been supplied, through the generosity of a great Holland merchant, with a speci-



J. C. Gurney

CERULEAN BIRD OF PARADISE.

extremity to the other with small, flat, shell-like expansions, bright blue on their upper surfaces, and brown beneath. A narrow necklace of gem-like feathers of a metallic-blue luster with dark centers separates the golden yellow of the breast from the dark velvety purple of the head and throat. The back is black with green re-

flections, and the wings display a band of orange. This bird is supposed to be a mountain species. Nothing is known certainly of the exact locality where it is to be found, or of its habits, though it can be readily believed that with such a head-gear of brittle feathers it does not seek its food on the ground, but prob-

ably, like most other birds of paradise, lives almost altogether high in the air, amid the tops of the loftiest trees.

Describing the extraordinary bird shown in our next illustration, Wilson's bird of paradise (*Diphyllodes Wilsoni*), Dr. Guillemard has said:



WILSON'S BIRD OF PARADISE.

"Behind the head a ruff of canary-colored feathers stands upright above the scarlet back and wings. The breast is covered with a shield of glossy green plumes, which toward the throat are marked with metallic-green and violet spots of extraordinary beauty. The two central feathers of the tail, prolonged for five or six inches beyond the others, cross, and are curved into spirals of steely bluish purple." The same author tells us that the strangest part of the bird

is the head, which is featherless at the back, the bare skin being of the brightest blue. The effect thus produced is made more striking by two fine lines of dark feathers, which, running lengthways and from side to side, cross the brilliant blue background. Wilson's bird of paradise is found only on the islands of Wagiou and Batanta, near the coast of New Guinea.

Another strange and beautiful bird — perhaps, taken altogether, the most beautiful of all the birds of paradise — is that discovered by Hunstein, and named by Dr. Meyer of Dresden for the late Crown Prince of Austria, *Paradisornis Rudolphi*. As we have the emerald and the ruby birds of paradise, it seems as if nothing less than the sapphire would befit the color and beauty of this magnificent creature. As seen in full plumage the bird appears surrounded by a glory of celestial blue, consisting of large tufts of light and fleecy feathers growing from each side of the breast. The back is blue, as is the tail, the two central feathers of which curve down to a great length beneath, each ending in a flattened disk. But it is impossible with written words, or with illustrations in black printer's ink, or, for the matter of that, with the most vividly colored pictures, to furnish more than the faintest hint of the

loveliness of these birds.

Give fancy freest rein, and it falls short of the truth in trying to picture the variety and constant exchange of every possible combination of graceful lines and decorative forms, with the never-ending play of prismatic color shown in every movement and posture of such feathered kaleidoscopes, free and alive, and flying amid the brilliant sunshine and the tropical vegetation of their native land.

PLAYING HOUSE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE "House" is built in the corner, out of two screens. Inside is the little rocking-chair, and a footstool, that makes a nice sofa. The

The Big Man goes on reading, and does n't hear at first: so the Little Lady has to pull again, and to say things to him. Then he says "yes," and goes right on reading. So she pulls harder, and talks it all over; and by and by he looks around, and then, when she has said it once more, he said:

"Oh, that's it, is it? You want me to pay a call, do you? Well, you won't mind if I come just as I am, will you?"

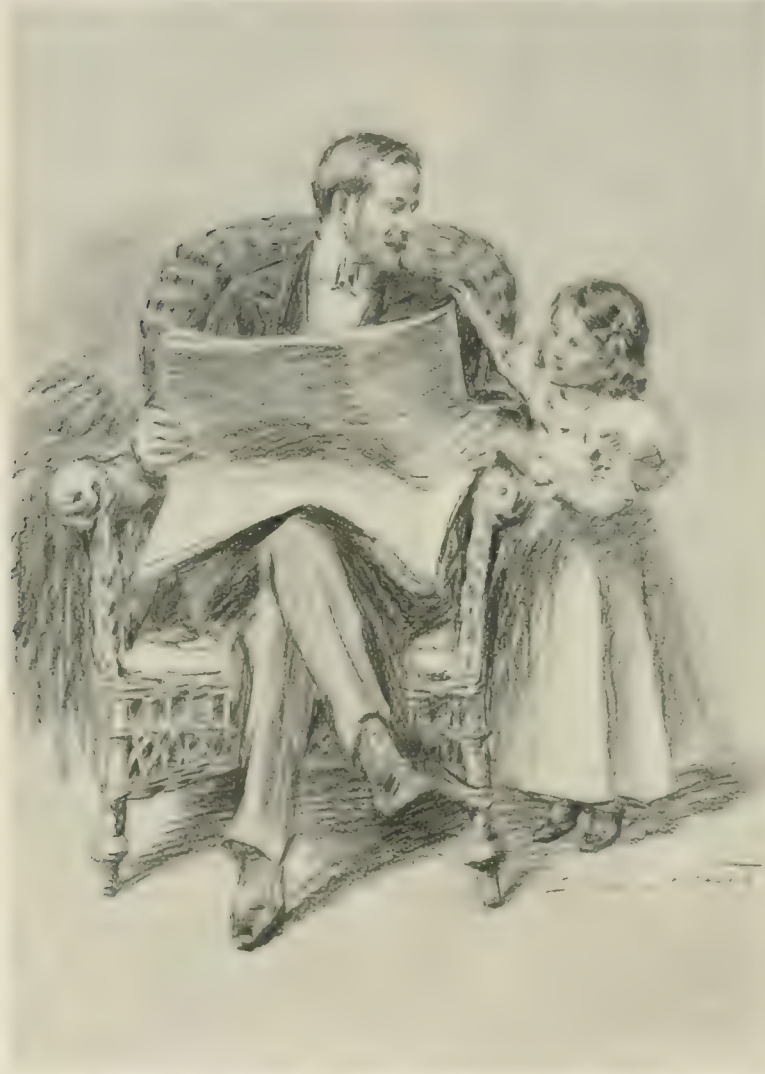
Then the Little Lady runs into her House, and the Big Man knocks, and the walls of the House rock, because he knocks so hard.

"Come in!" says the Little Lady; and the Big Man goes, and does his best to seat himself on the sofa without knocking the House down entirely. He does this at last, though his head comes up nearly to the top of the House — which makes him glad there is n't any roof.

Then the Big Man says that he's well, and hopes the Little Lady is; and the Little

Little Lady inside rocks awhile, and then she feels lonesome. So she comes out to where the Big Man is reading, and pulls at his sleeve.

Lady says that she's well, too. The Big Man likes that, and asks after the children. The Little Lady looks first one way and then



"THE LITTLE LADY GOES OUT TO WHERE THE BIG MAN IS READING, AND PULLS AT HIS SLEEVE."



"THE BIG MAN ASKS AFTER THE CHILDREN."

the other, and then jumps up real quick and calls over the top of the House for Mama to pass over the dolls. They come, all three in a bunch, and the visit goes on.

The Big Man says he thinks Bessie has grown, and that Annabelle is a bright-looking child. The Rag Doll he thinks might have a cleaner face, and that he might use her nose for a fish-hook. The Little Lady says "no," for the nose won't come off, and that the Rag Doll is really cleaner than any one

would think from only looking at her. The Big Man says he supposes this is because she has a bad complexion, and that maybe a new one will grow over it by and by, just as the last one did, about Christmas-time. Then he says "good day," and the Little Lady says "good day" too; and then the Big Man tries to get up without turning the House over, and has to hold on to the window-sill to do it. Then the Little Lady dances up and down, and holds to his

hand when he goes back to his paper, and rocks him a little in his chair. Then she returns to the House, and after about a hundred years, by her count, comes back and wants him to do it all over again—just once more before bedtime.

And the Big Man groans and grumbles, and finally does it just "*once* more." And

by and by, when the Little Lady is asleep, he reads and reads his paper, and then he gets up and walks up and down the room, and looks over into the little empty play-house, and sighs, and almost wishes that the Little Lady would always stay a little lady, and live in the little House built in the corner out of two screens.



"Now is n't it really absurd?
For I am an adjutant bird!
And I have n't a camp,
Though I stand in the damp
Till my hoarseness is truly absurd!"



HIS BILL OF FARE.

BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.



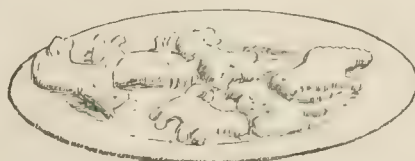
He took a Goat for supper,
And then devoured a Goose.
And, being very hungry,
He straightway ate a Moose.



A Donkey quickly followed,
And then a speckled Ox.
He smacked his lips when eating
A dainty Silver Fox.



He finished with an Ostrich,
Did Master Clarence Bell,
Who next day told the Baker
They tasted very well.



- olive Rush -



BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

I.

JUST as soon 's I get to playin'
 Noah's ark or train of cars,
 Out there in the nice warm kitchen,
 Trouble 's in for me—my stars!
 'Long comes 'Liza with the broom:
 "Look out now, I 've lots to do;
 Clear your duds out of my way —
 Can't be bothered here by you!"



II.

Then I think I 'll try the stoop;
So I move as meek 's a lamb.
Get to playin' nice as ever —
Out comes 'Liza's broom, *ker-slam!*
"Come now, boy—you 're in my way!"
Out she flies. "I 've got to sweep!"
My Noah's ark, my cars, and me
All go tumbling in a heap.

III.

"Want to sweep me off the earth?"
That 's how I talk back to her;
But it 's not a mite of good —
'Liza comes with such a whirl,
Sweepin' dust right in my face,
That I have to cut an' run,

Glad to hurry from a place,
Where there 's not a bit of fun!

IV.

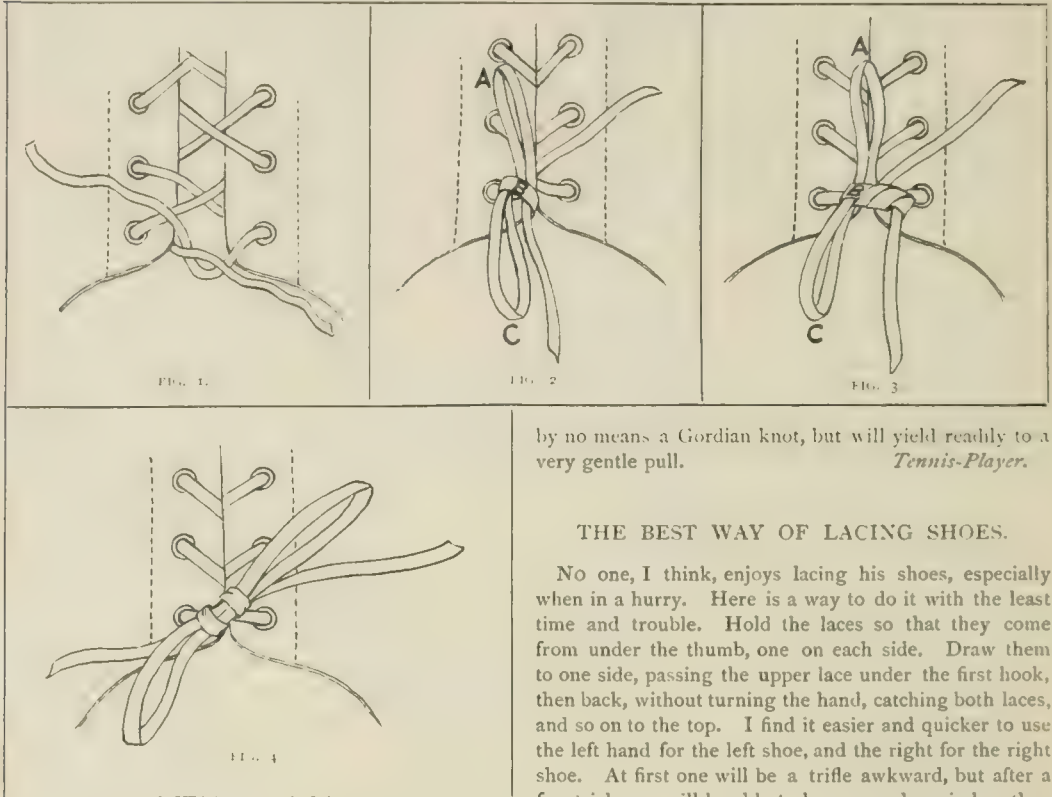
When *I* have a little boy,
He shall play just where he likes,
Litterin' up the kitchen floor
All he wants to, makin' kites,
Pastin' scrap-books, playin' cars —
Jolliest place in all the town;
There sha'n't be a 'Liza then
Always bossin' *my* boy roun'!



FOR TENNIS-PLAYERS.

MR. PARRT'S interesting article, "Lawn-Tennis for School-boys," will turn the thoughts of many of our readers to that delightful game, and they will no doubt be glad to receive two clever suggestions about shoe-lacing. These hints, while useful to every one, will prove especially welcome to tennis-players.

The items are contributed by two friends of ST. NICHOLAS.



FOR TENNIS-PLAYERS.

IN tennis many players are tormented by the untying of their shoe-strings; and, indeed, this is often an annoyance in far less energetic walks of life. Having been recently initiated into the mysteries of a knot which does not come untied, let me pass on the recipe for the benefit of other sufferers. Do not expect anything intricate, for it is the simplest of simple things.

Figure 1 shows the first step, the wrapping together of the two ends of the shoe-string just as usual. Figure 2 shows an ordinary bow-knot, which everybody understands. Now take loop A, and pass it over and then under the part of the string marked B, and Figure 3 shows result. All that remains for you to do is to take the two loops A and C, and pull them tight, and you will then have (as in Figure 4) a knot which will carry you safely through the most sharply contested tennis tournament. Nor need you entertain the fears of a certain youth who, having been taught to tie a sailor's knot, remarked that he would "have to go to bed with his shoes on." For though it will never come loose of itself, it is

by no means a Gordian knot, but will yield readily to a very gentle pull.

Tennis-Player.

THE BEST WAY OF LACING SHOES.

No one, I think, enjoys lacing his shoes, especially when in a hurry. Here is a way to do it with the least time and trouble. Hold the laces so that they come from under the thumb, one on each side. Draw them to one side, passing the upper lace under the first hook, then back, without turning the hand, catching both laces, and so on to the top. I find it easier and quicker to use the left hand for the left shoe, and the right for the right shoe. At first one will be a trifle awkward, but after a few trials you will be able to lace your shoes in less than quarter of the time taken by the old method. The school-boy who showed me this scheme saved himself the trouble of tying his laces by having a large knot on each lace, which caught just above the top hooks.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

LIEUT. MCCARTENEY, the author of the interesting article on "Ocean Storms," in this number, sends us this additional note about the great disaster described on page 847:

Since the sketch was written, the writer, in referring to the disaster, was informed that the misfortune happened to Admiral Rodney, and not to Admiral Graves. This criticism is incorrect, however; but I find that the error is quite common, as it appears in "Luce's Seamanship," which is used as a text-book at our Naval Academy.

In "Ocean Meteorology," by Staff-Commander W. R. Martin, R. N., the following appears:

"A striking example of the danger of vessels lying-to on the wrong tack is afforded by the fleet under Admiral Graves, in 1782, which, with a convoy of 90 vessels, encountered a circular storm in the middle of the Atlantic, and, through being on the wrong tack, a loss ensued of 8 line-of-battle ships, 70 of the convoy, and 3000 lives."

In Piddington's "Sailors' Hornbook" a more detailed account is given, and this account also explains, perhaps, why the event has been connected with Rodney, since the prizes lost were vessels captured by him, though not then under his immediate charge.

"The ever-memorable loss of the prizes taken by Rodney, April 1, 1782, together with an immense number of merchant vessels and nearly all of the men-of-war conveying the fleet, should not be passed over here, as affording a truly dreadful lesson of the importance of our science.

"From Mr. Redfield's memoir in the 'United States Naval Magazine,' and a memoir of Admiral Graves before me, which, I think, has been copied from the 'United States Journal,' it appears that H. M. S. 'Ramilies,' 'Canada,' and 'Centaur,' 74 guns each, with the 'Pallas,' frigate, and the 'Ville de Paris,' of 100 guns, 'Glorieux' and 'Hector,' 74 guns each, 'Ardent' and 'Caton,' 64 guns each, prizes, and a convoy which—even after those for New York had separated, and the Ardent, Hector, and Pallas put back—still amounted to 92 or 93 sail, were overtaken by a hurricane-cyclone on September 16, 1782, which increased rapidly from east-southeast. The fleet, fully prepared for bad weather, hove to, but, unfortunately, on the wrong tack, for at 2 A. M. on the 17th, when in about latitude $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., longitude $48\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W., the whole fleet was taken aback by a shift of wind of terrific violence to north-northwest. The Ramilies, Admiral Graves's flag-ship, lost her main-mizzen, and foretopmasts, was pooped, and in danger of going down stern foremost. The following day showed that many of the men-of-war and merchantmen had been ill-treated, for there were 'signals of distress' everywhere flying. The cyclone continued at northwest, and before it left the helpless fleet the whole of the men-of-war except the Canada had foundered or were abandoned and destroyed, and so large a portion of the merchantmen that this is supposed to be the greatest naval disaster on record, as upward of 3000 seamen alone perished by it."

There would seem to be no doubt, then, as to which was the unfortunate, as the last authority quotes from the memoir of the officer himself. C. M. MCC.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been the Christmas present to us from Aunt Bessie for many years, and I

have grown so fond of you that I do not know what I should do without you.

I am writing to tell you about my visit to a hermit's cottage. My grandmother and I were visiting my uncle, who lives on a pretty lake in Minnesota called Minnetonka. One day we hired a little yacht, and a party including grandmother, my aunt and uncle, my three cousins, and myself all started off. We spent the whole day sailing about in the pretty lake and stopping at different points of interest. Among these was a hermit's cottage built somewhat back from the water's edge. It was a kind of black color, whether worn so by the weather, or painted so, I could not tell. It was a curious structure, one that I would rather not attempt to describe. In front of the house was a pile of large stones surrounded by a narrow rail fence with a flag at one end. We afterward learned that it was the grave of the hermit's brother, who had been drowned and the body washed up on the shore. We were met at the door by a feeble old man with long white hair and beard. He invited us into the hut, or cottage, which contained two small rooms. The front one was the living-room, in which was a bed, a desk piled high with papers, and a few chairs; adjoining this was a small kitchen with a little stove, a cupboard, a table, and a chair. The house smelled very strongly of stale cheese. The hermit seemed content with the life he led away from every one, but we could not help feeling sorry for the lonely old man.

Wishing you a long life, and hoping you will always come to us, I remain your faithful admirer,

ELSA S. BUDD.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always anxious for you to come, and then I read all the stories.

On a clear day you can see Mount Shasta from the dome of the capitol; you also can see the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains.

I have been bathing in the Sacramento River, but my favorite pastime is horseback-riding.

Wishing you prosperity, I remain your devoted reader,

NELLIE

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like a letter from a little North Carolinian. My sisters gave me your beautiful magazine for a Christmas present, and as I am an invalid, it gives me especial pleasure to read it. I have been crippled a long while, over four years, and have to stay in bed most of the time.

The story I like best in the ST. NICHOLAS is "Two Biddicut Boys," and next best I like "The Buccaneers of our Coast."

I noticed in the May number a letter from Shiloh battle-field, and it interested me very much. Just in front of our house is the old Arsenal, once a very beautiful place, which was destroyed during the Civil War. My papa remembers all about it.

We have two little puppies named "Sampson" and "Dewey." They chase the little chickens and have lots of fun.

I have two little brothers, George and James. George is eight, James is six, and I am ten.

Good-by. Your fond reader,

ALFRED MCK. MYROVEL.

CHESTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for eleven years, I have never written to you before. I am a cadet at Pennsylvania Military College, and like it very well; it is said to rank next to West Point. We have about one hundred and ten cadets here, who are divided into four companies and a band. The United States detail here is Lieutenant Hay of the Tenth Cavalry. We have infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and our first cavalry squad rides at the horse-show every year.

The corps was in the Washington Monument parade at Philadelphia last year, and the papers said we were the very best-appearing troop in the parade; President McKinley passed us twice, and we presented arms to him.

Some of the cadets here who belong to the National Guard have been called away, and if a call for volunteers is made a good many will go.

I remain, GEORGE S. A.—

TRAFAIGAR, ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your delightful magazine for nearly three years, and I like you very much indeed. I am English, and I came to live in Jamaica last year with my father and mother. We have a lot of horses, and I have a pretty bay called "Beryl," and mother has two dear little ponies who race to me for sugar whenever they see me. I ride and drive a good deal. I also collect stamps.

Your very interested reader,
ETHEL CONRAN.

MACHIAS, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where I live is a very pretty town situated on the Machias bay. Machias is an historic place. It was here the first naval battle of the Revolutionary War was fought.

Where I now go to school there used to stand an old church. The captain of the "Margarita" was attending church here when he looked out the window and saw that the people of the town, under Jeremiah O'Brien, were moving to capture his vessel; so he jumped from the window, and ran down to his vessel to save it.

Of course you know that there is a gunboat named for Machias.

I am eleven years old, being the eldest of three girls, one three years old, and one a year old.

I remain yours sincerely,
MARION B. LONGFELLOW.

PLAYA RICA, ECUADOR, SOUTH AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read letters written to you from many parts of the world, but I do not believe you have ever had one from a mining camp in Ecuador, where I am now staying with my mother and father.

It is very strange and interesting to travel in a country where there are no railways nor roads. You must go in canoes up the rivers, or ride on mules over the mountains, and it is very slow and tiring work. To reach this place, which is on the Santiago River, sixty miles north of the equator, we were five days in a canoe. It was something like a gondola in shape, with two sheds built of bamboo and palms for us to sleep in. We had to carry our provisions, which were only canned meats and crackers.

The rapids in the river made the journey very exciting at times, and the natives who poled the canoe jumped into the water to push and pull us through. It looks very dangerous, but the Indians are good boatmen, and manage very well if left alone.

The forests on the river-banks are very interesting.

Enormous trees are covered with climbing plants and bright orchids at the top, while below the mosses and lichens and ferns are matted and festooned thickly together. In some places the hanging branches and fallen trees had to be cut away by the boatmen, who all carry big knives.

We saw lots of parrots, which always fly in pairs, and we heard noises that we were told came from monkeys in the forest. The butterflies are perfectly beautiful, bright blue and yellow, and as large as a child's hand.

The Cayapas Indians who passed us in canoes looked just like the pictures of the savages who came out to meet Christopher Columbus.

At the landing-places we were carried ashore through the water by negroes, and then had to climb up steep, muddy banks to the villages, which consist of a few bamboo huts built upon high poles. The natives are very polite. I have some bead necklaces and little dolls for the children. They seem much pleased with them, and say "Gracias" very nicely. I always read you, and I am

Your little friend,
DORIS FRANKLYN.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last year I wrote you about a pair of quails that make their nest under a lantana shrub on our lawn, and how the poor mother bird was killed by a coyote while she was sitting on the eggs. Well, one day this spring, at the time when quails were nesting, my mama saw a pair of birds come from the orchard across the street and go directly to the lantana. The very cold weather last winter killed the top of the shrub, and the new growth was just starting out, so it gave very little shelter, and after the quails had inspected the premises for a few minutes they went away. Papa is sure it was the male bird of last year who brought his new mate to build a nest in the old place, for he thinks a second pair of quails would be quite unlikely to come to a particular bush only a few feet from the house. I have read in some of our books about birds, how they are sometimes supposed to come back to the same place year after year to build their nest, and I think this case is another proof of it. Don't you think so?

Yours very truly,
BOYNTON MORRIS GREEN.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and my sister Alice is eight years old. We have taken you for three years, and we all enjoy you very much.

We live within sight of the Wounded Knee battleground.

Miss Alice Byington sends my sister Alice St. NICHOLAS. My sister Alice is named after Miss Byington. We are Sioux Indian girls, and we should like to have our letter in St. NICHOLAS.

We enjoy reading the "Letter-box" very much. Our mama likes very much to read the "Order of the Thread and Needle."

Your little friends, JESSIE AND ALICE KEITH.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two hardy Canadian boys, ready for all sorts of weather; but when a storm is raging, or the sun very hot, we love to stay in the house and read St. NICHOLAS, and we are always impatient for its arrival. We read it to mother, too, and she likes it as well as we do.

We have a dog, "Jack," which reminds us of "Sparkler," in "Biddicut Boys," he is so intelligent, and we

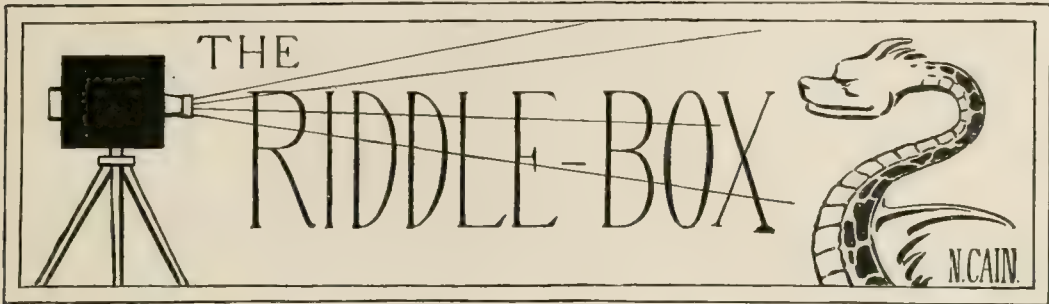
found him straying with a piece of string hanging from his neck, like the dog in the story.

We study English, French, and music, can use a kit of tools, and can skate, play lacrosse, hockey, and cricket. One of us is nine years old, the other eight. This is the first letter we have ever written.

Your friends,

GERALD LAMBERT KIRWAN,
PHILIP TREACY KIRWAN.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Edward S. Steinbach, Catherine M. Sargent, "Lucinda Belinda" and "Maudlyn," Lillian E. M. Birch, Nell C. Flinn, Bell Metcalf, Helen Lorraine Enos, Junior Whitcomb, Annie Keith Frazier, Marjorie H. Harris, Edith and Arthur Oberndorfer, Marie Hammond, Raymond Thompson, Ethel Wigton, Emma Gray White, and Walter F. Sherwood.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Post. 2. Otto. 3. Stop. 4. Tops.

DIAGONAL. Klondike. 1. Kangaroo. 2. Pleasure. 3. Apothegm. 4. Eminence. 5. Standard. 6. Vivacity. 7. Mandrake. 8. Reliable.

CHARADE. Gladstone.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Success lies not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

CUBE. From 1 to 7, Howells. From 1 to 2, Hiogo; 2 to 4, ocher; 4 to 7, ewers; 7 to 6, small; 3 to 6, wheel; 3 to 1, which; 2 to 5, oriel; 3 to 5, whirl; 5 to 7, Louis.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Miles, Selim, limes, slime, smile.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Drake. 1. Davits. 2. Rudder. 3. Anchor. 4. Knots. 5. Epaulet.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from M. McG.—Jack and George A.—"Four Weeks in Kane"—"Allil and Adi"—"Tod and Yam"—"Dondy Small"—No name, Baltimore—Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Isabel Amelie Guilbert, 1—Howard Ellis Robins, 4—Etta and Betty, 5—"Maple Leaf Trio," 6—Mary K. Rake, 1—Musgrave Hyde, 4—Paul Reese, 6—Heloise, 7—Starr H. Lloyd, 6—Florence Celia Pearson, 3—Clara A. Anthony, 8—"Two Little Brothers," 7—Tom and Alfred Morewood, 8—Mabel M. Johns, 8—C. Janson and A. Wigram, 7—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 8—Alice T. Huyler, 3—William C. Kerr, 7.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A SMALL ship. 2. A mournful or plaintive poem. 3. Certain animals. 4. A kind of heron. 5. Morbid formations.

II. 1. A common fluid. 2. Living. 3. Wearies. 4. A happening. 5. Reposes.

CHRISTIAN LOUIS WAMSER.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, the zigzag beginning at the upper left-hand letter will spell the name of an author; the zigzag beginning at the upper right-hand letter will spell the name of one of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To stay. 2. The supreme god of the Canaanites. 3. In a like manner. 4. The valley in which the Israelites were encamped when the duel between David and Goliath occurred. 5. An Egyptian

goddess. 6. Soon. 7. A popular amusement. 8. A horned animal. 9. A particle. 10. A kind of leather. 11. To acquire. 12. A river in Switzerland. 13. A weathercock. 14. Part of a bird. 15. To turn. 16. To sound.

FRED T. KELSEY.

A CROSS WITHIN A SQUARE.

SQUARE: 1. A yellow clay. 2. To enliven. 3. The daughter of Nephelae. 4. A memorial. 5. To erect. The cross names an English poet.

M. B. C.

RIDDLE.

I BELONG in a garden where roses are growing,
And over me Amazon's waters are flowing;
Unhappy the person who does not possess me,
Yet happy is he who can leave me and bless me;
For wretched, thrice wretched, is he who must take me,
And I never again through his lifetime forsake me.

ANNA M. PRATT.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"DID the boy 1-2-3-4-5, 6-7?"

"Yes, he was 1-2-3-4-5-6-7."

"BUFF QUARTEETTE."

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In dreams. 2. A stratum. 3. An engraver's instrument. 4. Deserved. 5. A song. 6. A marshal of France. 7. In dreams.

II. 1. In dreams. 2. A pronoun. 3. A port. 4. Schemed. 5. To place again. 6. A snare. 7. In dreams.
"CLASS 19."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials will spell the title, and my finals the name, of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Predominant. 2. To pass without injury. 3. The European kingfisher. 4. One who mocks. 5. Striving. 6. An emblematical representation. 7. An important European capital. 8. Natural. 9. To look over. 10. To reach. 11. Tenderness.

DICK.

CHARADE.

My *first*, in numbers, very long ago,
Marched in the van, to awe the Egyptian host.
My *second* raised his voice, but felt a blow;
Though dead, he 's not in heaven, nor with the lost.
My *third* and *fourth* combined was oft displayed,
By conquering Cæsars, in the streets of Rome;
But all the world is by my *whole* dismayed,
And would avert it from their friends and home.

J. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-two letters, and form a quotation from the works of Charles Dickens.

My 39 is a letter. My 18-49-3 is a farming implement. My 56-70-87 is a beverage. My 65-30-12-61 is a feminine name. My 44-63-33-54 is a Samoan seaport. My 79-28-75-24 is a large lake. My 82-9-59-16 is a part of speech. My 14-51-42-68 is cut down. My 20-72-6-92-26 is the name of a famous house. My 34-84-37-29-76 is a surveyor's instrument. My 1-45-90-38-78 is fact. My 35-47-4-62-22-11-74 is a kind of spear. My 88-8-86-67-91-77-43-36 is to loose. My 13-2-85-55-89-32-71 is contemplation. My 17-50-57-40-53-10-41 is a kind of ancient galley, having three banks of oars. "The 69-21-15 80-64-7" is the title of one of Dickens's stories. My

46-27-48 31-19-60-23-5-65 is one of his famous characters. My 58-73-83 52-81-25 is another famous character.

GEORGE S. SEYMOUR.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

1. IN bayonet. 2. The surname of an American general. 3. The understanding. 4. A low seat. 5. Specified. 6. Approaches. 7. Fear. 8. A feminine name. 9. Valleys. 10. A cheerless tract of country overgrown with coarse herbage. 11. To purloin. 12. Small animals. 13. Inclines. 14. Falls gently. 15. Pleasant to the taste. 16. To observe. 17. In bayonet.

EVA HAMILTON.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wise men. 2. To dispose of. 3. A royal head-dress. 4. Ample. 5. A light vehicle. 6. Visible vapor. 7. A large spoon. 8. To macerate. 9. Overawed. 10. To discourse. 11. An inlet from the Gulf of Mexico.

"FOUR WEEKS IN KANE."

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FIRST and last you 'll surely find
Puzzles are not always blind;
Like many games we play with zest,
When growing warm you 've nearly guessed.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. A SIMPLE word in pieces break,
If you would a riddle make.
2. Then, to spell it nineteen ways,
Hunt orthography for days.
3. Make it double-faced with doubt,
Lest a guesser find it out.
4. Don't instruct in A B C's;
Shun didactics, if you please.
5. Make its meaning clear as light,
Also dark as darkest night.
6. Put it in your desk to dry,
And use it gaily by and by.

ANNA M. PRATT.



THE "OREGON" AFTER HER VOYAGE OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES, JOINS ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S SQUADRON, SALUTING THE FLAGSHIP.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 11

THE VOYAGE OF THE "OREGON."

BY TUDOR JENKS.

BEFORE the battleship "Maine" was sent to the harbor of Havana, the more prudent statesmen at Washington had begun to make plans for a possible war with Spain. They had looked over their maps and books to determine where the ships of war should be stationed, and how they were to be brought where needed.

The "Oregon," a battleship of the best type, like the "Indiana," "Iowa," and "Massachusetts," was known to be in Puget Sound, at the extreme northwestern corner of the United States; and it was believed that it might be wise to have her join the fleet in the Atlantic Ocean. The Oregon was the first battleship built on the Pacific coast, and had never been in the Atlantic. She was launched at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, in October, 1893, and was ready for service July 15, 1896. Though the fastest of battleships, and a seaworthy boat, it had been found that she rolled too much, and to correct this fault she was sent to the dry-dock in Puget Sound to have extra keels — "bilge-keels" — fitted to prevent the rolling motion.

When news came of the sinking of the Maine during the night of February 15, it was at once decided to replace her by an even stronger man-of-war; and next morning, when the Oregon left her dry-dock, she was met by a lighthouse-tender, that brought orders to "rush her coaling, and proceed at once to

San Francisco." In three days after leaving Puget Sound she had covered the 790 miles, and arrived in San Francisco on March 9.

The sailors worked day and night for the next ten days, and loaded the Oregon with a year's provisions and about 1500 tons of coal. By this time the captain knew of the great voyage he was to make, and everything was done to put the ship in perfect condition.

Saturday, March 19, at eight in the morning, the Oregon steamed out of the Golden Gate to begin the greatest voyage ever made by a battleship. It must be remembered that these vessels are built for coast defense, and are not considered adapted for ocean voyages. Indeed, one of our congressmen not long ago predicted that "no battleship could ever cross the Atlantic Ocean." Many believed that these heavy iron monsters would "turn turtle" — that is, capsize — when in a heavy sea.

But if any men in this world know their business, the American navy know theirs, and every officer and engineer and sailor and stoker on the Oregon rejoiced at the long voyage before them.

While the President was sending word to Congress that he could do no more with the Spanish government by peaceful means, and while the commission of naval officers was learning that the Maine was destroyed by a mine placed below her keel, the Oregon was

steaming ever southward through the Pacific, with a V of glistening foam parting at her white bow. For sixteen days her twin screws whirled her along, while the sun grew hotter, and the heat in the fire-rooms, where her men were feeding her furnaces full, increased until the thermometer read 161° ! Only one man was prostrated by the heat; and no sooner was he revived than he begged to be allowed to return to the scorching work. Indeed, Captain Clark says that all the men were eager to work overtime, and would never admit they were overcome by their duties.

On Monday, April 4, the Oregon arrived at Callao, Peru, having covered over four thousand miles in two days less than the time usually required by the regular steamers. This voyage, longer than from New York to Queens-town, or nearly as far as to Naples, required about fifteen days.

The Oregon had now only six hundred tons of coal aboard, and it was necessary to take on more. But the gunboat "Marietta," which was also on her way to the Atlantic, had been at Callao on March 31, and had ordered full coal-lighters to be ready for her big friend the Oregon; so they were alongside almost before the anchor was lowered, and the coaling began at once. Not only were the bunkers filled, but a deck-load also was taken aboard, and the battleship was made ready for a further journey of six thousand miles.

Besides coal, the Oregon took on board a supply of rumors about what the Spaniards might do. For one thing, a torpedo-boat was reported to be at Montevideo, intending to set out for the Strait of Magellan, where there was an excellent chance to lie in wait for our big white battleship and stab her with a torpedo. For another, there was a Spanish sailor aboard the Oregon, and there were hints that the Spanish residents at Valparaiso meant, by his aid, to do terrible things when the Oregon should put in at that port; so the sailor was sent to New York on a mail-steamer. While at Callao, Captain Clark put a patrol of steam-launches around his vessel all night, gave the sentries ball-cartridges, and kept men ready at the small guns. It was a neutral port, but many Spanish sympathizers were about. He did n't wish to

take any chances of another Maine disaster. A single word cabled to Washington, at a cost of five dollars in gold, had announced the Oregon safe so far, and Captain Clark meant to keep her so throughout the journey.

Thursday, April 7, the Oregon sailed, in a dense fog, ran by the city of Valparaiso one night without giving the Spanish residents a chance to carry out any plots they might have formed, and within nine days was off the Strait of Magellan, near Desolation Island.

Entering the strait, the Oregon anchored for the night in a small bay, thirty miles inside. In the darkness a little fishing-vessel passed not far from the Oregon, and the Yankee sailors were at their guns quicker than the searchlight could be turned on the stranger.

At daybreak next morning she was under way again, making 165 miles in eleven hours, with her men at the guns, and cleared for action, ready for the torpedo-boat — which, as a matter of fact, was thousands of miles away.

At half-past six in the evening the Oregon reached Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), a settlement devoted to selling coal and provisions, and stopped to coal — the men leaving their hammocks in the nettings, and sleeping about the decks in the short intervals of their hard work. The Marietta arrived next day, with despatches she had brought from Valparaiso. These despatches showed that matters were coming to a warlike situation, and whenever a stranger vessel appeared thereafter, the sailors at once went to the guns, ready for trouble.

At daylight on Thursday, April 21, the anchor was raised, and under light forced draught the battleship started through the strait, always on the keen lookout for the tiny torpedo-boat that was supposed to be lurking there like a coiled rattlesnake in a path.

At the narrowest point, called the English Narrows, the channel is but half a mile wide; and here the speed was reduced, and all the sailors peered about for the treacherous little foe — the only thing a battleship dreads.

The scenery in the strait was superb — lofty snow-covered mountains, great glaciers coming to the water's edge, and inlets opening here and there.

Once in the Atlantic Ocean, the great vessel

gladly swung around and pointed her prow toward home — and Cuba. As yet the people on board knew nothing of what was going on between America and Spain. They met two

boats under Cervera, being ordered away by Portugal, had left the Cape Verde Islands.

Our own people knew these things, and they were anxious about the Oregon, and also about



"THE OREGON WAS STEAMING EVER SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE PACIFIC."

merchant steamers, but could hear nothing later than they already knew. And yet, while the Oregon was on her way to her next port, Rio de Janeiro, war had been declared; Dewey had set sail for Manila; the Spanish torpedo-boat "Temerario" had left Buenos Ayres; and Spain's fleet, four cruisers and three torpedo-

boats, the "Paris," which was on her way from England to New York.

From Callao to the Strait of Magellan and through to the Atlantic Ocean had taken eleven days, the distance being more than 3000 miles, making about 8000 miles traveled by the Oregon since leaving Puget Sound. Now she

was to sail more than 5000 miles before reporting for service at Florida.

The bells rang, the propellers twirled, and northward started the great steel battleship, carrying her thirty steel rifles and her 470 men to aid the American fleet. Her voyage northward was a most anxious time, with the daily outlook for enemies, and the monotonous round of hard work.

April 30 was a momentous date. On that day the *Paris* arrived from England; the *Oregon* entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro; and during the following night Dewey's squadron came into the Bay of Manila while the officers of the Spanish fleet were dancing at a grand ball.

The *Oregon* was saluted by the ships in the harbor of Rio, and the captain of that port boarded her. When the sailors learned from him that war had been declared, a mighty cheer went up. During their stay a Spanish gunboat tried to enter the port, but was promptly stopped by the Brazilians, who not only were neutral, but remembered what two American cruisers had done for them when Brazilian rebels tried to blockade their port. The Spaniard was compelled to remain until the *Oregon*, the *Marietta*, and the "*Nichteroy*" were well on their way. The *Nichteroy* had been bought from Brazil and is now an American man-of-war, being called the "*Buffalo*."

On May 3 these three vessels left within twelve hours of one another; but as the *Oregon* had been ordered to make all speed, the others were soon astern, and she went on her way alone. It is said—perhaps the story is not true—that Captain Clark, upon receiving certain instructions from Washington, telegraphed: "Please don't tangle me up with instructions; I am not afraid of the whole Spanish fleet!"

The *Oregon's* men had bought at Rio a lot of red ribbons, had stamped them, "Remember the Maine!" and wore them on their caps; and the ship herself, on entering the harbor of Bahia, put on her war-paint, and sailed in a dark-gray suit.

Monday, May 9, she left Bahia, and on the second night out passed a fleet of vessels which she believed were the Spaniards. On May 14 the Spaniards were reported at Curaçao,

so it is hardly credible that the *Oregon* could have been near the enemy that night. With all lights out, however, she passed these vessels in the darkness, according to her orders, which were to "avoid all ships, and make for home."

She put into Barbados, flying a yellow quarantine-flag to keep off inquisitive strangers, and within sixteen hours was off again, at full speed, making 420 miles in twenty-four hours. Upon receiving a despatch announcing her arrival at Barbados, the Secretary of the Navy had given out to the nation the welcome news that the great battleship was safe.

Jupiter Lighthouse, on the southeastern coast of Florida, was signaled on Tuesday the 24th, and again reported the *Oregon* to Washington. Two days later she anchored at Sands Key, off Key West—safe at home, after the longest voyage ever made by a battleship.

And what was her condition after her wonderful journey? Her officers reported: "All in good health; everything shipshape; no accidents; not even a hot journal!" After a stay at Key West long enough to fling the coal into her bunkers, she joined the fleet. They were drawn up in a wide semicircle, and she came sweeping into the midst of them at fifteen knots an hour, like the winner of a yacht-race, cheered by all the Jack Tars!

As the Chicago "*Times-Herald*" says, her voyage is "a triumph for any ship, and a wonder for a battleship." Over 15,000 miles without a mishap, in fifty-nine days at sea, "through two oceans and three zones," on the alert for an enemy during more than half of the time—surely it is a marvelous record, and one not likely to be repeated.

Do you know what it means? A battleship has fully seventy machines on board, run by 137 steam-cylinders. She is an enormous fortress, crammed with delicate and complicated machinery. To build her, sail her, care for her, and fight her requires brains, skill, care, honesty, fortitude—in short, all the Christian and a few pagan virtues.

But the condition of the *Oregon* has been shown by actions speaking louder than words. From Key West to Santiago the big steel warrior went with the "*New York*" and a torpedo-boat, and made the trip at thirteen knots an

hour, as steadily as a prize yacht. On the way the Oregon sighted smoke on the horizon, and started in pursuit. The fleeing stranger was soon overtaken, and it was then found that the battleship had been able to outrun a swift newspaper despatch-boat!

During the bombardment of Santiago's forts the Oregon showed that her ship's company could serve their guns as well as they had sailed their vessel; but it was not until Admiral Cervera's fast cruisers came dashing out of the harbor that the eager Oregon was put on her mettle.

It will be remembered that three of the Spanish cruisers and the two torpedo-boat destroyers were soon driven ashore. But the "Cristobal Colon" was the fastest and newest of the enemy's squadron, and, coming out last, she secured a good start while the Americans were smashing the others. Hunted by the "Brooklyn," the "Texas," and the Oregon, poor Cristobal Colon tried to discover a way to escape from the land so eagerly sought by the great Christopher whose name she bore.

It would not have been surprising if the swift Spanish cruiser had shaken off all her American pursuers. But not only did the Brooklyn hold her place by the flying enemy, but the big Oregon and the Texas kept within range.

It happened that the Oregon had been stationed far to the eastward of the mouth of Santiago harbor, and to reach the enemy she had to go farther than any other of our big vessels. She went ahead like a rocket, passing the little "Vixen," the plucky Texas, the great Iowa, and joined the swift cruiser Brooklyn in chasing the Cristobal Colon. The Oregon had opened on all the Spanish vessels she passed, and did as much harm to the enemy as any member of our squadron; and when she had shown Admiral Cervera that she could keep up with the Brooklyn, and had put one of her 13-inch shells into the Colon's bow, the Spaniards gave up. There was no hope for them in a fight against the Oregon and the Brooklyn; and our flag ship,

the New York, was coming at full speed to join in the fray.

You all know the end. The Cristobal Colon, like her companions, was run aground and surrendered, and the destruction of Cervera's squadron was enough to warrant all the long cruise of the Oregon.

If there had been a ship-canal between the Pacific and the Atlantic, it would have saved a month in bringing the Oregon to the eastern coast. There will be one.

If the Oregon shall now cross the Atlantic, she will no doubt add new glories to the unequalled record of the American navy, for that is what we have been taught to expect from each of our ships in every sea.

The Oregon's magnificent behavior under her terrific trials of endurance is a matter of pride to every American, because it proves that every bit of work in her making, manning, and sailing has been done on honor and with skill. The Oregon shows us that not only have we brave men and skilful gunners such as fought in Manila Bay, or drove Cervera's fast cruisers ashore; self-sacrificing and able sailors such as sunk the "Merrimac" in Santiago Channel; hardy, cool soldiers like the marines at Camp McCalla; regulars and volunteers such as never faltered in the storm of fire from the defenders of Santiago — but also honest workmen at home. The Oregon's record says that America is sound at the core; that she has something fully as important as the "men behind the guns" — namely, the men who make the guns and the ships, and make them sound and fit for any work.

It is no wonder that our ships, our guns, and our men are as good as the best, because, from the men in the foundries to the admirals on their bridges, all work is done by honest, competent, patriotic Americans.

So, if any should be reluctant to join in the cry, "Remember the Maine!" there certainly is no man or woman, boy or girl, who may not say with genuine and heartfelt patriotism: "Remember the Oregon!"



GOLDEN ROD

I KNOW a field, a sunny field,
But not in sunny France;
And there is neither glint of shield
Nor gleam of pennoned lance;
Nor does the wind toss knightly
plumes,

Nor silken tents unfold,
And yet in autumn it becomes
The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

For when the haze of summer days
Has melted from the skies,
And we, without reproof, may gaze
Up into heaven's eyes,

A host their plumes and banners shake
In joust with breezes bold,
And golden-rod's bright champions
make

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The butterflies with blazoned wings
Are heralds for the fight,
And many a lovely lady flings
Her token to her knight.

And so, amid their gorgeous suite,
With pomp and wealth untold,
Summer and autumn royally meet
On the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Martha Hartford.

THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

XII.

"HI! Hi, yi! Hi, yi, yi! Booma-lacka, bow-wow! Hullabaloo! Yah, wah! Chick-a-go-runk! go-runk! Siss boom 'rah! Hey-ip! hey-ip! Siccum! 'Rah-zoo! Wah-hoo! Bang! Ki-yi, mockali-on! Buzz-saw! Boom 'rah! Hobble-gobble, razzle-dazzle! Breke-kek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax! Skookum, skookum!"

This marvelous language was not the small talk of the debating society of an insane asylum, nor was it a kennel of mad dogs broken loose. It was only the joint efforts of twelve solemn young gentlemen to decide upon a club yell. Each man had his own howl, and insisted on singing out with it while all the rest were rehearsing their own. It is reported that when this grand combination broke loose all the small boys in town thought a circus was coming along with its calliope (which, of course, they pronounced "callie-ope"), while the two small policemen that pretended to protect the town of Lakerim are reported to have thought that a gang of outlaws was attacking the place, and to have crawled into the deepest ditch in town, and pulled the ditch in after them.

After every one had yelled himself hoarse, each of the Twelve began yelling again to quiet the others, and the noise was almost greater than before. At length, however, they quieted down enough to listen to the various candidates for the yell. History proposed a long Latin quotation, and insisted on at least having some big words in the yell. He and Bobbles joined forces, and compromised on the following gem:

"Doodle-um! Diddle-um! Dandle-um! The duodecimal Dozen!"

Punk, however, said that this was beneath the dignity of such great men, and proposed one which he persuaded them to try over. It

could hardly be called short, but it was certainly complete, and consisted not only in spelling out the full name of the club, but surrounding this with most of the well-known yells of all the colleges. It went something like this:

"Breke-kek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax! Siss boom 'rah! Hullabaloo, ha! L-a-k-e-r-i-m A-t-h-l-e-t-i-c C-l-u-b! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

The Dozen started vigorously to yell this out, and kept together fairly well until they came to the spelling of the long name, but there they began to fall by the wayside; they dropped to the ground, exhausted, one by one, so fast that by the time they reached the last "'Rah!" only one man survived, and that was the long-winded Punk, and even he gasped it out like a sick rooster.

After this they all sat still on the ground where they had fallen, and thought hard for some time, and debated in whispers. The result of this debate was the final selection of a brisk yell that left some breath in the body of the yellers, though it threatened to break all the windows for miles around. The word "Lakerim" was given three times, with a long *a* and a short *i*, and the yell went out in a burst of glory, all the voices keeping together until half-way through the last long "Hoo!" when the boys divided and took different vowels. This gave the yell a blood-curdling sound that reminded B. J. of the tribes of Indians he had never seen. And this was the yell:

"Lây-krim! Lây-krim! Lây-krim! Hoo-
rah!
ri!
ro!
ray!
row!
roo!"

Now it happened about this time that Pretty was invited to a house-party at a near-by sum-

mer resort, where there was a country club with a fine lot of tennis-courts; and he was doubly glad to go, since he knew that on these superfine tennis-courts he would meet some of the superfine tennis-players of the Tri-State Interscholastic League, which felt itself so superfine that it would not admit the Lakerim Athletic Club to membership.

The Interscholastic League had finished its tennis tournament long before. The championship had been won by a man named Hall, from the Kingston Academy; but three other men had given him a hard fight.

One of the first men Pretty met at the country club was the great and only Hall himself. He gave Pretty one languid glance, and asked with a lofty manner:

"Do you play the game?"

"A little," said Pretty, modestly; and though he knew perfectly well who the up-pish Hall was, he could not help adding: "Do you?"

"Ahem! ahem!" said Hall, in some confusion. "Well, rather! I am the champion of the Tri-State League!"

"Oh," said Pretty, "I believe I have heard something about that. I'd like to play you a set or two."

This presumption almost took the mighty Hall's breath away, but he had enough left to sniff:

"What handicap would you want?"

Then it was Pretty's turn to lose his breath at the sublime conceit of the man, and he exclaimed:

"Handicap? Why, I want an even game, of course."

"Oho!" laughed Hall. "Well, I don't mind — some day when I have no other engagement." And he strode majestically away.

His behavior nettled Pretty so much that he vowed never to condescend to ask Hall to condescend to play him. He soon made up some matches, however, with the smaller fry, whom he defeated so easily that the three men who had contested with Hall in the Interscholastic finals challenged him as an interesting possibility. Like most tennis-players, each had one style of play only, and worked that to death. Pretty, however, was evenly developed, and

defeated them one after another without very great trouble.

It would be hard to say whether tennis was made for Pretty, or Pretty for tennis, but the two certainly got along beautifully together. In spite of the name the boys had given him, his good looks and gracefulness did not make a milksop of him, and while his muscles were not so big and gnarly as those of others of the Dozen, yet they were by no means lacking in strength. He was rather like the lithe Indians, whose development is so equal and whose strength is so agile that they do not show through the skin as do those of many a weaker man, who, for all his biceps like a baseball, may be muscle-bound.

The best thing about Pretty's game of tennis was not so much that he was great in any one style as that he was good in all. He rarely made those marvelous plays that take the breath away from the crowd and compel even the opponents to applaud; for those marvelous plays are usually more than half good luck, and less than half skill. Pretty won his applause from the spectators by his unfailing coolness, his jaunty freshness after the most wearing play, and by the wonderful persistence that proved in the long run better than any streak of good luck, and won the more games. Pretty played with style, and style in all sports, as in all machinery, accompanies easiest and most scientific action. He was graceful as a panther, and withal as alert and active, while the game never grew so fierce that it left him dripping with sweat and generally shabby; and yet no effort was too violent for him to make when any good seemed likely to be gained. The ball never flew so far away or so swiftly that he did not at least make a try for it.

In this fact, that he never let a chance go by, and in his coolness, he showed the making of an ideal tennis-player; and it was his main ambition to perfect himself, so that some day, when he was older, he might be the champion of his country.

What looked like laziness in Pretty was really cautiousness. He often lost the first game or two he played with a new man; but he did not waste it: he spent it getting acquainted with his rival; and after his rival had served one game, and been the striker-out in the next, Pretty

usually knew just what sort of player the other man was. Pretty played a scientific game, with a strong wrist, and a grip that never let the racket twist in the hand. While he was not a big-muscled fellow, he wielded his racket with the fine, long swing before the ball is struck that carries it faster and truer than any short stroke, however strong. Pretty had a base of operations, like a general, and tried always to play from that, and work back toward it after every stroke. But best of all, as I have said, were his steadiness and his patience and good humor, for he never lost his temper or his head.

Now, it happened that the great man Hall had been away from the club while Pretty was polishing off the three men Hall had won his championship from.

But the day after he got back he sauntered up to Pretty, and said in a patronizing way:

"The fellows have been telling me that you put up a pretty stiff game of tennis."

"Is that so?" was all Pretty said. He was still smarting under the indignation he felt at Hall's treatment of him at their first meeting.

But Hall persisted: "What would you say to playing me?" and he said it with the same magnificent manner a king might use in saying to a beggar: "How would you like to be made a duke?"

"I should n't mind," said Pretty, calmly.

"The best three sets out of five?"

"That suits me."

"Be here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," was Hall's royal command.

Pretty wanted to punch his head on general principles, but decided it would be more pleasant to beat him at tennis.

He knew, however, that Hall was an unusually strong player, and he felt very anxious for the result. So he said nothing to any one of the coming game. But Hall was so anxious to prove his greatness publicly that he went around inviting every one at the club to be on hand at the finish of the stranger; and the next morning found a large crowd, beautiful with summer colors, gathered round the court.

Hall insisted on having an umpire, and the linesmen at each base-line, though Pretty had expected only an informal game. They tossed up a penny, and Hall won first toss, and served.

Pretty, therefore, chose the side of the court where the sun was least bothersome.

"Are you ready?" said the umpire.

Both players nodded.

"Play!" said the umpire. And almost before the word was out of his mouth Hall sent a vicious drive across the net. Hall knew the court so well that the first service was true, while Pretty misjudged the ball, and flunked on the return.

"Fifteen, love!" said the umpire.

The next service upon the left court was equally true, and found Pretty again equally unable to get it back.

"Thirty, love!" said the umpire; and a slight grin appeared on Hall's face as he went back to the base-line of the right court, and repeated the success of the first.

"Forty, love!" said the umpire; and his next word was "Game!"

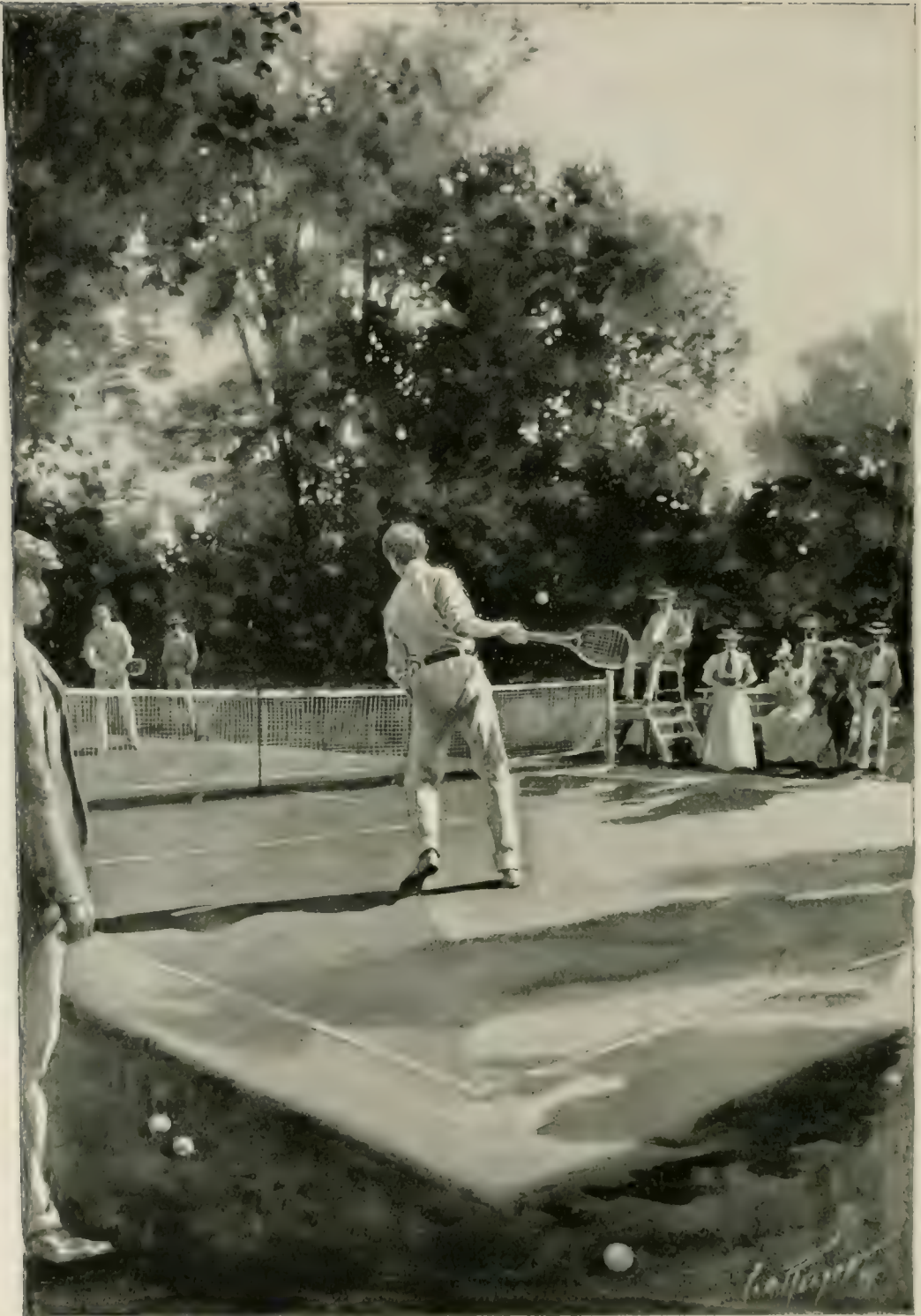
As Hall batted the balls across the net for Pretty to serve, his slight grin had grown wider, and he waited easily for the opening shot from Pretty. Pretty's first serve was a pet of his, though he did not allow it to monopolize all his favor. It was a vicious forehand drive. When it went where it was sent, it just clipped the extreme corner of the service-court, and while it was a hard stroke to deliver, it was a harder one to return. But when the first ball went straight into the net, Pretty did not, as most players do, send over an easy one after his first fault, but tried the same stroke again. This also went into the net, though not so deeply as the first one.

"Love, fifteen!" said the umpire.

On the next service Pretty made the first fault on a ball that went far too high above the net. His second went still too high, but not so high.

"Love, thirty!" said the umpire.

Still Pretty persisted, and lost the whole game on faults. Two love games in succession were enough to upset the best of Pretty's friends, and to make them believe either that he was hopelessly inferior to Hall, or that — which was quite as bad — he was having an off day. But neither they nor the gloating Hall knew that Pretty was only studying Hall when Hall served, and only doing a little



THE GAME OF TENNIS BETWEEN "GRETCH" AND HALL

scientific range-finding when he served himself.

And now Hall was serving again.

His first service was accurate again; but this time Pretty returned it—into the net. Hall's service from the left court Pretty also found and returned, with a short pick-up, or half-volley, that took Hall so by surprise that he tried to return it, though it would have gone out of bounds if left alone.

"Fifteen-all!" said the umpire; and Pretty thought this a much pleasanter-sounding score than those that had so much "love" in them.

His other serve Pretty returned again, this time accurately; but Hall had made a mistake in rushing after a ball that went wild before, so he made no effort to reach this one, and realized that the score was now 15 to 30, and he must wake up a little; so he did, and won the game.

The fourth game Pretty began with another fault; but the second effort was successful, though Hall returned it with ease. Pretty put more force into the following service, and this Hall returned with difficulty; and Pretty killed his return without difficulty. Pretty managed in this game to work the score up to "deuce," but Hall won both the "advantages" and the game.

The fifth game Pretty managed to make also a long deuce game, in spite of the fact that the great and glorious Hall was serving; but at a critical moment he misjudged a volley, heard the sickening smack of the wood when the ball struck the edge of his racket, and knew that the game was lost. It looked at the time as if it would be a love set; but Pretty set his teeth a little harder, and won the sixth game on his own serves. The next, however, though hard fought, went to Hall, and the set was his, at a score of 6 to 1.

"Had enough?" said Hall, as they passed each other to change courts.

"No, not yet," said Pretty, and he could not help borrowing an idea from John Paul Jones; he added: "I've just begun to play."

Now Pretty had the sun in his eyes and a new side of the net to work from; but he had played what might be called a constructive game, and though he found himself with the score against him, he also found himself pretty

well acquainted with Hall's methods. Hall, however, was so convinced that he had an easy victory that he had paid little heed to Pretty's improvement, and had grown careless and ragged. He scored many double faults, netted many a let, and planted many an easy return outside the side-lines or beyond the back-lines.

Pretty was still, however, playing so cautiously, and studying the new tricks that Hall felt called upon to let him see, that he could not quite win the set, though he brought it to the point of "games-all" and lost by the very respectable score of 7 to 5.

Now Hall decided that one more set was all that was necessary to put a stop to the gossip that had been going around to the effect that this newcomer from the small town of Lakerim understood the game of tennis. He went in to win, and played his best. But Pretty also went in to win and to show that he also knew a thing or two. He won the first three games of the set with some difficulty, and for the fourth administered a love game. This put Hall on his mettle, indeed, and brought from him some of those brilliant displays that had won him the championship in the Interscholastic League; but though Hall took the next three games, Pretty did not lose heart at the outbursts of applause in praise of Hall's fierce volleys and his long, running returns.

Nor did Pretty grow frightened when Hall charged down on the net like a wild bull, but he faced him calmly as a toreador, and returned volley for volley. There ensued one of those plays that even a stranger to lawn-tennis can enjoy watching—and there are not many plays that a stranger to lawn-tennis can make head or tail of. This little single combat was a long one. Hall tried volleying returns till he found that he could not get the ball past Pretty that way. Then he tried lobbing the ball, and got lobs back. He tried high lobs and low lobs and lobs with a twisting cut. But at every point Pretty met him, till a misstep brought him to the ground with a wrenched ankle, and Hall placed the ball with a gentle tap far out of his reach, though he ran after it on hands and knees.

Pretty's ankle was not sprained seriously, yet

it was such a wrench as made every step a twinge. If people sometimes thought him a bit effeminate, he now showed a woman's ability to smile through pain, and none of the spectators knew he suffered; and though he lost in this one duel, he won the game and the next two after it; which gave him the set by the comfortable score of 6 to 3.

The next set found Hall still more determined to wipe Pretty off the face of the earth; but his determination was of the heating and disconcerting kind, while Pretty's determination to win made him all the more cool and all the more cautious. Hall began now to bring out of his box of tricks everything he knew about tennis. He dropped his slashing overhead serve for a low forehand twist; but Pretty knew that this would always bound to the left side, and stood ready. Then Hall tried the low backhand stroke; but Pretty, watching his cut, stood waiting for a bounce to the right, and returned it without difficulty. And then the disgusted Hall began to use the backward twist, but quit it soon, when he saw that Pretty could foretell that it would always bounce straight back toward the net.

Finding himself beaten at all these points, and tired out, besides, with a combination of rash rushes and explosive temper, Hall tried to get a little rest and breath by devoting most of his time to lobbing. But he found that he was losing more than he gained; for Pretty's games with the three men Hall defeated had perfected him in the lob, which he returned in all sorts of unexpected ways and places. In fact, if the other men had seriously gone about training Pretty to take down their high and mighty conqueror Hall, they could not have done better, for the experience with three players, each very good in his own little specialty, had broadened Pretty into the all-round education that is needed by a would-be champion.

And now, when the fourth set went Pretty's way, it was the great and only Hall himself that proposed an adjournment until the afternoon, seeing that the score in sets was a tie.

But Pretty's ankle was protesting so violently against this hard usage that he knew his only hope was in playing the contest to a finish immediately. By afternoon it would

probably be so swollen that he would not be able to walk on it, and he felt that any excuse he would make for postponing the finish of the game indefinitely would be taken as a sign of cowardice by Mr. Hall. So he reluctantly insisted that he would rather play it out at once, and Hall was too proud to cry "Quits!" again. Pretty felt now that his only hope was in setting Hall such a pace that the end would come soon, for every step sent a twinge of pain through his whole body; but he realized that the only truly strong game is a careful game, and he played more with his mind than ever. He was forced to let several chances pass that he might have taken advantage of by a violent effort; but he feared another tumble, and found his revenge in placing his returns so neatly that they always taxed Hall to the utmost.

He sent him flying to the back-line, and brought him dashing back to the net; he drove down the side-lines, and so varied his straight volleys and his drop-strokes, and so masked his twists, that Hall's tongue was almost hanging out from exhaustion.

And now it was Pretty's turn to provoke the applause of the spectators, for now he was playing with Hall as a cat with a mouse, meeting Hall's frantic efforts with his own coolness, and meeting Hall's brute force with teasing devices planned on the spur of the moment. But luck was on Hall's side, though science was on Pretty's, and they were tied at the end of the eighth game.

"Four-And" found Pretty almost more desperate than the champion, for he felt that his ankle would never last out a long deuce set. His forehead was clammy with pain, but only a slight knitting of his brows and the tight pressure of his pale lips would have shown any beholder that he was having a harder battle even than the champion who saw his laurels being wrested from him.

Then followed a long and bitter contest, and the score kept bobbing back to "games-all" till Pretty grew fairly dizzy. He found himself finally with the "advantage" in his favor, and Hall to serve. And now he felt that he had only one more game in him before the last jot of his strength was drained out.

Hall's first service was a drive which Pretty took on a beautiful pick-up that just clipped the back-line of Hall's court, and sent up a beautiful little puff of lime-smoke that looked far from beautiful to Hall. Again Hall delivered a drive, and again Pretty returned it with a half-volley, and again it just nipped the line. But this time Hall claimed that it was "out," and when the umpire decided against him he protested angrily. The umpire stuck to his decision in spite of Hall's fuming, however, until Pretty came forward to the net and requested the umpire to change the decision in Hall's favor. At Lakerim he had learned the spirit of the true sportsman.

The score was now fifteen-all, and this time Hall sent over a drop-stroke that brought Pretty forward to the net with a run in which every step was agony. But he reached the ball in time, and returned it with a low lob which Hall decided to return with a killing stroke. But the smashing blow he gave it sent in into the net, and in his wrath he hurled his racket in after it. That was his method of expressing disappointment. But when Pretty misjudged the next service, and returned the ball into the lap of one of the spectators, instead of imitating Hall's action, he only dried the wet palm of his hand on his handkerchief and gripped his racket tighter. This was his method of expressing disappointment.

"Thirty-all!" said the umpire.

Hall repeated the successful twist he had used before; but Pretty rarely made the same mistake twice, and lifted his return gently over the net. Here Hall found it, however, since he had started to run forward immediately after his service. He sent it swishing right at Pretty's face; but there Pretty met it with a loose racket, and it went back to Hall's left side. Hall scooped it in with a clever back-hand stroke, and Pretty, suffering with a constant throbbing pain, struck blindly at it, and the ball hit him a stinging blow in the mouth. This point was doubly Hall's then, and the umpire had nothing to say but:

"Forty to thirty!"

Pretty tied the score on the next service. And now Hall made a fierce effort to use the Lawford stroke, which it is said no one but its inventor ever succeeded in perfecting; by a mad contortion he sent over one perfect example of it. But Pretty foresaw what was coming, and for once luck was on his side in his effort to return it.

"'Vantage out!" sang the umpire.

Hall tried the Lawford again on his next service, but flunked, and the umpire cried:

"Fault one!"

Upon this next service the whole contest hung, and Hall returned to his first love, a fierce overhead drive; but Pretty fell back before it far enough to return it on a long level volley that barely skimmed the net. This Hall was forced to take with an underhand stroke that made a lob of his return; and Pretty, who had run forward to take the net, saw, to his chagrin, the ball going far over his head and well back of him. He turned and dashed desperately after it; but it struck the ground and bounded high again before he could get far enough to return it with a forward drive. His only hope lay in taking the desperate chance of a backward lob; so as he ran he dipped his racket under it, and it returned again skyward just as Pretty tumbled in a heap upon the ground.

Hall watched it as it soared, and smiled as it came easily within his reach. He decided to let it bound; and, noting with one quick glance that his rival was far to the rear, decided to give it a gentle pat that should lift it just clear of the net; but the smile died out as the perverse little ball struck the canvas band and fell rippling down the net into the court.

Then the umpire sang out that the game and the set and the contest belonged to the man from Lakerim, and everybody broke out into gay applause for a well-earned victory.

But the applause stopped short, for the victor did not rise and acknowledge it. He lay upon the ground where he had fallen, in a still, white heap; and when they ran to him they found that he had fainted away.

(To be continued.)



A Butterfly Girl



A BUTTERFLY GIRL.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

THEY tell me I
Am like (oh, my!
I wonder why?)
A butterfly!

I cannot fly!
No wings have I.
And butterflies
They are not wise
As I, who say
My A B C

(As far as K)
Fast as can be!

I cannot see,
I cannot guess,
How it can be,
Unless — unless —
It 's 'cause — why, yes!
He, too, like me,
Loves so to press
His little nose
Into a rose.

AS EVERY LADDIE DOES.

BY C. GIBSON.

OH, when I was a tiny lad I wandered in a wood,	I made a sturdy walking-stick to climb the highest hill;
To look for fairies or for flowers, as every laddie should.	And whittled till the knife was blunt, as every laddie will.
I only got my fingers stung by things that creep and buzz:	I owned a treasury of things that I had found or caught,
I learned to look for them instead, as every laddie does.	And changed them oft for better ones, as every laddie ought.
I sought the pretty fairy-folk in all the yellow flowers,	I had a little puppy-dog and pets of many kinds;
Where nothing but the busy bees improved the shining hours.	But some they died, and some got lost, as every laddie finds.
I found a little caterpillar hanging by a thread;	I coveted a pony, and a gun to shoot the crows —
I put him in a buttercup, and took him home instead.	A pony is a beauteous beast, as every laddie knows.
I caught some minnows in a pool, and thought myself a man,	What most I loved were fireworks, and all that lights and burns;
Because I found that I could fish, as every laddie can.	But these sometimes are treacherous, as every laddie learns.
I got my father's pocket-knife,—its blade was red with rust,—	My coats grew shorter in the sleeve; my slippers crushed my toes;
And cut my name on many a tree, as every laddie must.	But such things always smaller seem as every laddie grows.

The Duke's Armorer

BY GERALD BRENNAN.

LITTLE Alain looked up for a moment from the gorget upon which he was busily at work. The noise of a merry crowd coming down the Street of the Armors had attracted his attention.

There was mighty merrymaking in the ancient city of Bruges, and, for that matter, through the length and breadth of Flanders. The highways and byways were filled with people. Gallant chevaliers afoot or in the saddle, sturdy townsmen, rollicking pages, grave priests, and richly clad maids and matrons swelled the eager throng. Peasants, too, from the plains of the Scheldt and Meuse, were there, and many pilgrims, ar-

rayed in the garb of foreign lands. For was not Charles the Bold, the great Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders, about to enter his capital city, at the head of a goodly train, and did it not behoove the people of Bruges to hold high holiday in honor of the young sovereign so lately come to his crown?

Little wonder, in view of this great occasion, that the wits of a lad like Alain should sometimes go a-wool-gathering. It was well for the armorer's apprentice, however, that his master, old Jehane, happened to be abroad. Jehane Duplessis, Master Armorer of Bruges, was a veritable tyrant, who ruled Alain hardly, and allowed little time for watching gay crowds or listening to the music of festivals. Just now old Jehane was bound on business so urgent that he had left Alain in sole charge. To be brief, he had gone to the Town Hall, there to enter his name among the list of competitors for the honored post of armorer-in-chief to the new Duke.

Now, each and every person entered for this contest must needs submit for examination, as

an evidence of his skill, a helmet of rare design and workmanship. During the afternoon the Duke himself was to choose from all the helmets laid before him the one he liked the best. Old Jehane had carried under his cloak a helmet which he felt almost certain was destined to be the prize-winner. It was assuredly the most beautiful of its kind in all Flanders — of solid silver, exquisitely inlaid, and worth thousands of crowns.

As Jehane placed this treasure among the many less splendid helmets in the crowded Town Hall, his heart felt a glow of exultation.

Instead of exultation, Jehane's heart ought to have known only remorse and shame. For this magnificent, this costly silver helmet had not been fashioned by him at all. In point of fact, the hands which had fashioned as well as the brain which had planned it were those of Alain, the Master Armorer's young apprentice. The natural gifts of the lad had long ago outstripped those of his master, and the very finest work in Jehane's shop was the creation of the modest Alain. But Jehane, if not a genius, was crafty, and he kept this fact to himself, and traded upon it. The young fellow was merely his apprentice; and apprentices had reason to dread their masters in those days. Had he not adopted him, a penniless orphan? Had he not taught him his art? "Surely, when all is told," argued Jehane

knew naught of Alain, while they looked upon Master Duplessis as a most skilful artist.

Alain sat somewhat wistfully on a bench in the gloomy workshop, hammering at a broken gorget, and at rare intervals venturing to rest long enough for a look into the noisy street. He felt the appropriation of his helmet bitterly; for he had labored upon it zealously for a whole twelvemonth, and it seemed unjust indeed that Jehane should show such a masterpiece as his own. But Alain realized that he had no redress. Who would believe an apprentice's story against the master's?



"ALAIN FINALLY CAME OUT WITH THE WHOLE STORY" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to his twitching conscience, "I own the silver, and so his work belongs of right to me." So the citizens of Bruges and the Armorers' Guild

Alain was bending over the rivets of his gorget, when there entered a burly, ruddy-faced knight, whom the lad knew as one of

his master's best patrons. The newcomer was a foreigner—an Englishman, as, indeed, his speech betrayed; but Alain liked him for his bluff, hearty manner, and had picked up some little of the hard English tongue in occasional conversations with him.

"Holla!" exclaimed the Sire Richard (such being the common style accorded to the Englishman, in view of the rest of his name being difficult of pronunciation). "Weeping, eh? If not, parlous near it. I'll swear I saw tears in your eyes! Surely on the Duke's festival you should not look so glum. Come, let us hear what the trouble is."

At first Alain, cowed by fear of his master, would not unbosom himself, but after a great deal of coaxing on the part of the Sire Richard, he finally came out with the whole story of his master's deceit.

"By St. Austin, that 's a sin and a shame!" exclaimed the tall knight, when he had heard all about old Jehane's duplicity. He had seen much of Alain's work, and believed the boy's story without difficulty. But for the Master Armorer he had only hard words, which sounded much worse to Alain because they were uttered in English. But soon, quite abruptly, he stopped in his tirade against Jehane, and, looking straight at the apprentice, exclaimed:

"A silver helmet, did you say? Why, that must be the one you finished on St. John's Eve?"

"The same," assented Alain.

"The same, eh? And don't you remember anything linking me with that helmet?"

"Oh, surely," answered Alain. "You came in as I was at work, and I asked you for a sort of motto or verse to engrave upon the vizor-rim."

"And I gave you such a device, did I not?"

"Indeed did you, sir—an English motto. I have it yet." Alain groped in the recess beneath his bench, and drew forth a scrap of parchment upon which had been written, by way of practice, the rhyme:

Sir Knighte, you oft schal finden me
A good frend in adversite,
In bataille or in chexa chie,
See thou that I well closed be.

These lines were supposed to be the vizor's advice to its wearer, and, in the English of to-day, mean something of this sort:

Sir Knight, you oft shall find in me
A good friend in adversity;
In battle or in foray free
See you that I well closed be.

"Yea, by St. Austin," said the Sire Richard, "those are the lines. A worthy clerk at home made them for me—a Master Geoffrey Chaucer. And you engraved them on the rim of the vizor?"

"Yes, messire. I thought them suitable, when you made their meaning plain."

The English knight clanged the point of his long sword joyously upon the tiles.

"Then come instantly with me to the Town Hall," he cried eagerly. "Lock the door, and make haste. I shall be answerable to old Jehane."

Alain hesitated; but he knew the Englishman for a good customer who had influence with his master, so in the end the door was locked, and the boy and his guardian set forth toward the market-place of Bruges, where the judging of helmets had already begun.

In the ancient hall, Charles the Bold, late Count of Charolais, and now Duke of Burgundy and Lord of Flanders, sat upon a raised dais, surrounded by his nobles. At his feet lay five and thirty helmets, the work of as many cunning artificers; and, each by his helmet, stood the armorers themselves. They were grave, dignified men, hailing from many cities,—from Bruges, from Lille, from Ghent, and even from London and Paris. But none of them all looked more consequential than Master Jehane Duplessis, as he bent his gaze now on his splendid silver helmet, and now on his lord the Duke.

A notable gathering filled the hall, and well-nigh impossible it seemed for any one to gain an entry who was not a great lord, or an ecclesiastic of high rank. Thus it seemed surprising that a simple English knight like the Sire Richard should manage to thread his way with ease through the glittering press. Leading by the hand the pale and trembling Alain, Sire Richard had only



"SIRE RICHARD IN GOOD ROUND PHRASE DENOUNCED MASTER JPHANE DUPLESSIS AS A THIEF" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to whisper his name to the surrounding men-at-arms, when a road was cleared for him. As they passed, Alain heard a dame's voice whisper:

"There goes the captain of the Duke's foreigners. Marry, but he is a doughty knight!"

One by one the contesting armorers' trophies were inspected by the Duke. After fully an hour's discussion, the chamberlain at length announced, amid a breathless silence, that his Grace was divided in his mind between the golden helmet of Master Anthony

Maas of Ghent, and the silver one of Master Jehane Duplessis.

Alain's cheek flushed with joy. The silver helmet—his own beloved silver helmet!—was one of the two from which the choice was to be made. The tall captain of mercenaries gripped him tightly by the arm, however, so that he overcame his emotion and awaited the final result.

Once more the Duke of Burgundy and his lieges examined the two helmets. An eager discussion seemed to divide them into two parties. At last, however, the Duke seemed decided, and whispered some words in his chamberlain's ear. Alain almost ceased to breathe, so tense was his excitement, as the long-robed functionary, with much dignity, stepped forward to speak.

"His Grace," said the chamberlain, "has chosen in favor of the helmet which, while perhaps not so costly as its rival, is, to his mind, of far more beautiful fashion and design. He awards the prize, together with the honorable title of chief armorer, to Master Jehane Duplessis."

A murmur of satisfaction spread through the great hall, for the victory of a citizen of Bruges was popular. Old Jehane bowed low, and was opening his mouth for a speech of thanks, when a tall, red-faced Englishman came pushing his way out of the crowd, dragging behind him a boy in the leathern jerkin of an apprentice. Bending one knee before the Duke, the English knight exclaimed:

"Your Grace, I crave a word on this matter of the helmet."

"Speak, good captain," answered the Duke, albeit greatly astonished at the interruption; "we have given you the right to audience at all times, since we fought side by side at Monthéry."

Then up rose the Sire Richard, and in good round phrase denounced Master Jehane Duplessis as a thief and a man of falsehood. He recounted the entire story of the helmet, at the same time leading forward the shrinking Alain, at whom old Jehane darted a scowl of wrath.

But Jehane was not to be robbed of his laurels thus easily. With assumed scorn he replied that the captain of mercenaries had

been taken in by this rascal boy, who, indeed, imposed upon many. The story was untrue. He alone had fashioned the helmet. Indeed, how could it be thought that a mere boy could produce such a work of art?

This course of argument had a powerful effect upon the Duke and the audience generally. Murmurs arose, and all looked with doubt toward the Sire Richard. But that stanch warrior smiled grimly, and, stepping forward so as to look Master Jehane full in the face, cried in resonant tones:

"Varlet and evil-doer, do you mean to tell his Grace that you, without the slightest assistance, made the silver helmet?"

"Assuredly; no other hand even touched it," answered the false Jehane.

"Then, I pray thee, repeat aloud the motto or device which you engraved on a certain portion of your masterpiece."

A cold sweat broke forth on Jehane's face. The motto? He had observed no motto.

"I forget it," he stammered.

"At least, Master Jehane, you can tell us upon what part of the helmet it is engraved?" asked the Englishman.

The Master Armorer, in speechless agony, shook his head.

The Sire Richard turned to Duke Charles. "Is it likely, your Grace," he cried, "that a man should forget the legend engraved by him on his trophy, or be unable even to locate it?"

Then, addressing Alain, he bade him repeat the verse and indicate its position on the helmet. Without a moment's hesitation the lad explained that the words were on the vizor-rim, and then repeated the rhyme.

"It is even so," said the Duke, glancing at the graven legend on the silver.

Again the Englishman turned to Jehane. "Master Artificer," he said with a smile, "since you placed those rhymes there, at least you can tell us their meaning in Flemish?"

Jehane saw that he was trapped all round, for he knew not one word of English. After a futile look about him for some method of escape, he fell upon his knees before the Duke, confessed everything, and prayed for pardon.

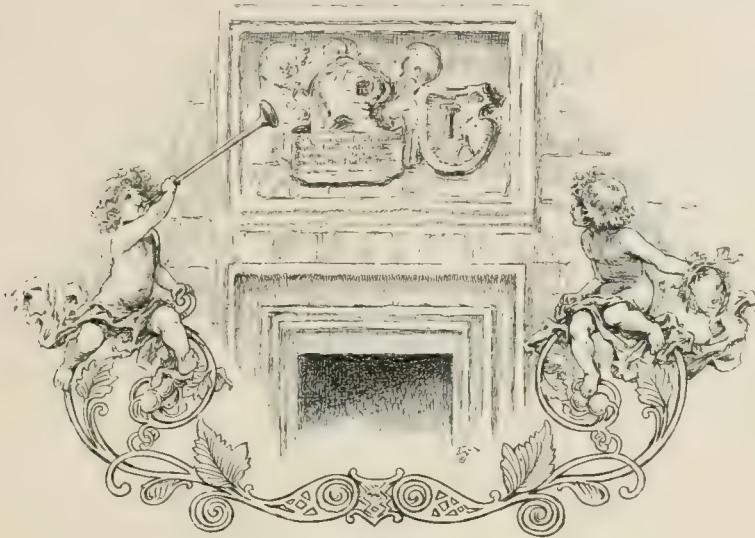
The close of this curious affair was pleasant enough. The Duke made Alain his chief

armorers, and, at once to punish the disgraced Jehane, and by way of a little comedy, he commanded the aged armorer to serve as apprentice for three long years to the lad whom he had striven to cheat. But Alain proved a kindly master, and eventually took Master Jehane into partnership. To this day you may see their joint workshop in the old town of Bruges. The house can be readily identified by the two carved devices over the door. Without doubt one of these belonged to Master

Jehane. The second represents a silver helmet, and upon a scroll beneath the carving you may, with care, decipher the following quaint legend:

Sir Knighte, you oft schal finden me
A goode friende in adversitie;
In bataille or in chevachie,
See you that I well closen be.

Such was the motto and such the trade-mark of Master Alain of Bruges, the Duke's Armorer.



"O-U-G-H"; OR, THE CROSS FARMER.

A FARMER'S boy, starting to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
But the farmer came out,
With a furious shout,
And told him he did n't know hough.
In a manner exceedingly rough,
He proceeded to bluster and blough;
He scolded and scowled,
He raved and he howled,
And declared he 'd have none of such stough.

At length, with a growl and a cough,
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in
Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.
And now my short story is through —
And I will not assert that it 's trough,
But it 's chiefly designed
To impress on your mind
What wonders our spelling can dough.

And I hope you will grant that although
It may not be the smoothest in flough,
It has answered its end
If it only shall tend
To prove what I meant it to shough.

Prof. D. S. Martin.

A BRUSH WITH MALAY PIRATES.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

"SAIL, ho-o!"

The lookout commenced his warning sharply, as though taken by surprise, and finished with a lazy, long-drawn cadence, which was cut into by the mate, Mr. Barry, with his peremptory:

"Where away?"

"Off the starboard bow, sir; several boats in sight."

The American bark "*Candace*," Captain E. C. Gardner, was threading the passages of the Malay Archipelago, on her way to Whampoa and other Chinese ports, on a trading voyage. This was in the days of the fast American merchant marine, and the *Candace* was as fine a little bark as sheared the waves in the year 1848.

Captain Gardner was in his cabin, sleeping; but the first note from the lookout aroused him, and he promptly came on deck. He was sharply attentive to the interests of the ship, and when anything was in the wind he would not willingly leave the deck in charge of even so able a man as his mate John Barry.

"What's that, Mr. Barry?" he said in his quick way.

"Some boats to starboard, sir; we can just make them out," said the mate.

Both then fixed their glasses on the quarter indicated; and in the forward part of the ship the crew gathered, also scanning the water, with their hands to their eyes to shield their gaze from the fierce sun. They saw the hills of an island rise blue in the heated air, and the ever-changing silver waves seemed to wash their very bases. Certain dark little specks could be picked out on the water, moving from land and presumably heading for the *Candace*. These were the boats that had challenged the attention of the watchful lookout.

The two officers looked, rubbed their glasses,

looked again, and turned to each other questioningly.

"I can't make anything of them, sir," said Mr. Barry, in reply to Captain Gardner's look.

The captain fitted his eye to the glass again.

"There's quite a fleet," said the mate, presently.

"Twelve, thirteen, fourteen,—I don't know how many," returned the captain.

"Perhaps they're trading-proas," suggested the mate.

"Yes," said the captain, as though determined to hope for the best under all circumstances; "yes, they may be. But there's just as good a chance that they're pirates. And as to that, these native traders will turn pirates, if they think there's more to be made that way."

"So they will, sir—here," the mate assented.

Forward, the crew had been looking, and passing their sage opinions from mouth to ear. Many were grizzled old fellows who knew land and water like ducks, and were as much at home in one end of the world as another.

"What do you make of them?" one asked of John Brett, who, by age and service, held a chief place in the fore-castle.

"Nothing good," said he, beginning to croak.

"You don't make anything bad, either, do you?" demanded young Jerry Collins. His mates often egged him on to stir Brett up by objections to his wisdom; and although he generally got the worst of the argument, he liked the wordy battles well enough to continue them.

"No news is bad news in these islands," said Brett, rolling a wise eye upon the group. Some encouraged him by nodding assent.

Collins laughed derisively. "There's a flag on the forward proa; pirates would n't go to that trouble."

"Oh, of course not," returned Brett, with

irony. "You must be a born pirate yourself; you know how they do these things. So glad you 're here to keep us from being scared!"

"But would they, now?" insisted Jerry.

"The trick 's as old as the business. Make-believe traders till they get close enough; then out with the oars, and rush it to the deck. Then all you have to do is hold up your chin while they stick a knife under it."

The crew liked that, and the laugh was against Jerry. He said nothing, looking out over the water at the growing specks rather seriously.

Captain Gardner now glanced aloft anxiously at the idle sails. "If there was any wind," he was saying to Mr. Barry, "I'd get away in a hurry. I'd hate to miss a good chance for trade, but a good fight is not so much in my line."

"No, sir; that 's so."

Each officer knew the other could be depended on for any sort of emergency; but their mission was not of war, and they would gladly have left fighting to those who made it a profession.

Meanwhile there was barely enough air to flap the sails on the yards, and the usually swift Candace crawled through the water as heavy-footed as an elephant. There was the faintest possible rustle of water at the bows. The air quivered with the intense heat, and the blue hills of the island to starboard danced through the aerial waves like jelly-blobs on a transparent ocean. And all the time the fleet of

proas was rising into full view, and coming steadily nearer and nearer to the vessel, which, with her trading cargo, and her small crew of eighteen men, might easily have seemed a likely



"OFF THE STARBOARD BOW, SIR! SEVERAL BOATS IN SIGHT," CRIED THE LOOKOUT.

prize to be captured by the native buccaneers almost without resistance.

The Candace seemed alone in the strait, far from human aid, in case aid was needed; and it was no sudden old-womanish feeling that had made Captain Gardner wish he might take to

his heels and run for it. The proas coming so steadily, silently, fleetly over the water might be peacefully bent upon trading; but it would not take their villainous navigators a second to change into pirates, with no regard for life, once they should perceive a prize worth gaining and within their grasp. And the *Candace* was not fitted, as larger vessels were even then, for battling with pirates in the Eastern waters. It was not possible to turn a hose of scalding water on them from the cook's galley, and there were no barrels of broken glass to scatter on the deck so that the pirates, leaping over the rail, might come barefooted upon the sharp splinters. Each of the proas held more men than the *Candace's* entire company, and there were now in sight eighteen of them coming directly for the almost becalmed bark.

No friendly vessel was within signaling distance, or fairly within sight. Over a low spit of land to larboard the masts of a French ship could be seen, as she lay at anchor, while one of her boats was ashore. It seemed out of the question to hope for assistance from her.

"I don't think we 'll let these Malay fellows come too close, Mr. Barry," said Captain Gardner, briskly, shutting his glass. "Open the arms-chest, and distribute weapons."

Mr. Barry went about the order promptly, and the effect on the crew was electrical. The men who had been lazily leaning on the rail, and talking listlessly, opened their eyes with new interest, and sprang to the stations already assigned them in the few drills that had been given. There were two brass guns, ancient ordnance of Spanish make, about nine-pounders; and these were trundled into the stern as being the likeliest point from which to reach the proas early in the fight. Muskets were laid to hand, cartridge-cases were opened, and the men girded on cutlasses or grasped pikes with the gladly anticipative air of real fighters. They were no longer peaceful sailors when their ship was threatened! They were a bit boisterous. Brett was full of sudden triumph over Jerry Collins; but Collins was so proud of himself with a great cutlass dangling against his thin legs that he forbore to answer any of the gibes that Brett threw out temptingly.

While these preparations for possible battle

were being swiftly made, Captain Gardner had again anxiously examined the proas through his glass; and at length he took it from his eye, closed it with an impatient snap, and said to Mr. Barry:

"I can make nothing of them. Their flag is no sign for either good or bad. Of course they 're crowded with men."

"They 're good people that you can believe the worst of, sir," the mate replied. He had done his best to prepare for battle, and now he felt like having his little joke.

"In that case, perhaps it would be well to let them know what we think of them," returned the captain. He sent an order aft to Brett, who had charge of one of the nine-pounders: "Fire a single blank cartridge in the direction of the proas."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brett answered. In his soul he was not so obedient as he seemed, for he had already rammed a round shot down, and was hoping to display his gunnery, of which he sometimes boasted, to his shipmates. "A blank shot it is," he muttered, as the gun was drawn back, the muzzle depressed, and the shot allowed to roll out.

Brett went through the preliminaries of sighting, and then the gun belched forth its harmless smoke and flame. It made a tremendous racket, quite imposing to the crew, and they looked to see its effect on the proas; for it would tell them that their mission, if of war, was not to come as a surprise, and if of peace, they might take it as a salute of welcome. The captain, and the mate too, watched anxiously. Old Brett alone, feeling the battle in his bones, took a decisive step on his own authority: he rammed another cartridge down his gun, and stood ready to send a projectile after it, if he was permitted.

The proas, light as shells, and depending solely on their wide sails, slid noiselessly over the waves, and were now half a mile from the *Candace*. As though the gun had been a signal previously determined upon among themselves, they sharply separated into two squadrons of nine sail each, and, thus arrayed, came toward the stern, heading, aslant, for each quarter. A few moments later banks of spear-shaped oars sprang from their sides, and, under

the impulse of the rowers' sinewy arms, the proas fairly sprang forward at the Candace, like so many vultures attacking a defenseless animal.

"Send a round shot between them!" shouted Captain Gardner. The second gun, trained from the stern, answered to the command, and an iron ball was sent glistening and ricocheting far over the waves, down the avenue left between the proas. The effect was well worth observing, for the old gun carried amazingly well. The ball went far beyond the most distant proa before its energy was spent, and with one last bound it sank. Instinctively the Malay rowers lagged in their stroke. To run against such guns was sure destruction for some of them. And then the chiefs, or head-men, could be seen wildly inciting them to their task. A fierce chant rose from the foremost proas, and was taken up by the others—somewhat as sailors and soldiers cheer when going into conflict. The oars took the water again, the sails were outfilled, and with their piratical purpose fully confessed, the proas came on to bring their warriors against the Candace.

But the ship's gunners had been as sharply active as regular artillerymen. The brass guns were placed one on each quarter, and commanding the approaches to the stern. Kegs filled with nails and scrap-iron had been brought up to supplement the supply of round ammunition, and the two guns were loaded deep with the mixture. The muzzles were depressed to strike the water quite within three hundred yards; and then, torch ready at hand, the gunners waited the command.

"Fire!" roared Captain Gardner; and with the word the priming-powder fizzed, and the guns strained back on the deck in recoil. One of them had been aimed too high to hit the foremost proa. The iron hail flew over it, slightly wounding one or two of its occupants; but the following proa was badly riddled.

Brett's gun did better. The charge fairly broke open the first proa on his side, so that she floated on the waves in bits like kindling-wood. In the midst there was a swarming, struggling mass of Malays, some of whom still clung to their weapons, and brandished spears and crooked knives in their hands above the

surface. Others had gone down; and still others, disabled, paddled feebly to get out of range, and hoped to be picked up by their luckier comrades in the following proas.

While the stronger men in the water gained a footing on friendly craft, no general attempt at rescue was made. The spirit of the attack was dashed, and the proas fell back a short distance. It was as if a charge of infantry had been repelled.

The recoil was for but a moment, and then they came on again. They were now maddened and doubly desperate. Malays are fierce fighters, and have none of the regard for life, in themselves or others, that is found in Christian lands. And now Captain Gardner found it necessary to restrain his gunners. Much as he wished to keep the Malays at a distance, he dared not risk long shots. His ammunition was short, and the moral effect of the first shots would be lost if others resulted in no harm; so he again held fire till the proas were within short rifle-range.

The effect was deadly in the small spaces swept by the shot, but, rendered fiercer by thought of losses, and perhaps realizing that the power of the guns was limited, the remaining proas were forced on at yet higher speed. Brett, serving his piece with great rapidity, sent in a second charge of shrapnel upon them, holding them in check on his side; but on the other they dashed under shelter of the ship's side before the gun could again be trained on them, and commenced swarming up the ship on one another's shoulders and by footholds on ropes, in dusky numbers. They freed their hands by carrying weapons between their teeth; and the effect of a shock-headed, dark-skinned face, full of hate, with eyes gleaming, and white teeth shut upon a knife, rising above the rail, was fiendish.

It was sharp, quick work then for the American sailors. Because of Brett's able gunnery, the opposite side could be manned by nearly the entire crew in the first moments of the fight; and there they stood sturdily, hammering blows from pikes and cutlasses upon the terrible heads that rose against them, and that were beaten down only to give place to others and yet more. There were slashes and thrusts

and counter-thrusts, all along the edge of the white deck of the *Candace*. Yet the sailors held their own until the other proas shot in under Brett's gun, making it necessary to divide the force and to man each side. Then it was ten

where were those who loved him and depended upon him, the mere existence of that tie nerved each one to tremendous efforts. Otherwise they could never have held the Malays at bay—and to let them gain the deck was to lose



"IT WAS SHARE, QUICK WORK FOR THE AMERICAN SAILORS."

men instead of twenty against a force that knew their weakness and its own strength, but did not know fear or mercy.

Captain Gardner, with pistol and sword, led the fight on one side, and Mr. Barry was just as efficient on the other. It was a matter of either winning or dying; and although no man at that moment gave thought to the home in America

the fight, and with it every life on board. Even as it was, they were compelled to give ground, slowly and doggedly, inch by inch, to the pressure of the hordes that persistently swarmed up the sides and appeared above the low rail.

And then, when the fight seemed to be going hopelessly against them, a signal of relief boomed out; yet no man dared turn his eyes

a moment from the eager foe in front of him to see what it was. The stubbornness of the defense had yet made no disheartening impression on the attack. But with that boom of a gun floating down the faint wind, the cries of the Malays lost their fierce vindictiveness and sounded hollow; and the chiefs, who had forced the fight with great valor, lost heart, and cast glances behind them. Instinctively the dark horde began to waver, although the few Americans were conscious of making no greater effort; they were already doing their best. But at the first show of indecision, and with the welcome sound of the relief-gun in their ears above the yelling of the Malays, they sent out a real American cheer, such as, perhaps, had never before been uttered in those waters; and strength returned to their wearied arms.

"Have at 'em again!" roared Brett, lunging at a dark body twice his size. "Hurrah!" shrieked Jerry Collins, as he threw his weight into a stroke that sent a Malay tumbling. The attack lost heart completely; the bottom had fallen out of their little enterprise. Down the side tumbled the Malays, fairly turning their backs upon the ship they had done their worst to gain. They took to their proas, and put away from the stanch little Candace as if confessing that they had had enough of the fight.

Which, indeed, was quite true. For the sound of the gun had come to them also, and they had a glimpse of a great ship bearing down upon them, with white men swarming on her decks, and smoke and flame leaping from her open ports; and this problem set itself to their minds: If the little crew of the Candace could make so stiff a fight, what would happen when they were reinforced? They did not stop to work it out, but guessed the answer, and got away rapidly. And they were followed by practice shots from Brett's gun and from the guns of the stranger vessel.

And this soon proved to be the French ship that had been seen at anchor across the low spit of the larboard island. A boat was sent to the Candace, and it was learned that the men from the Frenchman who were ashore saw the preparations for attacking the Candace, at once

returned to their vessel, and anchor was hoisted and sail made for the scene. For the vessels of any nation will help those of another in distress, and this broad charity is one of the pleasantest things in all the vicissitudes of a sailor's life.

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said Captain Gardner to the French officer who came in the boat. "I don't like to think what would have happened if you had n't come when you did."

"Most happy to be of service," replied the Frenchman, with a bow. "To-day it is you; to-morrow I. We assist each other, or matters do not go well. If anything further we can do, command me."

But there was nothing, and he returned on board his own ship, while the American tars sent up three cheers for their plucky friends; and the two vessels parted company, having merely spoken each other in passing.

Captain Gardner looked at the stained deck with the disapproval a neat housewife would find in a soiled floor. "Wash down the deck," he said. That was his only reference before the crew to the fight.

When it came to counting wounds and bruises, Collins showed a bad gash in his shoulder from a wicked knife. But he had borne himself so bravely in the fight that the pain of it was nothing to him, and his comrades almost envied him his wound—that is, the younger ones who still lacked scars with which to attest their experiences.

"Brett put a pike into him just as he struck me, sir," said Jerry.

When Jerry lay quite alone, Brett sidled up to him, and said in a half-growl:

"You did yourself proud, you did; and now I'm going to let up on you." He seemed to imply that young Collins had become a man, and outgrown his jokes and flings.

"I'd rather you would n't," said Jerry, feebly. Then they shook hands like firm friends.

The breeze came up, and held; the wind whistled through the rigging; the water hissed about the bows; and the Candace flew on her trip to Whampoa, with the crew rehearsing events of the battle, singing the praises of the Frenchman, and ready, for his sake, to extend all sorts of sailor courtesies to any Frenchmen they might meet.

IN THE PARK

BY ANNE E. TITUS



"Comment vous portez-vous, petite fille?"

Said the little girl in red.

But Marjorie shook her tousled curls,

And this is what she said,

With a clutch at her doll, and a witching
smile,

And a hand on "Pepper's" coat the while:

"You speak that to me every day,

And I don't know what you want to say;

But I think, and Nurse says so does she,

Perhaps you 'd like to play with me."



She held out one of her dolly's hands.
 "Let's make her walk," she said.
 "*Nous allons faire un petit tour,*"
 Said the little girl in red.
 So they walked and they played on the
 sun-flecked road,
 While one nurse nodded, and one nurse
 sewed.
 They opened a shop beneath a tree,
 Where sand was sugar, and grass was tea.
 And the housewife bought and the shop-
 man sold
 With leaves for greenbacks and stones for
 gold.



"Il fait beau temps, n'est-ce pas, monsieur!"

Said the lady gowned in red.

The shopman never was puzzled a bit;

"Two dozens of eggs, you said?"

Oh, the brown dog barked till his throat
was hoarse,

For he came from France, and he knew,
of course,

That the customer merely meant to say
To the man in the shop, "It 's a very
fine day."

But hark! it is twelve. How the hours do
fly!

"Au revoir," sighed one, and sighed one,
"Good-by."



SOME VAGABOND WORDS.

BY ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS.

PASSING through a vacant lot the other day where some boys were having a game of ball, I heard one of them who had got a rap on the knuckles from a "foul," exclaim, "Jiminy, that hurts!" and then, after rubbing his fingers a moment, he went back to his place on the field, little dreaming that he had just uttered a solemn invocation to the old Roman demigods Castor and Pollux. For our vulgar "jiminy" is but a corruption of the Latin "gemini," twins, a name applied to Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Jupiter and Leda. These hero gods were the patrons of games and festivals of all kinds, and the especial friends of travelers; hence, when an old Roman exclaimed, "O Gemini!" it was a devout appeal to the gods for help or protection, very much the same as when a knight of old called on his patron saint.

Many others of our common exclamations have come down from as honorable a source, and losing all memory of their former dignity, have become vagabond words. The vulgar "La!" "Laws!" "Lawk!" "Laws a mussy!" "Sakes alive!" "Good land alive!" and the like, are all remnants of such expressions as "Lord!" "Lord, have mercy!" "For the sake of the Lord of life!" "Good Lord of life!" and other equally solemn phrases employed in moments of great excitement or danger, which the careless habit of exaggeration in the expression of feeling that seems inborn in human nature has led some to degrade and employ on the most trivial occasions. Our familiar "Dear me!" is likewise merely a corruption of the Italian "Dio mio!" "My God!" and is an exact equivalent, in every respect, of the "Mon Dieu!" of the French, the use of which on trivial occasions we English-speakers are so ready to condemn. "Alas!" a mournful exclamation which I trust my young readers will seldom have occasion to employ, is also a shortened form of an Italian expression, "Oh, me lasso!" (Oh, weary me!).

You will see, from these examples and others to be given, that the English-speaking peoples are not fond of long words or phrases, and the history of our language is to a large extent a history of the cutting down and shortening of older forms of speech. "Good-by" is a contraction of "God be with you," and "topsy-turvy" is only a short and easy way of saying "top side t' other way." Tooley Street in London gets its commonplace name from the old viking hero and sea-robber, Olaf, who was made a saint after his death, and had a street in the city he had harassed named for him. This was gradually corrupted into St. Olave, Stolive, Stoley, Stooley, and, finally, Tooley Street, — a form which shows so little trace of connection with Olaf the Dane that we should never have suspected its origin if history had not informed us of it.

Words often have a way of wandering off from their original meaning that, while sometimes very puzzling, is also very curious and interesting. Who, for instance, would imagine that our word "book" had anything to do with a beech-tree? And yet it comes direct from the Anglo-Saxon *boc*, a beech-tree, because the wood of that tree was used by our ancestors for writing-tablets before the invention of paper. In the same way our word "code" is derived, through the Latin "codex," from *caudex*, the stem or trunk of a tree, because the Romans used for writing-tablets thin wooden plates covered with wax. In fact, the vegetable kingdom has played an important part in our literary vocabulary — paper, as you know, being named from the Egyptian plant papyrus, that long furnished the ancients with their principal writing material; while our "library," like the Latin *liber*, a book, is from *liber*, meaning the inner bark of trees, one of the earliest writing materials used by the Romans.

No two ideas could well seem further apart than the two meanings of the word "pet" in

the case that sometimes happens where the pet of the household gets into a *pet*; and yet the one is the direct offspring of the other. We all know that petted children are too often indulged in waywardness and ill humor; hence, to behave like a petted or spoiled child came, naturally enough, to be called *pettish*, or getting into a *pet*. And since spoiled children show ill humor by thrusting out the lips, or pouting, a protruding lip is in some parts of England called a "pet lip."

Calumet, the "pipe of peace," is not an Indian word, as might be supposed, but has traveled down to us over seas and centuries, through the Norman French of William the Conqueror, from the old Roman word *calamus*, a reed or tube; and the calumet was so called from its hollow, reed-like stem.

The word "grog" has a curious history. It comes in a roundabout way from the French *gros-grain*, of which our English "groggram" is a corruption, meaning a stuff of coarse and heavy texture. Bluff old Admiral Vernon, who commanded the English navy just before our war of independence, wore breeches made of this material, and was nicknamed from that circumstance "Old Grog." He used to have his men mix water with the rum that was always served to English sailors as part of their rations, and hence any dram mixed with water came to be called "grog," and the place where such things are sold a "groggery."

"To buy on tick"—that is, on credit—is something that does not seem to have much connection with the movement of a clock, and yet it is a figurative reference to the same thing. The syllables "tick-tack-tock" are used everywhere to represent sharp, quick sounds of various kinds, with the movements that cause them, whence the tick-tack of a clock, or the ticking of any quick, light motion, as the stroke of a pen or pencil that "ticks" off our orders. Hence, to take a thing "on tick" is to have it marked with a tick or stroke of the pen.

But of all the words in our language there are few that have wandered farther from their original meaning than the adjective "old," as

a title of respect, and its modern use as a term of reproach or contempt. If a boy speaks of the guardian who has cut down his allowance of pocket-money as a "stingy old cove," or a girl describes the teacher that has caught her whispering in class as a "horrid old thing," they have got a long way from our Saxon ancestors, with whom *eald*, old, and *ealdor*, chief, king, were almost the same thing—a belief to which the English earl owes his title of nobility. The Romans, too, formed their words *patrician*, meaning noble, and *senatus*, the most honorable body of men in the state, from *pater* and *senex*, words meaning father and old man.

Our common slang and cant expressions sometimes contain curious bits of history locked up in them; and when traced to their origin, take us back to the beliefs and customs of men who lived long ago. For instance, when you talk about getting yourself "into hot water," or about hauling somebody "over the coals," you are, without knowing it, referring to the custom, so common in the Middle Ages, of trial by ordeal, in which an accused person was required to prove his innocence by plunging his arm into hot water, or walking blindfold over hot coals without being burned; and every time you exclaim, "My stars!" you are recalling the ages when people believed in the superstitions of astrology, which taught that the stars ruled over the destinies of men.

Thus, you see, words, like people, have their ups and downs in life. Indeed, they follow very closely the fortunes, the beliefs, and the character of the people who use them. Our speech betrays us in more ways than one, and the history of language is the history of human nature. If our speech is mean and paltry and incapable of expressing noble ideas, it is because we are mean and paltry ourselves, and incapable of thinking great thoughts. The English language is a grand and noble tongue, because it has been developed by a great and gifted people; and we should each one do what in us lies, by our own example, to preserve it pure, and free from low and degrading expressions.

A SUMMER DREAM.

BY ANITA FITCH.

I DREAMED we wandered down a lane,
A little maid and I,
And saw the fields of sugar-cane
The candy-makers buy.

And then we heard a robin sing
Somewhere, a tune so gay,
And met a funny bunny-thing
That jumped and ran away.

And then we lay beneath a tree
To watch the moving sky,
And were so glad that we were we,
This little maid and I.



THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

Mistress Pinch's Happy Thought

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

QUOTH Mistress Pinch
unto her cat (a prim old
lady, she!):

"If Durley Town held no
small boys, how happy we
should be!

Young lads so unexpected are; their
manners so alarming.

I 'd work a transformation satisfactory
and charming.

"I 'd have our grown-up townsmen
grave, for space of one brief day,
Assume the guise of boyhood days,
and show us youth at play,
So circumspect! Such dignity! At
lessons late and early!

Alack, what models they would be
unto these lads of Durley!

"The Dominie — right certain I that
never in his life
Was that staid mind on pleasure bent, with
noisy pastime rife;
Our good friend Master Merrivein — so
conscientious ever!

I 'm sure that
in his boy-
hood he de-
sired a play-
time never.



"Our wise adviser, Doctor Patch — how
studious was he!

And Cousin Mince, who always walked
abroad with sisters three!

Alas! their tasks were play enough; all
lighter pastime spurning,

They kept them to their copy-books, or
Rule of Three a-learning.

“Now, could these stately friends
 recall how discreetly they have
 played
 In the good old days when duty the part
 of youth was made!
 My cat could walk abroad in peace; in
 quiet late and early
 We 'd live—if such a spell were wrought
 within the town of Durley!”

And now, of ways and
 means and things,
 don't question *me*, I
 beg,
 (Mayhap that guileless cat
 slipped out and told
 Wise Woman Meg);
 But scarce had Mistress
 Pinch so wished (a-
 nodding o'er her fire)
 Than came a sound down
 Durley Hill, a-mount-
 ing high and higher!

In consternation, Mis-
 tress Pinch
 sprang up and
 to her door.
 Lo! such a sight
 there met her
 eyes as ne'er
 they 'd seen
 before!





A shout! A roar! Stampede and dust!
 Down Durley Hill came rushing,
 Like to a living torrent or a long-pent flood a-gushing,

A medley of the queerest folk, with whistles, yells, and noise;
 Now, were they young, or were they old, these savage Durley boys?

Upon good Mistress Pinch's cow the Dominie came riding,
 While hanging to old Dobbin's tail fled Doctor Patch a-striding!



The Beadle? Down the hill, head first, he made a
 mighty start, sirs,
 And after came the ponderous Squire upon a baby's
 cart, sirs!

While Cousin Mince (O lackaday, that I
 should do the telling!)

Was tying tins unto the cat, regardless of
 its yelling.

And gentle Master Merrivein (it well-nigh
 makes me quail!)

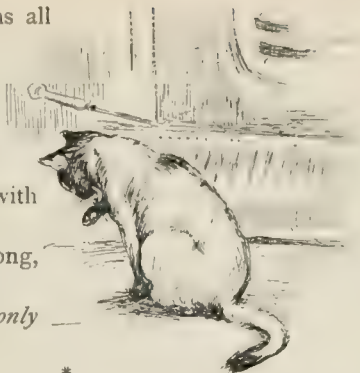
Came pounding out a wild tattoo on Mis-
 tress Pinch's pail.

The fences fell; the gates flew off; the
 signs were madly swinging;

Books whirled, and dogs they barked like
 mad, and cow-bells all were ringing;



Big stones they flew the casements through; the drums all
 beat, the whistles blew;
 Oh, such a havoc, racket, din! The glass clashed out;
 the folks dashed in!
 To tell the half I can't begin. The very earth began
 to spin
 Round Mistress Pinch, when these old boys shouted, with
 savage dance, sirs:
 "This is the very way, oho! we should have played long,
 long ago
 In the good old days of youth, you know — *if we 'd only* —
had the chance, sirs!"



Poor Mistress Pinch! She wrung her hands—and then she rubbed
 her eyes;

For she sat before her fire, while her cat, with meekest guise,
 Was licking of its two black paws. The sunset
 red was falling,

And somewhere near, on Durley Hill, the
 boys at play were calling.

Then Mistress Pinch she got her up
 and peeped without her door;
 And straightway from her pantry all
 her gingerbreads she bore,
 And carried them—ay, every one—
 so spicy, crisp, and curly,
 ('Mid great astonishment and
 awe), unto those lads of
 Durley.



THE GUN-FOUNDRY AT WASHINGTON D. C.

By R.

It is in Washington, D. C., at the navy-yard, or gun-foundry, as it is sometimes called, that the large guns are manufactured for our navy; and there are no better guns made anywhere else in the world.

A few of the greater European countries have larger navies than ours, and have been making the modern guns for many more years; but foreign officers who have been in the United States acknowledge that our guns are not surpassed by those of any European country.

As one enters the Washington navy-yard, large, long buildings are seen, and the whirling sounds from the machine-shop are heard. The first building on the right is known as the gun-shop; and inside this building, in machines called gun-lathes, are seen guns of different sizes, from the large gun which weighs sixty tons, 132,000 pounds, and throws a shell weighing half a ton, or 1100 pounds, to the smaller but still large gun of 3380 pounds weight.

The largest guns, of sixty tons, called 13-inch guns because they measure thirteen inches across the bore, or hole in the gun, are on board our large battle-ships, the "Indiana," "Massachusetts," "Oregon," etc. The smaller guns, of 3380 pounds weight, are known as 4-inch rapid-fire guns. Some of these also are on board the large battle-ships with the largest guns, and others are for the smaller cruisers. They are called "rapid-fire guns" because they can be loaded and fired very rapidly, the powder and shell being in one brass case, similar to the cartridge used in a small rifle or revolver. In the largest guns the powder and shell are loaded separately, because they are so heavy.

All these guns are made of what is called forged steel. This steel is made by private firms, principally at the famous Bethlehem works in Pennsylvania, and is sent to the gun-foundry in the shape of large tubes, and in other shapes called jackets and hoops. These

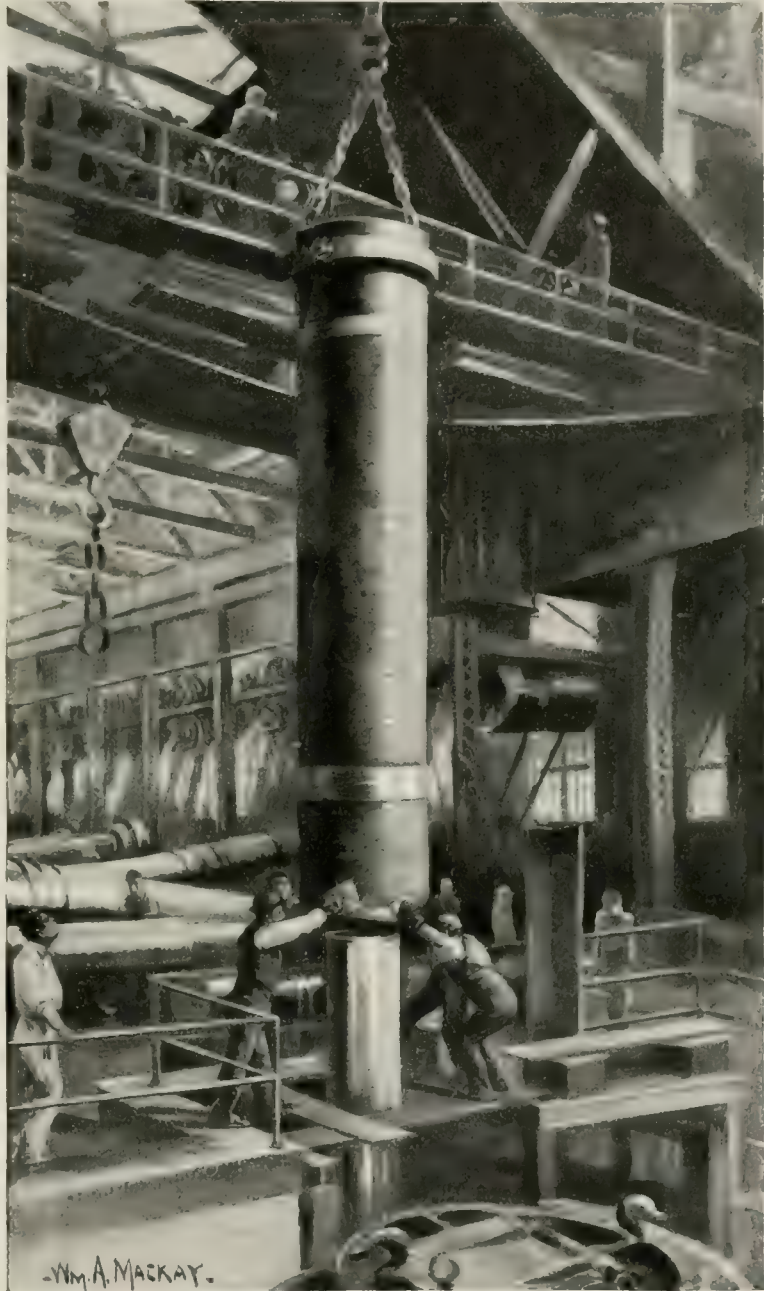
steel pieces, after being finished, are put together and made into guns. The jacket of a gun is about half the length of the tube, and itself is really a large tube. The inner tube, when it arrives, is put into a lathe, and has the hole bored out to nearly the size it will be when finished; then it is turned down outside for about half its length from the rear or breech end to its proper size. "Turned down" means that the metal is cut off with a steel cutter. The jacket also is bored out smoothly and the hole carefully measured. The diameter of this hole, or bore, in the jacket is a little smaller (some hundredths of an inch) than the outside of the tube after being turned down.

Overhead in the shop are big cranes, which travel back and forth on tracks, and which can easily lift and carry heavy weights. The largest crane is called the 110-ton crane, but it will lift a weight even greater. Near the center of the gun-shop is a large pit in which there are furnaces. After the tube has been bored out and turned down outside, it is carried by a crane and lowered into the pit near the furnaces, so that it stands on its muzzle end, the breech end being up in the air. The jacket is also lifted and lowered into a furnace and heated. This furnace has a top, or cover, which lifts off, and which is put on after the jacket has been lowered into it. Hot air is forced into this furnace, which heats the jacket till it expands so that the size of its bore becomes greater in diameter than the size of the tube it is to inclose. When all is ready, the cover is lifted from the furnace, the crane hooks on to the jacket, lifts it out of the furnace, and swings it over the tube. The jacket is then quickly measured, and carefully lowered over the tube, which is standing on its end. A stream of cold water is then admitted into the lower end of the tube. This water rises nearly to the top of the tube, and helps to cool both tube and jacket, now fitted together. As

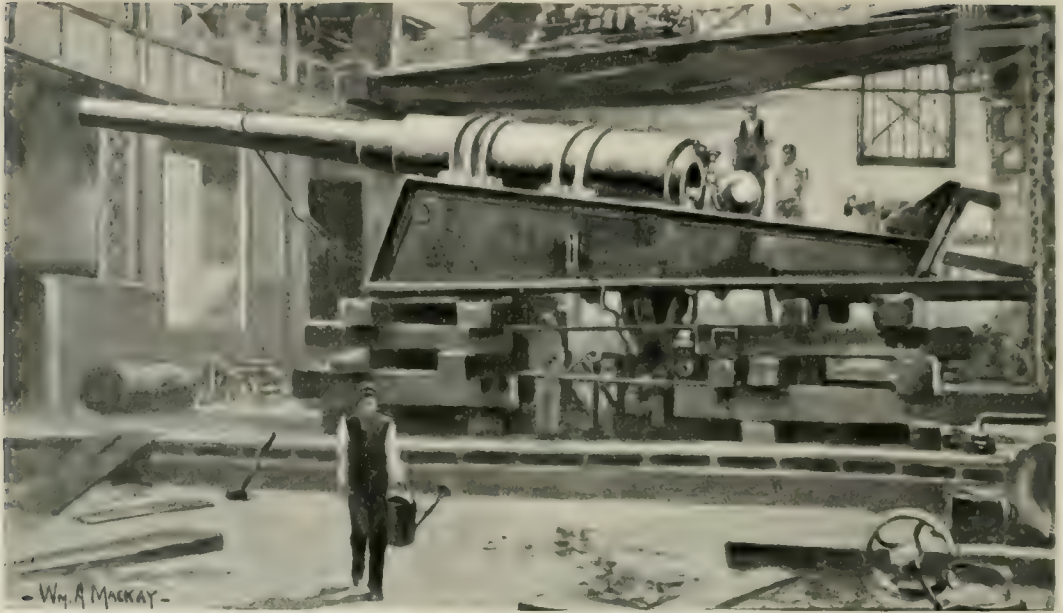
the jacket cools it shrinks to its proper size, and copper band fitted on its rear end. When so squeezes and holds the tube tight within. the gun is fired, this copper band, being softer

When both are cold, the partly made gun is lifted out of the pit, put into another lathe, and turned down outside so as to be ready to have the hoops put on. These hoops, which have been bored out to the proper size, are heated and shrunk on over the gun just as the jacket was shrunk on over the tube. The whole gun is made, or built up, in this manner. After all the hoops are on, the gun is bored out again to final size, put into a rifling-machine, and rifled; that is, it has grooves cut inside of the bore throughout its length. These grooves commence at the muzzle, and gradually curve till they reach the end of the bore. They are cut by what is called a rifling-bar, which is a long shaft with cutters at one end. The gun remains steady, while the bar enters into the gun at the muzzle, and turns at the same time, thus cutting what are called spiral grooves throughout the length of the bore of the gun. This rifling is done so as to give the shot or shell, when the gun is fired, a twirling or rotary motion, which prevents it

from tumbling end over end, and causes it than the steel of the gun, enters into the grooves, to keep pointed in the right direction. The is turned by them, and gives the projectile a shot or shell (projectile) is long, and has a spinning motion during its flight.



PUTTING THE JACKET ON THE TUBE OF A BIG GUN.



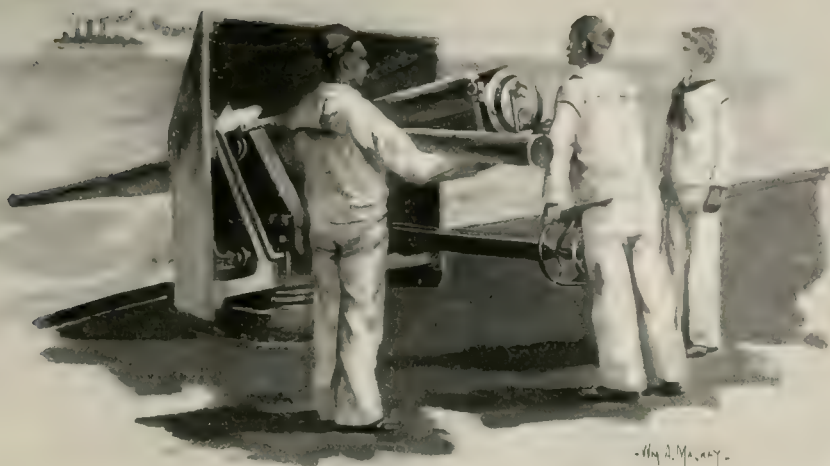
THE GUN-CARRIAGE SHOP. A BIG GUN MOUNTED.

While the gun was being made and rifled, another large block of steel has been made into what is called a "breech-plug." This plug is now attached to the rear of the gun, and is made so as to screw into the gun and close the breech, or to screw out and swing back, when

the gun is to be loaded. The gun then has bands put on it for attaching it to its carriage. For some guns, bands called "trunnion-bands" are screwed on the gun, and for others horse-shoe-shaped bands are shrunk on. Finally the sights for aiming are carefully fitted to the gun.



THE GUN-FOUNDRY AT NIGHT.



A RAPID-FIRE GUN WITH A STEEL SHIELD FOR PROTECTING THE GUNNERS.

In another building, called the gun-carriage shop, the carriages which support the guns are made. For the largest guns these carriages, or supports, are called "mounts"; and these guns, on their mounts, are in the armored turrets on board of our largest battle-ships. Such guns are generally loaded and worked by hydraulic (water) power, and in one of the shops they are set up on their mounts just as they will be when on board ship.

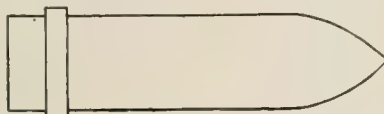
At the navy-yard, also, can be seen the pattern-shop, where are made all the patterns, in wood, which are afterward sent to the foundry. At the foundry, which is in one of the buildings, from these wooden patterns clay molds are made, into which is poured the molten metal. When cold these metal castings are sent to the shops to be finished. In the projectile-shop the shells which have been cast in the foundry are finished and have the copper bands pressed on them. Also the copper bands are here put on the forged steel shot.

Besides these guns which I have described, and which are called great guns, smaller guns

are used on board our ships. These guns make up what is known as the "secondary battery," and are placed in different positions about the ship, some in the tops, and some on or about the ship's rails. They are used in battle against torpedo-boats, against the men on an enemy's ship, when exposed, or against any light protection. These guns are in our navy, generally the Hotchkiss, which fires shell from one to six pounds in weight, and the Gatling, which fires small rifle- or musket-balls with great rapidity.

The great guns on board ship, when on open decks or in an exposed position, are fitted with steel shields for protection. Down the Potomac River, about thirty miles from the navy-yard, at Indian Head, is situated the proving ground, which was described to you in our last number. Here the great guns are proved by being fired a certain number of times before being sent to the ships. There, also, are proved or tested the armor-plates which go on the outside of a battle-ship, the gun-shields, the projectiles, and the carriages.

The excellence of our guns has been proved in every action of the present war.



A PROJECTILE.



THE PRINCE OF THE TOADSTOOL CITY: A FAIRY-TALE.

BY M. BOWLEY.

THERE were great rejoicings in the Toadstool City because the Prince was now grown up, and had taken the government into his own hands, having removed from the regency the Chief Councilor, who had really reigned as head of the state for many years, while the Prince was very young.

And every one said the Prince must now marry the pretty Princess whom the councilors had selected, and must live at the Royal Palace in state, as his fathers had done before him. This princess was the daughter of a neighboring king, and she lived on the mountain at the other side of the lake.

But an unforeseen difficulty arose. The Prince had been much spoiled by his nurses and his tutors and attendants, and he had become very whimsical; and now he announced that he would not marry a golden-haired princess. He was tired of them. Princes were always expected to marry golden-haired princesses, and he did not intend to do exactly as every other prince did. He called the Chief Councilor, and told him he must find him a princess "as beautiful as the dawn," and that her hair must be "as black as the raven's feathers."

The Chief Councilor bowed to the ground, and made no reply; but he thought within himself: "Whoever heard of a prince wanting a black-haired princess? Such disregard of all tradition will lead to harm."

However, the Chief Councilor knew the Prince would not allow any argument; so, like

a wise man, he made the best of the situation. He took the Second Councilor aside, and agreed that while this official should watch over the welfare of the country, he, the Chief Councilor, should go abroad, to find and bring back a princess such as the Prince had described.

He set out that night, and the next day he was far from the Toadstool City. He consulted eminent persons of many countries; but they always shook their heads, and said they had not heard of a black-haired princess, and that they could give him no assistance.

One day, as he sat resting on a great stone at the side of the road, the retinue of the Bee-Queen came by. The Chief Councilor himself was of exalted rank, and did not hesitate to make known to her Majesty that he desired an interview.

As soon as he had explained the object of his quest to the Bee-Queen, she clapped her hands for joy. She took him home with her, and introduced him to a dainty young lady whose hair was as black as velvet and whose eyes were as blue as the corn-flowers.

The Chief Councilor was delighted with his success; he could hardly believe in it.

"And she is really a princess?" he inquired.

"She is my own daughter," said the Bee-Queen.

So the Chief Councilor and the daughter of the Bee-Queen set out for the Toadstool City.

The Prince was very much pleased with the appearance of the Bee-Princess. He gave the

Chief Councilor a ring with great sapphires in it. "They are like the Princess's eyes," he said.

Now, when the wedding-day arrived, it happened that it was very windy. And as they rode along under the swaying garlands of flowers and the waving flags, the hair of the Bee-Princess was blown about, though she tried hard to keep it down. At last her long white

He had not traveled many days before reports reached him of a black-haired princess among the Moths, who lived in a neighboring town. For he had talked freely about the matter of his search, and as it had not been any fault of his own, he made no secret of the ill success of the first Chief Councilor.

Without any misadventure, he reached the place where the Princess was reported to be.



THE BEE-QUEEN INTRODUCES HER DAUGHTER.

veil flew off, and as the Prince turned to catch it for her, he saw that only the upper part of her hair was dark, while the hair underneath was orange-yellow!

The Prince was exceedingly angry. He ordered the carriage stopped, and the whole wedding-party returned. He even took back the sapphire ring from the Chief Councilor, and made the Second Councilor chief in his place.

The Bee-Princess was sent home in tears, and the second Chief Councilor immediately started in the opposite direction, to find another princess, with hair as black as the raven's feathers.

As soon as he saw her the second Chief Councilor rejoiced; for she was very beautiful, though her eyes were glowing green.

"You are quite sure she is a princess?" he asked.

"She is my own daughter," said the Emperor Moth.

But alas for the Councilor's hopes! He raised a lock of her dark hair to make sure it was not yellow underneath, and lo!—it was spotted with scarlet.

Then the second Chief Councilor thought of a trick. He would dye the scarlet spots with



'THE PRINCE CALLED THE CHIEF COUNCILOR, AND TOLD HIM HE MUST FIND HIM A PRINCESS 'AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE DAWN.''

the juice of blackberries! And to this the Princess consented.

In due course they reached the Toadstool City, and the Prince liked her well when he saw the beauty of the Moth-Princess.

He gave the second Chief Councilor a ring of emeralds, and appointed the wedding-day, having first satisfied himself that her hair was black all through.

The Moth-Princess and the second Chief Councilor hurried on the wedding, lest the autumn bad weather should commence. It was still fine when the day arrived. But no sooner had they started than a thunder-storm came on, and it began to rain heavily. The garlands dripped water upon the people, and the limp flags clung round the staffs.

Then the Prince was amazed as he looked at the Moth-Princess, for he saw that streaks

YE MOTH-
PRINCESS &
YE 2ND
CHIEF
COUNCILLOR



of purple dye were running down her face and over her rich embroidered robes. And he guessed at once that her hair had been dyed.

The Prince was more angry than any one had ever seen him before.

He sent the Moth-Princess away to the Emperor, with the blackberry-juice staining her face and her grand wedding-dress all over ugly stripes. Then he took back the emerald ring from the second Chief Councilor, and made

upon her hands and on her shoes he knew she must be a princess.

She looked up as the third Chief Councilor spoke to her. She was as beautiful as the dawn, and her eyes, full of tears, shone like diamonds.

"Why do you weep alone here in the woods, Princess?" he said.

She threw back the silk scarf from about her head, and as it fell he saw her hair was as black as the raven's feathers.



THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

him third, and the former Third Councilor he made chief.

So in this way the third and youngest Councilor's turn came. He had learned wisdom from the disgrace into which the others had fallen, and he determined to let neither carelessness nor dishonesty deprive him of the exalted position to which he had so unexpectedly attained.

He journeyed for many days and weeks, finding no one at all who met the requirements of the Prince, until one day, as he passed through a wood, he saw a lovely lady sitting on the fallen leaves, weeping. She had a silk scarf wound about her head, but by the jewels

"It is because of my hair," she said. "All my six golden-haired sisters are married, for princes love fair princesses, and no one will ever care for me." Whereupon she wept more bitterly than before.

But great was the joy of the third Chief Councilor, and the Princess's tears were dried when he explained to her how he had long been searching for just such a lady as herself.

He set her behind him on his white horse, and they rode back the way he had come.

It was midwinter when they arrived. The Prince came out, and he took the hand of the black-haired Princess, and led her into the palace; and he loved her more than the six

princes loved her six fair sisters—who, by the way, all came to their sister's wedding.

The snowflakes fell, and sparkled, and melted on the bride's long hair, and the wind blew it in clouds about her face. The ravens saw it as the procession passed by. They circled round in flocks, and screamed for jealousy, until the trumpeters had to blow their trumpets more

loudly than ever to drown the noise of their screaming.

The third Chief Councilor sat nearest of any one to the Prince and Princess at the wedding-feast. He wore a great ring of diamonds; and all the rest of his life he was the First Adviser to the court of the Toadstool City. So was faithful service rewarded.



AFTERNOON TEA

THE GIRLS' CRUSADE.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

THE town of Brookdale, hidden away among the green hills of Vermont, prided itself upon its ability to "keep up with the times." The inhabitants, sprung from the oldest Puritan stock, seriously set themselves to this as to an important business. Sons and daughters were sent away to "finish" their education at well-known colleges. They returned polished, certainly, but not altogether in a satisfactory state of mind. The sons drifted away from the dull Brookdale life to one more to their minds in large cities; the daughters showed only too plainly a loss of interest in the home surroundings from which they had sprung, and, self-absorbed, lived only for their own amusement.

"Homes are not what they was when I was young," grumbled old Silas, as he missed the young faces he had hoped to see grouped round his fireside for many a long year to come.

"It 's time the commandment was changed," added another old man. "Honoring parents seems to be going out of date."

The whole town was more or less excited, for Alma Russell, after two seasons in New York, was coming back to the old homestead to keep house for her father. Mothers were apprehensive, daughters in a whirl of joyful anticipation.

"I guess you 'll have to dip down into your pockets," said old Silas to the father of a large family of daughters. "Seems to me girls are clean gone crazy, as 't is, with their theatricals, golf, and tennis, and all them notions they 've took up about bicycles and riding. Girls were expected to stay home when I was young."

"The exercise is good for them. I do not grudge them that," replied the father. "It is the extravagant way they have of going about things that beats me. So many things they must have to keep up with one another. Where is it to stop? What young man here could

afford to marry girls of such extravagant habits?"

"And Alma Russell comes home primed for business, you may be sure," chuckled old Silas. "The girls walk right over us, I tell my wife."

There was only too much truth in these remarks. The girls of Brookdale had formed a club, and its members seemed to vie with one another in love of foolish display. It was difficult to point to a particular one as the originator of each new folly. It seemed, rather, a spontaneous outbreak.

Amateur theatricals were the rage, and the girls combined all their ingenuity to devise costumes. When they heard that Alma Russell was coming home, they resolved to elect her president of their club, and to keep their theatrical arrangements unsettled until they could have the benefit of the advice of one who for two seasons had been visiting in New York.

Even old Mr. Russell was a little apprehensive about his daughter's return. How far she must have grown away from him and the old life at the homestead! What should he do with his girl if she should despise his humdrum ways? He drove slowly up to the station, and strayed to and fro on the platform. The townsfolk did not know the hour that Alma was expected. He had wanted to have his first look at his child unwatched by prying eyes. He stood on one side as the train, after rushing past, backed into the depot. Only one passenger alighted, and Mr. Russell felt his eyes lingering on her face with puzzled recognition for a moment before he realized that this elegant young woman was his daughter.

"Oh, father!" she cried, and she was in his arms, clinging to him as if she could never let him go again.

He took a long look into her sweet face as he drove her proudly home. Somehow, he had

forgotten all his doubts. They recurred to his mind, however, when the old homestead came in sight, and he turned, intending to say:

"It will all seem very plain and dull to you at first, my child"; but he was silent, for her eyes were full of tears.

"It seems as if I ought to see mother in the porch," Alma said, resting her cheek against his shoulder.

His own eyes filled. The mother had been only a memory for five long years.

Aunt Amanda was there, her wrinkled face all smiles. Alma kissed her, and followed her into the quaint old parlor, then ran up to her own room with an exclamation of pleasure at being at home again.

In a few moments she returned, and sat down to pour out her father's tea. She had changed her dress for one she had often worn at home.

"Seems as if you've never been away," said Aunt Amanda, with a smile.

Her father gazed with loving eyes. "You are just like your mother, child," said he. By this time he had forgotten that he had ever dreaded his child's return.

During the ensuing week callers upon Alma were frequent at all hours and seasons, and very soon remarkable stories began to prevail. One early bird had found her in the dairy, making the butter into dainty rolls for the table; another had found her in the kitchen, preparing some appetizing dish learned at the cooking-school; and another had caught her on her knees with hammer and tacks, recovering a chair for her father. She had always been dressed simply, and had given a ready welcome to her old friends, without offering any

excuse for her occupations, or an apology for a cover-all apron. Those who had expected to see "stylish city costumes" were disappointed, and had found it impossible to introduce the all-absorbing subject of the fashions to one who managed, somehow, to keep the conversation on every-day matters.

On Sunday Alma went with her father to church. It was a warm day, and the plain white muslin dress she wore was elegant in its simplicity. The girls who were attired in silk — if they were not in velvet — saw, with amazement, that Alma's taste was certainly superior to their own. They were annoyed at the murmur of admiration from the old folks as she walked up the hill with her father.

"Is *that* the way girls dress in New York?" asked one bolder than the rest.

"Oh, no!" laughed Alma; "but I am at home now. In New York my aunts dressed me very expensively; they are very rich, you know. But now, of course I know my father could not afford to do so, and I like to dress suitably." Her merry eyes finished her sentence as they rested on the girls in front, mere fashion-plates in their unsuitable attire.

"I have learned a great deal from a very nice set of girls I met in New York," said



"ANOTHER HAD CAUGHT HER RECOVERING A CHAIR FOR HER FATHER"

Alma, presently. "They taught me that dollars can do too many delightful things, for me to spend one unnecessarily on clothes."

"What sort of things do you mean?"

"Good lessons in music, art, and languages, fine engravings and interesting photographs; and only save enough of them, and they mean, if you choose, a voyage to Europe."

Some old friends here interrupted the conversation, and the girls separated.

"I've found a mission, father," laughed Alma, as she entered the old homestead.

"You're not a woman's-rights woman, are you?" asked Aunt Amanda, jokingly, as she set the cloth for dinner.

"See if I am not," replied Alma, merrily, as she set a chair in the porch for her father, so that he could enjoy a quiet hour while she helped Aunt Amanda with the dinner.

A few days later, Alma's old companions received a written note which invited them to supper, and a meeting afterward, when the advisability of getting up a "Girls' Crusade" would be the subject under discussion.

"A crusade? Mercy on us! what on earth's a crusade?" asked old Silas, as he spelled over the invitation to his niece.

"If it's traveling, it's going to cost like the mischief, and I don't choose you should join," said Milly Hunt's father.

"I guessed that Alma Russell was too quiet to last," said old Silas. "Now the town's going to be turned upside down—with a will!"

All the parents, however, were curious to know what Alma meant to do, and they threw no obstacle in the way to prevent their daughters from attending the meeting.

Alma had been observant since her return. She had not listened to Aunt Amanda without knowing her neighbors' affairs almost as well as they knew them themselves. Coming from a circle of intelligent, earnest young people, she was unpleasantly conscious of the aimless lives and extravagant habits of her girl friends.

"It should be stopped," she said to herself; "and I shall try to be the one to bring it to an end, one way or another."

A plan came to her like a flash, one morning, as she molded the biscuit for breakfast.

"I'll get up a crusade against laziness, selfish ways, and extravagance, and call it the 'Girls' Crusade,'" she cried.

"Where's my little girl?" called her father's voice as he reached the gate.

Alma ran to meet him in the garden, and strolled with him up and down the old-fashioned gravel walks her mother's feet had loved to tread, until Aunt Amanda called to them that breakfast was ready. Alma did not mention her scheme to her father, she was so much afraid that it might fail.

"I am going to have all the girls to supper this week," she announced.

"The more the merrier," replied her father and her aunt together.

"I s'pose I'll have to let you do as the other girls do, Elvira," said one overworked mother, as her daughter discussed the Crusade question. "But oh, if only you had the time some days to help me at home! I've looked forward to that ever since you graduated; but it does n't seem to me as if you would ever take hold and be a real comfort to us."

Elvira, who knew that her parents had practised much self-denial in order that she might have a good education, stood buttoning her gloves, without thinking of offering the assistance her weary mother so evidently needed.

"Mother," she said at last, "we've got to keep up with the times. I'm real thankful that Alma can show us something new. I wonder if she will join the Archery Club?"

"You can't, anyway," answered Mrs. White. "Father can't afford to buy you the uniform. It's downright ridiculous of you to expect any such thing."

Elvira went off sulkily, trying to plan a way by which she could coax her father to buy her the dress. The Archery gowns were to be of green velvet; the broad hats were to be trimmed with drooping ostrich-feathers. Mr. White was not alone in his objection to the foolish expense.

The girls met at the court-house, and made quite a merry party as they climbed the hillside to the old homestead. Alma was waiting for them at the garden gate with her apron full of posies, made up of old-fashioned sweet flowers that Aunt Amanda loved to tend.

"The supper-table is laid under the trees in the orchard," said she; "and father's there, ready for his cup of tea."

"It's a kind of garden-party, I declare,"

said Elvira, in admiration, as she caught a glimpse of the table.

"No, indeed!" laughed Alma. "We are not grand enough for that; and our garden is quite too small. We have supper out of doors very often on warm evenings."

A great many of the cakes and dishes on the table were new to the Brookdale girls.



"ALMA WAS WAITING FOR THEM AT THE GARDEN GATE."

"I learned how to cook at the cooking-school in New York," Alma replied to the questions of her friends. "If you like to come up here one morning every week, I'll teach you how to make anything I know."

"She boned that chicken all herself," said her aunt, proudly.

"I tell you, girls, I find our table much better since Alma brought back her new notions of cookery," said Mr. Russell.

"Will you really teach us?" asked Milly, after they had adopted Alma's suggestion of a walk in the orchard.

"Of course I will. It's a part of the Crusade," said Alma, cheerfully.

"We're dying to know what the Crusade is to be, anyway," cried Minnie.

"Then listen, girls, and I will tell you."

Standing in the middle of an attentive group, Alma unfolded to them her scheme.

"Well, Elvira, and when 's the Crusade to begin?" asked her mother. "Tell us all about this new bit of nonsense."

"It 's begun already, and we have all joined," answered Elvira, smiling; "but we are not to tell about it for a long time—a year, Alma says."

"I guess we shall find out—to our cost!" groaned Mrs. White, as she began her usual day's work, which lately had become a burden to her.

"You must be tired, mother," said Elvira. "Just sit down; I'll attend to everything."

"Why,"—her mother turned a long stare of astonishment on her daughter,— "I thought you were going to fix that dress over."

"I've changed my mind, mother," said the daughter, blushing. "I shall wear it just as it is."

"You're a regular weathercock! Well, if you could wear it so awhile longer, it will ease me a great deal. Money is scarce, and I've got more than enough things to do with what little money your father can spare just now."

"I wonder what 's got into these girls?" said old Silas, thoughtfully. "Seems as if they'd given up tearing round spending money. I don't see them in new clothes every day, either. I asked Milly if she did n't want a new winter gown, and she answers back, 'Give me the money instead, Uncle Silas.' I asked her what she wanted with money, and she said she was just beginning to find out how much 't was worth."

"My girls have got the cooking craze, and I do declare even mother says they make use of

all the cold dishes. There's no waste in this new style of cooking, and it's amusing to be eating something new sometimes."

"Elviry's my right hand," said Mrs. White, beaming. "Seems to me I've had a new lease of life since she began to take hold."

"And these new plays they're gettin' up — they're to cost nothing but a little carpentering," said Silas, "for they've been around borrowing old clothes to dress up in. They borrowed my great-grandmother's wedding-dress, for one thing. Alma's going to wear it, I believe; leastwise, I asked her to."

"Well, now, Milly Hunt she's bought the biggest sight of photographs you ever set eyes on. Mighty interesting, too. My boy says it's next best to going to Europe to study

those pictures — mountains, lakes, cities, castles, and cathedrals — I don't know what all!"

"If all this comes of Alma's 'crusading,'" said old Silas, "I hope they'll continue to crusade; but they're close as wax about it, and I don't suppose as any of us knows the rights of it."

Only Alma knew; and she watched the growth of a better spirit and life with wise and gentle suggestions. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump"; thus the misapplied energies of the girls, when once directed upward, soon bore wonderful fruit in the home lives of the town.

But even Alma never fully realized how profoundly the example of her own quiet, useful, home life influenced her friends.

A Valuable Gift

·BY· Carolyn Wells·

OLD Father Time, one day
In his study, so they say,
Was indulging in a surreptitious nap,
When from his drowsy dreams
He was wakened, as it seems,
By a timid but persistent little rap.

He yawned and rubbed his eyes
In indolent surprise,
Then slowly he arose from where he sat;
He opened wide his door,
And nearly tumbled o'er
The figure that stood waiting on the mat:





A tiny little dog,
With excitement all agog,
And angry eyes that seemed to flash and
glower.

His manner was polite,
But he said, "I claim my right!
And I've called, sir, to demand of you
my hour!"

"Your what?" the old man said,
As he shook his puzzled head.
And the pertinacious puppy spoke with
force:

"Well, sir, they often say,
'Every dog must have his day,'
So a puppy ought to have an hour, of
course!"

The old man shook with glee,
But he said obligingly,
"The dog-days are all gone, I grieve to
say;


But since you've come so far,
And so mannerly you are,
I'll give you just an hour—to get
away."





AN "AIR-LINE" EXPRESS


By FANNIE W. MARSHALL.



Many years since—so many that we must reckon the time by centuries instead of by years, and say nine centuries ago—a little group of children outside an Arab tent pitched in the desert stopped their play and looked upward into the bright sky of early morning to watch a long line of birds flying southwest, and moving, straight as a bullet to its mark, to the city of Cairo. Even while they looked the line passed over them, and a few minutes later was lost to sight in the depths of the air. And as they returned to their play they never dreamed that they had been looking at a wonderful aerial express train. Yet so it was; and thinking that some nineteenth-century boys and girls may like to know more about the matter than did those Arab children of the tenth century, I will tell you how it happened.

First you must know that the Caliph who was then living in Cairo, had an extreme fondness for cherries; and near the city of Baalbec, about four hundred miles away, there grew cherries famous for their size and sweetness, hanging on the trees like luscious wine-skins, almost bursting with the juicy pulp they contained. One day this Caliph was seized with a longing for a dish of Baalbec cherries; and though the finest cherries that grew about Cairo were set before him, he turned from them discontentedly, and longed and longed for the cherries of Baalbec. But how could he have such cherries in Cairo?—for long before they could reach him by caravan or ship they would be but a sorry crush of pulp and pits.

This was a problem no one could solve, till a certain great vizier, the naturally cunning wits of a courtier sharpened by a desire to prove his devotion to his master, hit upon a plan. He set out from the palace at Cairo in as light marching-order as was compatible with his exalted rank, and pushed



forward with all speed to Baalbec. But though he made his baggage train as small as possible, he carried with him several great osier cages, carefully covered so that no prying eyes should see what they contained, and he took under his personal charge a bundle containing twelve hundred little silken bags. Arrived at Baalbec, his servants scoured the city and its neighborhood for the finest cherries the region afforded, and then from the heap of rich red fruit were chosen twelve hundred perfect specimens. Each one was put in one of the silk bags, and securely fastened. Then the osier cages were uncovered, when, behold! each one was filled with pigeons. To each leg of each pigeon was tied one of the little bags; and when all were ready the windows

were thrown open, and the pigeons flew forth. Each one rose high in the evening air, making three great circles, hung poised for a moment, and then, like an arrow from the bow, swerving neither to right or left, shot off in a straight line to Cairo.

The next morning the trusted steward of the vizier was granted an audience with the Caliph to deliver a message from his absent master. The door of the audience chamber was thrown open, and the steward entered, bearing aloft on a magnificent salver a glowing heap of cherries. The Caliph took one between his fingers and carried it to his lips; and as he crushed it upon his tongue he rolled his eyes heavenward, and murmured in ecstasy: "Allah be praised! It is a cherry of Baalbec."



DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the March number.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THANKSGIVING.

IN about a week Denise and her mother were deep in the mysteries of mince-pies and plum-cake, each in a mob-cap and big apron, and each determined that such a Thanksgiving dinner should never have been heard of as the one then under preparation.

Such pies and cakes and jellies as were set away in the store-room the days before Thanksgiving! No wonder Denise said that she made pies all day and dreamed pies all night.

Thanksgiving eve began with a heavy snow-storm; for winter came early that year, and Ned's coat foretold that it would be a long and cold one.

Such a shaggy little beast had replaced the smooth, silky one of the summer that Denise could hardly believe it to be the same Ned in his winter dress. He looked more like a little black bear than anything else, for his hair had grown fully two inches long, and stood out all over him in such a soft fluff that his harness was nearly buried out of sight in it.

But Thanksgiving dawned clear and cold, and brought with it the aunts, uncles, and cousins from town, all ready for a grand frolic.

As soon as the greetings were over, the older folk settled down for a genuine Thanksgiving "reminis," but the boys and Denise had livelier ideas. As soon as rubber boots could be pulled on, and warm coats and hats put upon the wriggly youngsters, they tore out to the Bird's Nest for Ned.

In short order they had him harnessed to Denise's sled, and away he went, tearing around the grounds with first one boy and then another, apparently enjoying himself as much as any other lad.

So long as they raced beside him, or flopped

down breakneck fashion on the sled bobbing behind him, he was entirely ready to oblige them by supplying the motive power; but let them unharness him, and try to get upon his back, and they found themselves, in an impromptu circus.

He would stand perfectly still till he had them safely supported upon his feet, and off their own, and then—look out!

Nothing could be more unsuspecting than his manner of starting, but in one little fleeting instant his whole attitude would change, and off he would go like a shot, rushing ahead as hard as he could pelt for about sixty yards, to stop as quick as a flash, and send both hind legs straight up into the air, and at once his luckless rider shooting over his head like a rocket.

By the time they had picked themselves up, Ned had assumed a most innocent expression, and would look around as though saying: "Why, what is the matter? Did anything happen?"

Time and again did this performance take place, and no boy was ever known to escape a fall, though any girl in the place might ride Ned for hours, and find him gentle as a lamb.

But Ned's aversion for boys in general was very marked, although the reason therefor was never learned by Denise. Probably he retained in his wise little head a memory of treatment at their hands which was not to be forgiven, and consequently took advantage of every opportunity to pay off old scores.

No wonder appetites were whetted by such a lively morning skirmish, and the big turkey would have quaked if cook's care had not already put him beyond all quaking.

It was a rosy, bright-eyed, and laughing party which sat down to discuss his various tender points at two o'clock. The boys could not say enough in praise of Denise's cooking

ability, when they learned that she had had a share in the preparation of the Thanksgiving feast and the Thanksgiving pies.

"I don't know which you do best — drive or cook!" said Dick, when he had been helped to mince-pie for the third time.

"This cake is just prime," added Fred, as a particularly plummy bit was put out of sight.

for the Thanksgiving dance, which was to begin at seven and end at eleven o'clock; for Mama and Papa were old-fashioned, and believed in early hours.

Denise was as sweet and dainty as a flower, in soft, pale-blue nun's-veiling.

Soon "the party came in," and the big parlors were pervaded by boys and girls, each



"AWAY HE WENT, TEARING AROUND THE GROUNDS WITH FIRST ONE BOY AND THEN ANOTHER."

"Then you approve of our combination Cooking and Equestrian School, boys?" asked Mama.

"I just guess we *do*!" answered all three in a breath; and Rob cut in with: "It's immense to find a girl that can do all sorts of things. I don't know of another one who can take a horse's harness all to pieces and put it together again, without buckling the crupper fast to the head-stall, and then turn round the next minute and make such a jolly plum-cake as this."

Poor Denise was so embarrassed that she knew not what to say or where to look; for she idolized her big cousins, and felt that the very height of bliss was obtained when they fell to praising her so wildly. But you may be sure she liked it, and felt amply repaid for many burns and mishaps which had been her lot during the past summer.

After the boys had disposed of every crumb it was possible for them to hold, all made ready

bent upon doing himself or herself credit, no matter what came.

So all danced or played games till nine o'clock, when a loud knock at the door caused all to look toward it, and in walked a Pilgrim father.

Over one shoulder he carried a gun, upon the other was slung an immense turkey with wings and tail spread, while from beneath the lid of a huge basket which he carried upon his arm peeped forth all the good things imaginable.

Surely it could be none other than Miles Standish, dressed as of old, and come back to tell them tales of long ago, when Massachusetts was a wild enough place, and food not so plentiful as his ample supply would lead one to believe; and certainly the tempting boxes of bonbons which he kept taking out of his basket and giving to the children were things utterly unheard of in his day.

The children flocked around him, and listened eagerly as tale after tale was told.

An hour soon slipped by, and then this Pilgrim father did that which would have caused his ancestors to fall down in a spasm. He actually led the Virginia reel, and skipped down through the long line of boys and girls as though a near relative of St. Vitus himself.

Then came a jolly dance and a jolly farewell to stir them up and prepare them for the next jollification, which Christmas would soon bring upon them.

CHAPTER XXII.

POKEY COMES TO SPEND CHRISTMAS.

As though but one touch was required to complete the birthday gift and make the year now drawing to its close the happiest Denise had ever known, the snow seemed to have given it by putting into Papa's head a charming idea for Christmas.

Mama and Grandma were taken into the secret, and for days the most mysterious bits of work were hustled out of sight on Denise's approach, and many whispers caused her curiosity to mount to fever-pitch.

"But then," as she said, "I don't mind being poked into corners and told not to ask questions at Christmas-time. It's part of the fun, and I like not to know a thing until the very day."

Then, too, she had her own little secrets, for some pretty gift must be made for each member of the family, and the work all her own. "A gift that I just go and buy with the money Papa gives me I don't think is my gift at all. Anybody could do that. I want to work some love into it."

But Christmas would not be Christmas without her beloved Pokey to chatter to and share the fun with, so once more she was borrowed from her city home, only too glad to go where so hearty a welcome awaited her, for no one could help loving Pokey, who was a quiet, undemonstrative child, full of deep feeling and affection for those who brought happiness into her rather uneventful life, and ever ready to do a kind or generous act.

Therefore it came to pass that Pokey was again upon the festive scene to help to cele-

brate, and to join in the closing of this long story of a short horse—for I think it nearly time that little Mr. Ned and his mistress were bidden good-by.

"Little daughter mine, there will be a nearly three weeks' holiday this year for you, as Christmas falls upon Wednesday, and Pokey will surely have the Monday and Tuesday before. So we will have her out on Monday afternoon"; and Mama kissed the happy little face as she tied the hat-ribbons under the chin.

"And I just *can't* keep still," said Denise, prancing for very joy. "Mama, *do* you think Pokey will be pleased with the gifts we have for her?"

"I'm sure she will, darling."

Monday afternoon Denise had to content herself with going in the big sleigh to meet Pokey, since there was no sleigh for Ned, and the snow put wheeling out of the question.

So, well rolled up in her furs and the robes, she sat waiting for the train, while John flapped his hands about to keep warm. The day was bitterly cold, and even his fur gloves and big fur cape could not keep Jack Frost out.

Flash and Sunshine pawed the snow impatiently, for they much preferred a good lively trot to waiting at a railway-station on such a day. But their wait was not a long one, and soon they were spinning off home, flinging snowballs at Pokey and Papa, just to give them a sample of what horses *could* do. It was hard to tell which jingled the louder, the bells on their harness or the two busy tongues in the sleigh.

"How shall we wait for Wednesday to get here?" asked Denise.

"Can you guess what you are going to have for Christmas?" asked Pokey, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"No, I have n't the least idea; but I just know what I wish it could be."

"What?"

"I'm not going to tell, but I do believe you know all about it. Do you?"

"Well, I should n't wonder if I could guess," replied Pokey.

"Oh, do just tell me the color, and I won't ask a single word more," begged Denise.

"Let me see. Maroon, cardinal, dark green,

black, white, silver, gold, and a little pale blue. I think."

"What under the sun can it be?—a plaid dress? I don't want any more dresses."

Pokey laughed as though she could tell a very pleasant secret, if she had a mind; but never a word or hint did she let slip.

By this time they were at home, and Denise



"IN WALKED A PILGRIM FATHER"

"No; it is n't a dress."

"Maybe it's the Christmas tree."

"No; but you are not to guess any more."

"Well, I won't, then; but I never can wait without flying all to bits. I wonder if it moves?" Denise inquired.

"Yes, sometimes, and sings, too." And

flew into the house, crying, "I've got her! I've got her!" as though Pokey were a wild duck or some such trophy.

"What have you been doing since my last visit?" asked Pokey, when they were all seated around the pleasant open fire in the library, after dinner that evening.

"Studying in the morning, and teaching Ned his tricks in the afternoon. You ought to see him do them. He is just too cute for anything! John made me a regular circus-ring out in the vegetable garden, and before the snow came I taught Ned all sorts of funny tricks."

"I hope you taught him not to chase me any more," said Pokey, with some feeling.

"No; I thought that was too funny to unteach. But to-morrow I 'll show you what he can do. I can't show you in the ring, but he will do his tricks just as well in the Bird's Nest."

"How do you keep warm out there in such awful cold weather?" asked Pokey.

"Why, did n't you know our house was heated by a furnace?"

"I never thought anything about it till now, when you said we would go out there to-morrow, and I did n't want to freeze stiff before Christmas."

"I don't believe she will even afterward. Do you, Mama?" asked Denise, with a laugh.

"Hardly, unless she takes a fancy to explore Hudson Bay, or some such cold place where seals live," answered Mama.

Pokey looked very mystified, and failed to understand what possible connection there could be between herself and the seals, although Mama's emphasis on seals set her to guessing. But Christmas morning she began to get her wits sharpened.

"This is most unusual weather for this season of the year," said Mr. Lombard, who had walked over to the bay-window to look out upon the snowy landscape shining in the bright moonlight. "If such intense cold lasts," he added, "we shall have skating on the river for Christmas."

"Oh, do you think so?" exclaimed Denise. "Just think, Pokey; we could go on the river, and take Ned with us to drag the sled, for John had him sharp-shod only a week ago. Would n't it be splendid?"

"You may take Ned, but you won't take the sled, I know," replied Pokey.

"Why not, I 'd like to know? Of course we will; and it will just spin over the ice. Why don't you want me to?"

"I don't like sleds," said Pokey, with emphasis on sleds.

"Why, I thought you loved to coast, and this will be just the same, only nicer."

"No; I prefer riding in sleighs," said Pokey, in such a suggestive tone that Mama, who sat behind Denise, shook her head and wagged an admonishing finger at mischievous Pokey.

"Then I guess you 'll have to go in the big one with Papa and Mama, for I 'm going with Toodledums, if we go at all," said Denise.

"Well, there is only one more day to wait, anyway, and I hope it will just fly by, for there never were such nice Christmases as we have here, and I can hardly wait for the day after to-morrow to come," was Pokey's reply.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NED IS PUT THROUGH HIS PACES.

It is fortunate for little folk that the days preceding Christmas are short ones, or they never would be able to bottle up their impatience.

Happily Ned's newly acquired tricks proved a safety-valve for Denise and Pokey.

As soon as possible, next morning, they betook themselves to the Nest, and Master Ned was put through his paces.

First Denise put a bridle on, and then slipped a surcingle around him, to which she loosely fastened a check-rein to keep him from poking his inquisitive nose where it was not wanted.

Ned knew exactly what was expected of him, and directly Denise raised her riding-whip, up he rose upon his hind legs, and walked toward her, pawing the air with his front feet, and flirting his long tail behind him like the train of a gown.

When he reached her, he came down upon all fours, and at a motion from her hand knelt down on his knees and touched the floor with his nose.

Pokey stood by, with her hands clasped in silent rapture, not daring to stir lest she should distract the performer. At Denise's command he rose, and then Pokey had a rapture.

"How did you ever do it, or make him understand what you wanted him to do?"

"I half believe he understands every word I say to him, anyway; for when I stood in front of him, and raised my whip over my head, and said, 'Up, up,' he seemed to know just what I wanted, and got right up on his hind legs. Each time he did it he got a little higher; and at last, holding an apple on the end of a stick as high as I could reach, I got him to walk after me.

"When he reached me, and got down on all four feet again, I took hold of one foot, and bent it under him, and said, 'Down, down,' till he got on his knees, and then I put the apple on the floor, and he got it—did n't you, you old darling?" said Denise, hugging him.

"Did you ever whip him?"

"Whip him! Well, I guess not! I only have the whip to point with, and he is no more afraid of it than he is of a piece of straw. I don't believe he knows what it is for. Do you?" she said to the little pet, whose warm face was snuggled close beside her, and who seemed to feel that the arm thrown caressingly across his soft neck was the nicest sort of collar ever invented.

"Do make him do something else," said the delighted Pokey, when Ned had finished munching his apple, which was never denied him.

"Now he is going to be a dead horse—are n't you?" And Ned nodded his head for "yes."

"And will you be alive again when I tell you to?"

Another nod in the affirmative.

"Do you like to be dead?"

A decided shake meant "no."

"I guess I won't dead him here," said Denise, laughing. "The floor is too hard. We will go into the dining-room, and he can go dead on the rug."

Opening the communicating door, she went into the play-house, with Ned following close at her heels, and Pokey bringing up the rear.

Pushing the table and chairs to the wall, she sat down on the rug, and said:

"Poor Ned Toodles is so sick! I'm afraid he is going to die."

Then the comical little scamp proceeded to stretch himself out upon the floor, and, putting

his head into Denise's lap, drew a long breath as though it were his last.

"Now who ever heard of a horse dying with his eyes wide open, I'd like to know?" demanded Denise, and she put a hand over the big brown eye looking up at her so knowingly.

When she raised it again the eye remained tight shut, and Ned was to all appearances quite defunct.

"Sugar!" cried Denise; and up popped the dead pony to search her hands and coat pockets for his beloved sweets.

"Not till you dance for it," said Denise, and she began to whistle softly a little waltz song.

Round and round went Ned in perfect time to the song, giving a funny little hop at each turn, as if to emphasize the tune. After five or six turns, he felt that he had done his duty, and stopped for his lump of sugar.

"Now I'll get John to bring in his pedestal, and you shall see him do his pose," said Ned's proud mistress, highly delighted at the impression her beloved favorite was making; for it was difficult to tell in which she delighted most, Pokey, or the dear little shaggy playfellow.

The willing John soon had the pedestal in position, and after giving Ned a good-natured mauling, and charging him to "be after behavin' himself foiner for Miss Pokey," he left the children to their amusement.

"Come, Ned, and do your pose," said Denise; and the good-natured little pony got himself upon the box, and soon had one foot resting on a block of wood, and the other raised to the top of a post which was considerably higher and had been fastened to slant a little outward, thus giving him a very graceful if somewhat trying attitude.

He seemed to realize that he looked very handsome perched up there, for he arched his neck proudly and looked as self-conscious as possible.

"I never, never saw anything like him!" cried Pokey. "I've seen big horses at a circus do such things, but he is so little to know so much."

"Well, I just guess you've got as much sense as those big horses, have n't you, you precious scrap?" said Denise, when Ned had

come down off his perch and been rewarded by a second lump of sugar.

"I wish you could have seen him play hide-and-go-seek with me, before the snow came. I would leave the stable door open, and tell him to stand still, and he would n't move. Then I'd go hide somewhere in the grounds, and whistle for him, and he would come as hard as he could run, and hunt everywhere till he found me. As soon as he spied me he would kick up his heels and scabble back to the stable as fast as he could go."

Certainly the tricks had served to pass the morning in a manner highly satisfactory to all, and the short winter afternoon soon slipped away, to bring Christmas eve and all its jollity upon them. All was bustle and fun, for the big tree had to be brought into the library, and all helped to dress it. John was sent up the step-ladder to put the ornaments on top, while big people and little decked the lower branches with all manner of lovely trifles sent out from a big toy-store in New York.

"I hear, soor," said John, from his lofty perch, "that a man is afther dhrivin' over from Tarrytown on the ice this afternoon."

"You don't say so!" cried Mr. Lombard. "That is good news, John, for we can have a sleigh-ride on the river to-morrow. Mind you have Ned harnessed to Miss Denise's little sled, and tie on a dinner-bell if you can find nothing better; for we must have bells."

"I'll not forget, soor," said John, with a pleased laugh and a quizzical look.

By eleven o'clock the tree was indeed a pretty sight, and then the packages, big and little, square and round, flat and thick, knobby and smooth, were laid beneath it, to be opened next morning, and the children were hurried off to bed.

Before they settled themselves for the night the stockings had to be hung, and much guessing went on as to what would be fished out next morning.

"I'm going to keep wide awake till Aunt Helen and Mama come for our stockings, and then squeak at them after they have hung them up."

"I'm *not*," said Pokey. "I'm too tired and sleepy to care what they put in; and if I go straight to sleep, morning will come quicker."

"I'm not going to sleep, if you do," declared Denise, with a yawn that promptly denied the words.

Pokey laughed, and, snuggling herself down, was soon dreaming of a Christmas tree upon the top of which Ned was dancing a waltz, while Denise played a tune on a round bundle which she had taken from beneath the tree, and which kept turning from a bundle into a tin horn and back again.

Denise, no doubt, intended to keep her word; but keen wintry winds and snug beds are not likely to keep an eleven-year-old maiden wide awake, so Mama and Auntie secured the stockings without being interrupted by the threatened squeak.

(To be concluded.)



IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST SCARE-CROW.

THE OTHER HALF



BY W. M. BROWNE.

I.

POEMASSET will not be found on any map of Plymouth County, Massachusetts. It is the name of a tract large enough to be a small township; but the tract is nothing more important than Mr. Edward Lane's island farm.

Speaking more strictly, it could be called a farm only by courtesy. In what little farming Mr. Lane managed, he considered merely the needs of his household and cattle, and looked upon his estate more as a source of pleasure than as a means of profit.

The farm's value as property was a matter of uncertain quantity, and Mr. Lane was wont to tell his friends that he regarded it as second in value to his favorite old soft gray felt hat only — and money would n't buy *that*.

Part of the farm comprised the outer half mile of a long, low, wooded stretch of land (nowhere more than a quarter of a mile wide), extending eastward from the mainland a mile out into the waters of the bay. Here and there were patches of scrub-oak and birch, with intervals of huckleberry bushes, brambles, and promiscuous undergrowth.

Through this unpromising medley ran a narrow, sandy road leading to the house and farm buildings near the outer end of the point.

At its eastern end the land so far yielded to the water as to take on the form of a sandy bar, submerged save at neap tides, only to reassert itself an eighth of a mile farther on in a narrow island.

On his return from a trip one bright July morning, Mr. Lane walked briskly (he was both fat and alert) into the pleasant sitting-room of the farm-house, and putting an opened letter into his wife's hand, exclaimed:

"Read that, Louisa. It's from Horace."

Horace, a busy man in the city, was Mr. Lane's brother. In the letter he told how his boys, Richard and William, had been studying too hard; the doctor had prescribed "no more study and an open-air life for six months." Would his brother Edward take these two invalid nephews to board with him for a time, and see that they took proper exercise?

After a short conference with his warm-hearted wife, it was decided that their young nephews should come, and the following telegram was sent to Boston: "Send along the boys. No cure, no board-bill."

So it happened that Billy Lane, aged seventeen, and his brother Dick, a year younger, came to Poemasset for six months.

These two brothers were certainly not in appearance what one would call stalwart. Each was tall for his age, but Dick was slender and far from erect, while Billy, though fairly well filled out (he had the frame of a strong boy), was pale and languid.

Mr. Lane little knew the difficulties that were before him in his efforts to effect the cure of which he was so sanguine. It is all very well to say to a boy, "There's a boat and a pair of oars — now row," or, "There's a splendid place to swim — now swim every day." But it is another matter when the boy adopts your suggestion without relish, carries it out without spirit, and considers the performance, when finished, rather a bore than otherwise.

And that is the way in which these two boys regarded such outdoor sport as Poemasset afforded. The result was always the same. After each new suggestion of Mr. Lane's had been tried, and, upon one trial, dropped, they would stroll back to the house, get a book and a com-

fortable seat, and so remain until they were again induced to make a fresh trial.

They were not selfish boys by any means — far from it. But their bodily powers had become from long disuse inert, and they were, without knowing it, 'physically lazy, though mentally quite the opposite of lazy.

For two weeks Mr. Lane had been making these unsuccessful attempts to arouse them, and had now come to the conclusion that the case was one calling for special thought on his part.

He decided that he must find something for them to do that would promise a definite result; there must be some object for them to attain that would be more stimulating than the mere prospect of improved health.

"Come, boys!" he called out one day after dinner. "I have to go over to the island, and I want you to row me across."

Soon he was seated in the stern, and the boys were at the oars. Bungling work they made of it, too. Mr. Lane could have rowed the distance in half the time.

"Now, then," he said as the three were standing on the crest of the knoll near an oak-tree, "I have a proposition to make to you. First I must tell you that this is a great place for brant — wild geese, you know. Every fall they stop at this island on their way south; and ducks, too, sometimes. Now, there is a first-rate chance for you two to build a shooting-stand round here somewhere, and I'll supply all the materials if you'll do the work. You'll find the shooting first-rate sport along in November. Now, what do you say?"

The boys looked at each other a moment, then Dick said:

"I'd like the shooting part of it, first-rate, Uncle Ned, but I don't believe we could build the stand. I never handled tools in my life. Did you ever do anything like that, Billy?"

"No, I don't know the first thing about 'em. I'm afraid we'd only spoil your lumber for you, Uncle Ned."

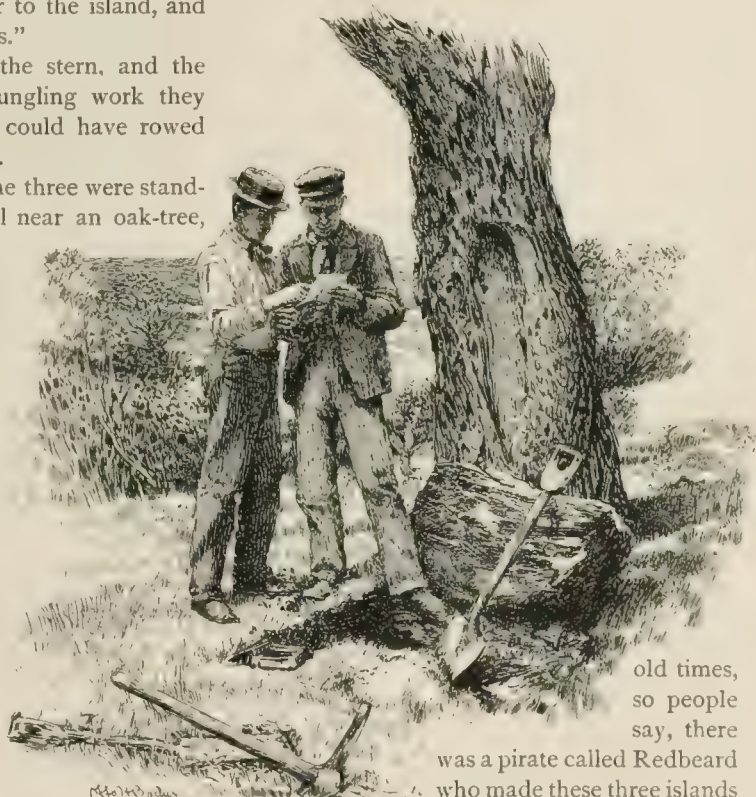
Mr. Lane looked disappointed, and Dick, noticing the look, hastened to say:

"But we'll try it, sir, if you wish."

Mr. Lane shook his head. However, as they stood there talking, he was glad to find from their remarks that the idea of brant-shooting attracted them. Presently Dick asked:

"Why do they call this Redbeard's Island, Uncle Ned?"

"Oh, then you have never heard the story about these three islands? That one, off there to the north, is George's Island. The one to the south, about a mile away, is Hicks's. In



old times, so people say, there was a pirate called Redbeard who made these three islands his headquarters."

"Where he hid his plunder?" asked Billy.

"Yes," Mr. Lane continued. "They say there is a lot of gold and jewels buried on one of the three, but opinions vary about which one it is."

"BOTH STARED AT THE WORDS BEFORE THEM."
(SEE PAGE 947)

"Perhaps it's this island," said Dick. Both boys were now thoroughly interested.

"Have you ever dug here for it, Uncle Ned?" asked Billy.

"No," replied Mr. Lane, laughing. "It would be a waste of time. In all probability there's no truth in the story at all. But speaking of digging reminds me. I intend to have a small ice-house somewhere round here, and cut ice on that little pond next winter. It will save hauling from Clear Haven. I think I shall dig the cellar just about here."

"Uncle Ned!" suddenly exclaimed Dick, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You get the men to build the shooting-stand, and we'll dig your ice-house cellar."

"Oh, yes, sir!" chimed in Billy. "I guess we can dig, if we can't use tools."

Mr. Lane began to laugh.

"I suppose you think you'll find that gold of Redbeard's," he said. Then, after a moment's thought: "Well, I'll do it. And I'll do more than that. I'll agree to not only build the stand, but to let you have all the gold or jewels you find. Is it a bargain?"

"We'll begin now," exclaimed Dick.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Lane. "Don't be in too much of a hurry. I shall have to mark out the lines first. We'll row home for the tape."

But when they reached the house, Mr. Lane changed his plans. He told the boys he would have to do some figuring before deciding on the size of the cellar, and that he would go over to the island alone later in the afternoon, and lay out the lines. This arrangement evidently disappointed his nephews, as Mr. Lane was amused to observe.

The next morning, armed with pickaxes, shovels, and spades, the boys rowed to the island and began work.

The lines laid out by Mr. Lane indicated a cellar about eight by ten feet in extent. In regard to depth he had told them to continue digging and he would let them know when they had gone deep enough.

"Now," said Dick, with quite a businesslike air, "the first thing to do is to get the sod off."

"That's easy enough," replied Billy. "I've seen them dig sods, and all you have to do is

to put your foot on one side of the spade, like this, and push down—so—" and here he stopped and looked at Dick, who had begun with his spade at another spot.

"Phew!" said Dick, straightening up. "Tough, is n't it?"

Then they set to work again, but before they had removed more than a few feet of the sod the two boys simultaneously laid aside their spades, and sat down to talk.

"Look here, Dick," said Billy, "I think we'd better leave this sod-cutting business until later in the day, when it's cool. Can't we do something else now?"

"There's that stone over there at the corner nearest the oak-tree," Dick answered. "I suppose that's got to come out—unless we move the whole cellar along." But they decided, after deliberation, to make the attempt.

The stone in question was really nothing very alarming as an obstacle. It was perhaps a foot and a half square, and was flat, though it appeared to be buried deep in the ground.

In a listless manner the boys began digging round the edges of the stone, but soon Dick exclaimed:

"Hello!—it's flat. Here, take hold under this corner, and we can lift it up"; and after a good deal of straining they succeeded in turning it over. Then once more they sought relief in rest—this time side by side and flat on their stomachs.

"How much do you suppose that pirate fellow had to bury?" Billy asked.

"Oh, a lot. There's always a lot of it."

"Well, I don't believe he buried it here."

"Why not?"

"Sod's too tough. He'd have got sick of it long before he'd dug five minutes."

"Why, this seems to me just the place." Dick was idly poking about with a twig in the compressed earth that had been under the stone. "It's near that oak—and that must be an old tree—so he could remember where it was. I should n't be a bit surprised if—Look!" and Dick's tone became suddenly animated.

There, in the dirt, was what seemed to be a flat piece of metal, green with corrosion. There was no evidence of hesitation now.

In an instant both boys had sprung to their feet, and were hastily opening a copper box, about the size of those used for sardines.

It opened easily. With trembling fingers Dick took out a small piece of paper, ragged on one edge as if it had been torn from a larger piece, and yellowed with age.

It was covered with writing in a fine, small hand.

For a time neither boy spoke, but both stared at the words before them. Then they threw themselves on the ground again, and silently read every word.

Here is what they read:

alth
 20 ft. due W of oak tree
 angle. Side 15 ft. toward King
 side 15 ft. toward George's
 with side, or 10 ft. due E.
 dig down to a level
 th side, or 7 ft. below South
 it is a secret known only
 a secret of inestimable value
 will most surely be found
 gold, silver and jewels,
 ne. And he who strives to get
 that of which I speak
 ad a life of misery & torture
 th

ead

D

THE FRAGMENT THE BOYS FOUND.

After some minutes, during which the boys stared first at the paper, then at each other, Dick broke the silence in an awed whisper.

"Billy," he said, "that paper is one half of the directions how to find Redbeard's wealth!"

"Can that be it, Dick?" Billy replied.

"Of course. Look at the green rust on that box—verdigris, you know. And see how stained the paper is."

"Where do you suppose the other half is?" asked Billy, incredulously.

"I suppose he kept one half, and hid this one here, so as not to get caught with a whole memorandum on him. But I believe we can work out the other half from this one—near enough to get the meaning. The best thing we can do is sit down and mull over the whole thing."

"All right," Billy assented—"only you mean the half thing." And once more they were lying side by side on the grass.

They were bright boys, with the habit of application to study well formed, and gradually, line by line, they unraveled as best they could the meaning of the paper. But the second line, "Side 15 ft. toward King," was unsurmountable.

What was *King*? Where was *King*? If they could only settle that question the other half would no longer be a mystery. Dick was certain that it was an island, used as the objective point to show the direction of the line.

They were standing now, looking at the two islands their uncle had pointed out to them.

"There 's George's," said Billy, and turning about, "and that 's Hicks's."

"Yes," answered Dick, "that 's Hicks's, but where is King—if it is an island?"

Just at this stage in their absorbing study the sound of a horn floated across the narrow strip of water that separated the island from the point. There stood Mr. Lane, waving his handkerchief.

"Dinner!" exclaimed Dick. "I did n't know it was so late!" And after carefully hiding the copper box, and safely stowing away the paper in Billy's pocket, they hurried down the knoll and across the stony beach to the boat.

Before they reached the opposite shore they had entered into a solemn agreement—the copper box and its contents were not to be mentioned to a soul.

As they were making the boat fast to a little float that was moored just off shore from the house, and from which a gangway led to the

beach, Mr. Lane called out to them from the grass beyond, where he was standing.

"Well, my young navvies," he began in his brisk way, "how are you coming on with the 'diggins'?" The boys hesitated for a moment; then Dick said:

"We've made a beginning, Uncle Ned."

"You don't mean it," said Mr. Lane. "Now, I'm glad of that. I was a little afraid you might have made an end of it already. Found any gold yet? No? Well, we'll get dinner now, and perhaps you'll strike the precious metal this afternoon." And he walked on ahead, chuckling, while Dick and Billy followed, exchanging very significant looks behind their uncle's back.

"I don't believe he'd talk that way if he knew," whispered Dick.

They found it hard to conceal their excitement during the meal. Mr. Lane asked a number of questions about the work, and offered several suggestions, one of which caused them no little alarm.

He said they were likely to find in their diggings stones of such size as they would be unable to lift out of the pit, and advised them in that contingency to leave the stones where they were, and he would send Ezra and Caleb (the hired men) to the island in the evening to lift them out.

Now this suggestion, kindly meant as it seemed to be, was not at all in line with the boys' views. They did not care to have Ezra and Caleb rummaging round in that cellar—when it should begin to be worthy of the name of cellar. The deeper they should dig, the greater would be the danger of Ezra and Caleb's discovering something important.

However, they could offer no reasonable objection to their uncle's plan, so wisely said nothing, but mentally resolved that it would be a pretty big stone that should make them ask for assistance.

Presently, in an easy, unconcerned way that showed uncommon self-possession on his part, Billy asked:

"Uncle Ned, is there such an island as King Island anywhere about this shore?"

Mr. Lane was engaged in drinking from his glass of water at the moment, and a swallow went

the wrong way, or else he was taken with a coughing fit, for he buried his face in his napkin. When at last he was able to speak, he asked, excitedly!

"Where did *you* ever hear of King Island, I'd like to know?"

This was a question Billy was not anxious to answer, but Mr. Lane went on without waiting for a reply.

"You must have been reading in the County history. Why, King Island is a name that has n't been used for I don't know how many years! It used to be the name of Hicks's Island, that I pointed out to you yesterday. Don't you remember? But that was very long ago. The island has been called Hicks's for years."

Yes, indeed, they remembered, and they could scarcely contain themselves for joy. But they managed to sit still until dinner was over, and then made a bee-line for the boat, and were soon on the island once more.

Not to follow step by step the boys' process of reasoning, here is the reconstructed paper, as Billy finally read it aloud from the back of a letter upon which he had written it as they progressed:

Copper box under stone 20 ft. due W of oak-tree. Start here to make rectangle. Side 15 ft. toward King, next side 10 ft. W. Third side 15 ft. toward George's, and back to box for fourth side, or 10 ft. due E. Inside this rectangle, dig down to a level—feet below North side or 7 ft. below South side. Beware, oh man, for it is a secret known to me only; moreover, it is a secret of inestimable value that here lies my treasure. Here will most surely be found all I possess of hidden gold, silver, and jewels. But it is mine, all mine. And he who strives to get one single farthing of that of which I speak, I will slay him, or make him lead a life of misery and torture. Lay no hands on my wealth. REDEEMED.

"Hurrah!" Dick shouted, clapping his hands. "That sounds like the real stuff, does n't it, Billy? I believe we've got it word for word."

"Near enough for our purposes, anyway, and that's all we care about. Now I suppose we shall have to tackle the sod. Wait a minute! I've just thought of something,"—and Billy's face fell.

"What's the matter?" anxiously asked Dick.

"Uncle Ned's cellar is only ten by eight."

"Well, what of it?"

"If we dig ten by fifteen, he'll want to know

why we don't keep within his lines, and then he 'll want somebody else to do it if we don't do it right, and then —"

"There he comes now," interrupted Dick, pointing to a boat just grating on the beach.

Sure enough, it was Mr. Lane come across to see how the work was progressing. There was a hurried consultation between the boys, but in a minute their uncle was standing beside them. He looked the ground over, and shook his head.

"Not a very heavy day's work," he said. "About twelve feet square of sod up, and — is that all? Oh, yes, I see," — and he glanced at the dent left by the flat stone, — "and one stone removed."

"It is n't much, we know, Uncle Ned," said Dick, earnestly, "but to-morrow we 'll put in some big licks — won't we, Billy?"

"Um-h'm," Billy assented, and then, with a critical air, turned to his uncle. "Is n't that going to make a pretty small ice-house, Uncle Ned?"

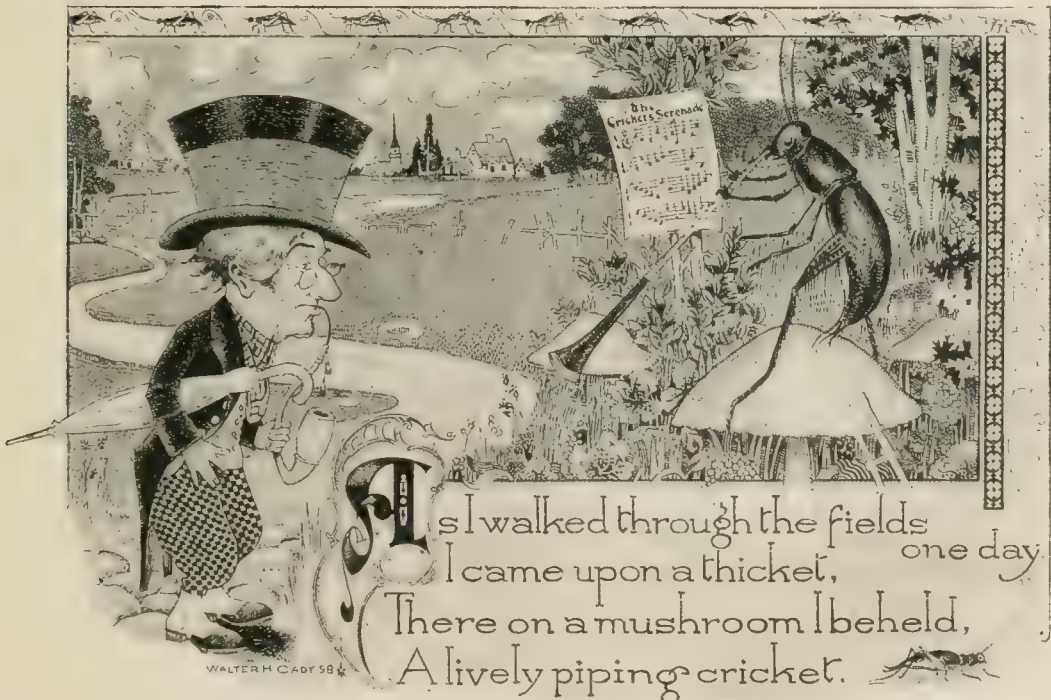
"Well, yes," said Mr. Lane, "it is — smaller than it ought to be, really. But I was afraid it would be too much for you to make it any larger. You go ahead, and if you don't get tired of digging, we 'll see."

"Oh, we sha'n't get tired," chimed in both of the boys.

"We 'll see," said Mr. Lane, and bustled back to his boat, chuckling and talking to himself.

"Yes, we will see," said Billy to Dick, as they caught up their spades. "I guess he will find that this cellar 'll be nearer fifteen by ten than ten by eight, by the time it 's done! Don't you think I 'm about right, Dick?"

(To be concluded.)





DON MIGUEL'S ESCAPE



BY A. R. HASSON

(A Puzzle Story.)

CARTAGENA is a quaint old city lying on the sea-coast of what is now the United States of Colombia.

Surrounded by its massive wall with draw-bridge and moat, with its crumbling monastery and towering cathedral surmounted by the great iron cross, it looks for all the world like a piece of old Spain dropped bodily upon our continent.

From Cartagena comes the story of Don Miguel Pedro, the last of the buccaneers, those marine freebooters who, during the seventeenth century, infested the Spanish main, and, under the nominal protection of England or France, preyed upon the Spanish settlements. Knowing no laws but of their own making, they were in all save name actual pirates.

Cartagena came in for a full share of their attention, and to this day the city bears evidence of their visits.

The stranger sauntering through the cathedral is puzzled as he notices that the pictures of saints and Madonnas are placed high up on the walls—thirty feet or more above the pavement.

"That was to keep them from the sacrilegious hands of the buccaneers," explains his guide.

Late in the seventeenth century Cartagena was sacked for the last time, but, alas for the buccaneers! their days of greatness were past. England had entered into alliance with Spain. A fleet was despatched and the pirate flotilla was cornered and almost destroyed. Among the few who escaped was Don Miguel, or "Capitan Miguel" as he was generally called; and thereafter, scorning to pretend he was other than a pirate, he boldly hoisted the black flag which proclaimed him an enemy to all mankind, and continued his career of plunder. So terrible were his deeds, and so wonderful were his many escapes from the vessels sent in search of him, that soon the superstitious Spaniards

began to regard him as possessing more than human powers.

But Don Miguel's time came at last. One fine morning he found himself under the guns of an English frigate. A broadside sunk the pirate's schooner, and those of the crew who were not drowned were promptly hanged at the yard-arm.

All but Miguel. By reason of his high rank and bad reputation, it was thought that he deserved a public hanging in port.

He must have been an object of much curiosity on board the English vessel; at all events, he was soon brought upon the quarter-deck to be questioned by the commander.

He received very coolly the news that he was to be hanged, politely informing the captain that he "begged to differ with him about that," and bragged that he expected to live a good many years to come. Miguel's words made considerable impression, for both officers and crew were tinged with the superstition of the age; but the captain, being more of a philosopher, struck upon the following plan of testing Miguel's claim to supernatural aid, without risking dangers to his ship by incurring the displeasure of any magical beings.

He placed Miguel in a small boat, and towed him astern, fastening the boat with the bight (loop) of a long line, the ends of which were made fast on board of the ship. In order to explain the exact method of fastening, we must go a little into "sailorizing." He first passed the bight through the ring-bolt in the stern of the boat, and then brought both ends through the bight, forming what is known as a cow-hitch; next he took a clove-hitch with both parts of the line around the thwart (seats) in succession, and finally carried both ends through the ring-bolt in the bow of the boat, brought them aboard, and there made them fast.

All the old sailors agreed that no human power could loose that boat without cutting the rope, and that was the problem Miguel must solve to regain his liberty.

If the story may be believed, he *did* solve it, for, leaving the uncut rope behind, and, shipping the oars, he pulled calmly to a group of neighboring islands, and was never seen at Cartagena again.

This puzzle has perplexed the brain of many a "middy" in the old navies; and if any one

problem now is to get your boat adrift without cutting the string or untying the ends.

SOLUTION.

The string must be at least six times the length of the boat. Haul the boat up close to where the string is tied to the chair, loosen the clove-hitch, and shift the slack aft till all the slack cord lies between the seat and the after ring-bolt, and then pull on the bight until this part also comes tight. You now have a long

loop extending up from the after hole. Take this loop by the middle, and follow carefully along both parts of the cord through the clove-hitch, following the original parts accurately, and finally through the ring-bolt in the bow. The cord now will present the appearance of being doubled throughout, the clove-hitch being now one of four parts instead of two. *Be careful that the parts of the cord are not twisted around one another, but are clear throughout.* Take the long bight extending out forward through the ring-bolt, carry it aft over the boat and drop it over the *stern*, and haul it in from the bow; or, in other words, pass the boat through the loop. Now reverse the original pro-

cess, working the bight aft through the clove-hitch, following the original parts as before. When you come to the after ring-bolt you

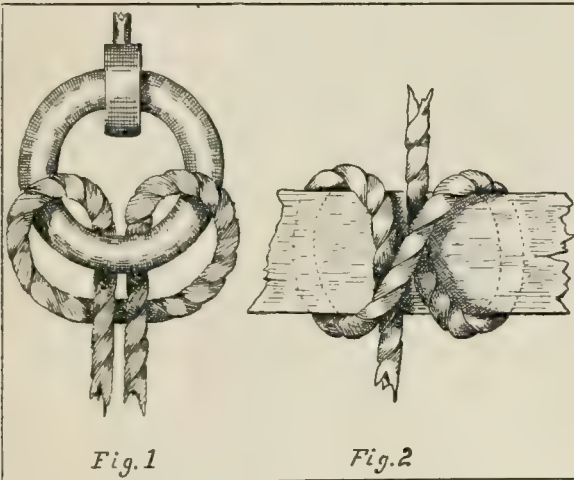


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

with a love for sailors' tricks desires to try it for himself, he can easily do so. All the materials necessary are a piece of cardboard and a thick string, the diagrams showing the manner of tying the knots.

Fig. 1 shows a cow-hitch and Fig. 2 a clove-hitch.

Cut from a piece of cardboard the form of a boat, the round holes in the bow and stern representing the ring-bolts (Fig. 3). Loop the string in the middle, pass the bight upward through the after hole, and then pass both ends through the bight, making the cow-hitch. Make the clove-hitch with both

parts around the seat, and finally pass the ends through the hole in the bow, and tie them to a chair or any large piece of furniture. The

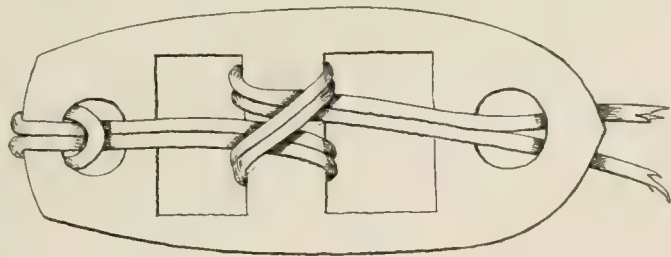


Fig. 3

will find that the cow-hitch has disappeared, and the clove-hitch can then be untied in the ordinary manner.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ITS MARVELS.

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

THERE is a wonderful Alchemist — Photography — from whom, ever since the world began, men tried to wrest his secrets in vain until half a century ago, when, by the merest chance, the door leading into his mystic chamber was pushed ajar. Photography, the art of preserving the writing of light, was revealed, and the secret of the old Alchemist was his no longer.

The first accounts of this great discovery are very entertaining reading. Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was in Paris when the news was published, and at once went to see Daguerre's wonderful pictures. In describing them afterward, he said that moving objects made no impression on the plate; for a picture taken of a crowded boulevard showed it as if entirely deserted, with the exception of a man having his shoes polished. The man's feet, he said, were well defined, because they were kept stationary; but he was without head or body, for these were in motion.

To America belongs the honor of making the first photographic portrait, the artist being Professor John Draper, a professor, and afterward the president, of the University of New York. His victim was his sister, Miss Catherine Draper. He powdered her face, that the likeness might be more quickly impressed on the sensitive plate, and for *thirty minutes* Miss Draper sat — or, at least, tried to sit — as immovable as a statue.

The first class in photography was formed in Boston in the spring of 1840 by Daguerre's agent, Gouraud of Paris. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, then a student in Harvard, became an enthusiastic member of the class. In his diary, under date of April 1, 1840, is this entry: "On my way home I stopped at the shop and got my daguerreotype thermometer. There seems to be a great demand; there were three or four others there."

The present-day amateur, with his feather-

weight cartridge camera, which may be filled and emptied in broad daylight, little realizes the trials of the amateur of twenty years ago, who had to carry with him on his photographic excursions not only a heavy camera, but a portable dark room, with all the apparatus both for sensitizing and for developing his plates. The invention of the dry-plate made over the whole system of photography; and the camera, from being the scientific instrument of the few, became also the fascinating toy of the many.

The first amateur pictures on dry-plates were made something after the method employed by Charles Lamb's celebrated Chinaman in obtaining roast pig. The Chinaman burned his house to roast his pig; the amateur tore his camera in pieces to get his picture. The first hand camera was a pasteboard box containing one plate. A pinhole served as a lens, and after the exposure of the plate the box was taken to the dark room, cut open, and the plate extracted. This was rather expensive picture-making, and it was not long before a magazine camera was invented; and suddenly all the world began taking pictures.

The date of the invention of the dry-plate dates back scarcely eighteen years; but in that short time the growth and application of photography have been so remarkable that it can be compared to nothing more aptly than to the amazing development of the genie which the unlucky fisherman released from the jar. In 1880 the outlay for photographic material was, in round numbers, \$25,000. Ten years later it amounted to \$2,500,000. During the first-named year perhaps one hundred and fifty persons were employed in its manufacture. To-day one single firm has fifteen hundred employees. This firm alone manufactures in a week so much sensitive film that, if made into one long strip seven inches wide, it would measure over one hundred miles in length.

Almost the first use in science to which the new discovery was put was the photographing of the moon, the first recorded picture being made by Professor Draper, and presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History. His son Henry grew so fond of astronomical photography that on leaving college he went to Ireland to see the great reflecting telescope of Lord Rosse. After seeing it he determined to make one like it. The reputation of the Yankee boy—that he can make not only the thing he undertakes, but also the machine that makes it—was proved to be deserved by Henry Draper, for he made and he mounted the first American reflecting telescope. With it he took over fifteen hundred photographs of the heavens; and the instrument is still in use in Harvard Observatory.

The telescope not only reveals more than can be seen by the eye alone, but the sensitive film surpasses the power of the eye when aided by the telescope, for the camera records on the

film objects which the eye cannot see through the greatest magnifying-lenses. No matter how far away or how dimly it shines, the light of the faintest star in time impresses the film,



HOMEWARD.
(From photograph by K. Greeger.)

and thus that which is invisible to the eye becomes visible on the plate.

In celestial photography the camera is kept moving during the taking of a picture. The exposure sometimes lasts several hours; and if the camera were stationary the motion of the

earth would soon carry the subject out of line with the telescope. The camera, therefore, is attached to the tube of the telescope, and the object to be photographed is brought into the lens at the intersection of two cross-wires. Then, by a system of clockwork, the telescope moves so that the subject occupies the same

Perhaps no celestial body has been photographed so many times as the moon. At Lick Observatory the "man in the moon" sits for his picture many times during the year. Jupiter and Saturn are also frequent subjects, and no day passes in which some sun-spot does not leave its celestial autograph on the sensitive plate.



PHOTOGRAPH OF SWIFT'S COMET. MADE AT AREQUIPA STATION OF HARVARD OBSERVATORY WITH 8-INCH RACINE PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE.
Published through the courtesy of Professor Edward C. Pickering, Director.)

position on the plate during the exposure. In the picture of the Swift comet may be seen small white lines. These are the marks or trails of the stars. The telescope was adjusted to the speed of the comet, and as it traveled much faster than the stars, the photographs of the stars appear as streaks instead of as points of light.

It is another curious feature of celestial photography that a plate may be exposed several nights on the same subject. I have seen star-cluster and nebulae pictures which were exposed, the former on two and the latter on four successive evenings. The picture showing the nebulae required a total exposure of thirteen hours and forty-four minutes.

Many astronomical discoveries have been made through photography, the greatest of them being the discovery, by Professor Draper, of oxygen in the sun. The applications of photography are so many and so varied that a whole volume of the ST. NICHOLAS would be required to describe them; for there is no department of knowledge in which it has

been so extensively used, and none to which it has been so universally helpful.

While star-photography pictures the infinitely great, microphotography reveals the infinitely small; and no draftsman can equal in fidelity the lines it traces, or copy the minute details it reproduces. Microscopy has the advantage over astronomy that it can use instruments of far greater magnifying power, and these enlarged pictures disclose what would otherwise escape the notice of the scientist.

Microphotography is also used in sending long messages which must occupy a small space. During the siege of Paris, Dagron, the inventor of microphotography, made on thin film tiny photographic copies of messages, and

sent them daily from the city by carrier-pigeons. So minute was this work that five thousand messages weighed but little over an ounce, and could be carried by a single bird.

Microphotography is now used in all studies which require the use of a microscope, the enlarged subjects being photographed, and the pictures studied at leisure.

One of the most interesting features of photography is called chronophotography. By means of a special camera, pictures of moving objects are taken at exceedingly short intervals, and later the same, made into transparencies, are thrown on a screen in such quick succession that they display the motions of the original. As the eye is capable of receiving only a certain number of impressions during a given time, and the pictures appear and disappear rapidly, no one is seen distinctly, but being of the same subjects, they blend together and produce the appearance of motion.

The pictures are photographed at the rate of fifteen hundred per minute, and the ease and sureness with which they are made and finished is no less remarkable than the pictures themselves. In England, on the evening of last Trafalgar day, there was shown at the Palace Theater a series of pictures of Trafalgar Square. In the center of each picture appeared the Nelson Column, with the famous lions at its foot garlanded with laurels, while across the screen trooped the pictured images of the thousands of people who at midday had streamed through the square and taken part in the memorial ceremonies.

One of the latest feats of chronophotography is that of Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, who, with a *cinématographe* (as the French call the apparatus), displays on an immense screen the moon and stars pursuing their nightly courses across the sky. Having succeeded in cinématographing—if one may use so awkward a word—the movements of other heavenly bodies, he is now using the same apparatus in photographing the sun, and expects before very long to represent by it the motions of the whirling outbursts of gases, familiarly known as sun-spots, as correctly and plainly as is now shown the rush of water over the precipice of Niagara.

During the recent solar eclipse, cinématograph cameras were taken into the field, and the pictures (if successful) will afford an excellent means of observing this phenomenon.

The machines for exhibiting moving photography are known by such names as the kinetoscope, biograph, vitascope, theatrograph, cinématograph, etc.; but all are operated on the same principle. One, called the dromograph, is used to record the time of races; another, called the photochronograph, is used to test the velocity of cannon-balls. The micro-motoscope is the name of still another. Until this last invention, it was impossible to photograph the movements of certain microscopic creatures, owing to the swiftness of their motions; but the mites will have to be extremely nimble to keep up with the micromotoscope, for it has a capacity of twenty-five hundred pictures per minute!

By the aid of chronophotography one may witness street parades and out-of-door sports from the best points of view; may see the railroad flyer rush past, without dust or noise; may laugh at the roller-skaters, and the mishaps of surf-bathers; an ocean storm may be witnessed in all its sublimity, without the spectator's suf-



SATURN. PHOTOGRAPHED WITH 36-INCH REFRACTOR OF LICK OBSERVATORY.

(Published through the courtesy of Professor Scharbach, Director.)

fering from seasickness or experiencing fear. Indeed, nearly every phase of life may be presented without discomfort to the sight-seer, and there is no doubt that the time is near when all the scenes on the world's stage will be thus re-



CLEPTON CHAPEL, TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

produced in all their variety of color, life, and motion.

Photography not only enables us to see what is exterior, but also the interior. For many years "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" has occupied his proud position in St. NICHOLAS. Doubtless the thought never occurred to the little preacher, as he stood up month after month and delivered his spicy discourses, that the time would come when his admiring congregation could see through him. But suddenly there appears a strange light—which is no light at all, according to our ideas of light; it is turned on our diminutive preacher, and lo! his inmost nature becomes as transparent as glass!

This strange light is familiarly called the X-ray, because the sign λ , as we know from our algebras, represents an unknown quantity. Professor Rontgen, experimenting with a fluorescent screen placed near a Crookes tube

(a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted so far as possible), found that a book held between the tube and the screen did not obstruct the rays. He tried other articles, with a like result. He held his hand before the tube, and was startled to see that the light passed through the flesh and outlined the bony skeleton on the screen. It was natural to substitute a sensitive plate for the screen, and the result was the X-ray photograph. Scarcely forty-eight hours after its discovery the whole scientific world knew of it, and were experimenting with the wonderful light.

These radiographs are not exactly shadows of an object, but a test of its power to resist the passage of the rays. In the hand the light passes through the flesh, but the bones resist it, the outline of the bony structure having more or less detail, according to the different thicknesses of the bone.

The X-ray makes it possible to study things otherwise invisible. It can be used to locate a bullet or foreign substance in the flesh ; to study the fracture of a bone ; to reveal flaws in metal ; to discover gold in ore ; to detect adulteration in foods ; and even to spy out the hidden forces of nature.

Radiography and chronophotography have been combined to show the circulation of the blood-corpuscles, and to reproduce the movements of the bones in the living flesh. Radiographs of the human body are interesting to the doctor and the student, but to many laymen they are far less attractive than radiographs of plants and fruits, in the making of which Professor Atkinson of Cornell has been very successful.

A popular Mother Goose melody now runs :

You nor I nor nobody knows
How oats, peas, beans, and barley grows.

But the radiograph will make it necessary to revise the familiar old jingle to read :

Use the X-ray and
you may know
How oats, peas,
beans, and barley
grow.

Ever since the discovery of Daguerre, there has been an eager desire to record by photography the colors as well as forms of nature. Colored pictures have been made by what is called "triple heliochromy," the making of three negatives of the same object through differently colored screens,—red, green, and violet,—and then by a process of printing from the three negatives, producing a colored picture. A later

and simpler method is invented by Dr. Joly, by which the picture is made through a screen ruled with lines of orange, yellowish green, and blue, so close together that the separate lines cannot be seen. A transparency is printed from this negative, and covered with a glass ruled with red, green, and violet lines ; and when the lines of the two are properly placed, the separate colors recombine and the transparency shows the colors of the original.

Photographs made by "triple heliochromy," when viewed through the kromscop or chromoscope,—an instrument something like a stereoscope,—appear not only in their natural colors, but in the true relief of nature, that is, as if solid and real.

There are few instruments that can be put to so many uses as the camera, and there is no science, art, or industry in which photography is not more or less helpful.

The camera has long been used in military operations, both in the army and navy. With a telephotographic lens, the walls of a distant fort,



NIGHT REFLECTIONS.
(Photograph taken at night by Alfred Stieglitz.)

the number and size of its guns, and the position of its men may be seen from above ; from kites and captive balloons the camera is used to spy

out the land of the enemy and by a clock arrangement the camera can also be made to register signals flashed by mirrors between bodies of troops stationed many miles apart.



THE LITTLE MINISTER *

the foot of the mast with a pair of field-glasses, observes the reflection in the mirror, and at the proper time makes the exposure.

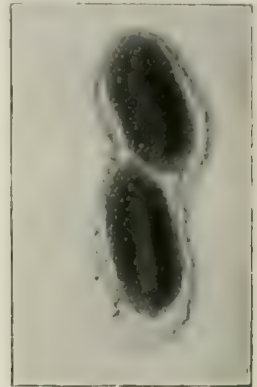
Photogrammetry — the art of measuring by photography — is now a part of the education of the surveyor. In official surveying and registering of lands belonging to a nation, the camera saves the surveyor an immense amount of labor. In settling the boundary-

lines between Canada and Alaska, Photogrammetry was extensively used, nearly four thousand square miles being surveyed with the camera.

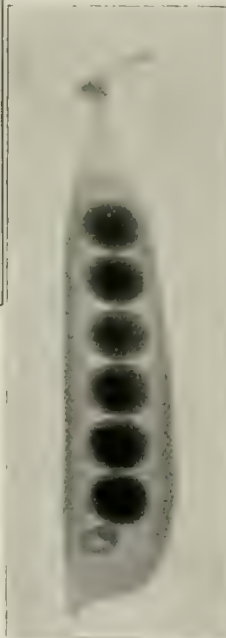
Photography is often called into court as a witness whose testimony cannot be impeached. It is a detective of forged or disguised hand-writing; for no matter how clever an imitation or alteration, the eye of the camera will search out, and the sensitive plate display, the fraud. A very important case, in which the entries in a document were in question, led to the building of what is probably the largest camera in the world. The bellows may be extended twenty-five feet, and is connected with a dark room, which also serves as a plate-holder. The lens seems out of all proportion to the size of the camera, being but two inches in diameter; but its magnifying power is so great that letters one fourth of an inch in height can be enlarged to seven and one half feet, and appear in their exact dimensions and without the slightest apparent distortion.

Receiving cable messages is one of the recent uses of photography. The current passes through a fine wire stretched between the poles of a powerful magnet. The shadow of the wire is made to fall across a narrow slit in a box, past which a strip of film travels at a fixed rate. As the force of the current causes the wire to move first toward one and then toward the other of the two poles, the movements are impressed on the film, which is afterward developed and read at leisure. Its capacity is seventy words per minute.

Photographing the vocal chords in action seems an impossible achievement, while photographing the *sounds* made by them reads like a Baron Munchausen tale; yet both have been done by a most original combination of singer, resonator, and camera. More wonderful still is



PEANUTS.



GREEN-PEA POD.

* The illustrations on this page are reproductions of radiographs, or X-ray pictures, made by Professor Atkinson of Cornell University.

the fact that when the plate is developed the scientist is able to tell which harmonies were sounded.

The force and velocity of the wind is measured by the photographic barograph, and a delicate instrument records on a strip of sensitive paper the amount of sunshine during the day. The various heights attained by balloons, the direction and velocity of projectiles, the speed of fly-wheels, the vibrations of bridges, the swiftness of river currents, the length, height, and duration of ocean waves—all are ascertained by means of photography; and these are but a few of the uses of this wonderful science and art.

Having photographed nearly every object in the earth and sky, it is not surprising that the aid of the camera is now called to penetrate the secrets which have for so many ages been hidden beneath the restless surface of old ocean. The pioneer in this new field is Professor Boutan of France. But quite recently a South American scientist has invented a method by which pictures of objects under water may be taken as readily as if exposed to the full light of day. Like subterranean pictures, they are taken by artificial light, the diver wearing in his head-piece a reflecting, incandescent lamp connected with a small dynamo in the boat above, by the light of which objects at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet are sharply defined on the sensitive plate.

Submarine photography opens up an entirely new field for photographic research. By its aid botanists may study the strange plants, and zoologists the grotesque creatures that flourish at the bottom of the sea. In the navy it will be of special service in locating mines, bombs, and torpedoes; steamship companies may use it in finding out the position and condition of their sunken vessels, while treasures that have long lain undisturbed on the floor of the ocean will be revealed by the unerring photograph. The submarine

surveyor may, in time, map out the bed of the ocean so accurately that its outlines will be as familiar as the surface of the earth. Indeed, who knows but that some venturesome photographic prospector may, with his camera, one day discover a submarine Klondike region that shall far surpass the famous Alaskan gold-fields?

If the past serves as a prophet for future possibilities, no limit can be placed to the powers



NUBIA.
(By F. H. Day.)

of photography. There is a tiny magic key, the persistent use of which has opened the door into many marvelous places. Its common name is the interrogation-point. And who knows but that some readers of *St. NICHOLAS* may one day use it to open a door into a still more wonderful chamber of photography than any that has yet been entered?

LITTLE MOW CHEE AND THE CAMERA MAN.

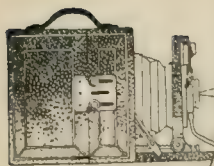
BY DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

LITTLE Mow Chee met a Camera Man
On a Chinatown street one day.
"I 'll take *you* for sure," said the Camera Man,
"You queer little son of Cathay."

"Go 'wee! go 'wee!" cried Little Mow Chee,
"You velly bad man — you no takee me;
Me no likee you! Go 'wee! go 'wee!"

But the Camera Man in his box gave a look
(Of course we all know how they do it);
So that Little Mow Chee was really "took,"
Though Little Mow Chee never knew it.





AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY



BY MARGARET SEYMOUR HALL.



We bought a camera, for we meant
To take the country round;
But when our work was ended up
What do you think we found?
Why, this — on every single plate
Was Baby's picture,
sure as fate!

Whatever else we tried to do,
We ended so, somehow.
We had a lovely clover-field,
With Farmer Thompson's cow.



"Why take
astupid cow,"
said Kate,
"When Pet 's so
sweet to contem-
plate?"



A waterfall our next attempt.
We rose at break of day;
The horses both were harnessed up
To bear us on our way;
But Baby shook her
dimpled fist —
A thing we simply
can't resist.



Well, now our films are gone at last
To take the journey back,
And anxiously we look for them
Upon the homeward track.
Yet folks will laugh to see, I fear,
Twelve dozen views of Baby dear!



ELIZABETH SHIPPEE GREEN



THE CAUTIOUS CAPTAIN.

A YACHTSMAN who loved the green sea
 Was always as scared as could be
 When he met with a squall —
 His heart 't would appal,
 But, still, he just *loved* the green
 sea.

"If my sail I could reef right
 away,
 I'd be *perfectly* safe," he would say
 So a mainsail he made
 Like a great window-shade,
 And the squalls bring no longer
 dismay.



A Serious Question.

carolyn wells



A KITTEN went a-walking
One morning in July,
And idly fell a-talking
With a great big butterfly.

The kitten's tone was airy,
The butterfly would scoff;
When there came along a fairy
Who whisked his wings right off.

The kitten felt a quiver,
She rose into the air,
Then flew down to the river
To view her image there.

With fear her heart was smitten,
And she began to cry:
"Am I a butter-kitten?
Or just a kitten-fly?"

And then,—for it is written
Fairies can do such
things,—
Upon the startled kitten
She stuck the yellow
wings.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 1st of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what a comfort you were this winter at dancing-school. You gave me something to talk about, and I talked about you on all occasions.

I wonder if some girls and boys know what the story of "Red Riding-hood" came from? I will tell you what some people think about it.

The Aryan fathers and mothers used to tell their children that the sun was a large serpent, and once a little star went to see a large one, when the serpent ate her up. Then a prince came, and killed the serpent, and rescued the star. The two stars were Red Riding-hood and her grandma, the serpent was the wolf, and the prince was the wood-cutter.

Your loving friend, ELIZABETH COOLIDGE.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been your reader for the last five years, and have written you before.

I live in New York. I want to tell you about last summer. I was traveling in Norway, on a steamer called the "Augusta Victoria." It was to make a trip, starting at Bergen, and visiting all the principal cities and towns. After leaving the last principal town, we did not sight land for three days. The land which we saw was a tall, high cape which is known as the North Cape. It is not inhabited, but the people who visit it on the steamer, those who are strong enough, climb to the top.

The steamer does not stay very long, as it is generally rough. I was the only boy of twelve there that was not seasick. Then you have to travel for three days in the Arctic Ocean, until you come to a little island of great importance. The island is called Spitzbergen. Nobody stays there in winter, as it is fearfully cold. It is below zero there, even in summer.

Spitzbergen, from which Nansen sailed, is within one hundred and fifty miles, within less than three degrees, of the pole. The steamer generally stays two or three days, allowing passengers to fish and hunt. The steamer then returns to Bergen.

Your faithful and interested reader,
LIONEL C. SCHEUER.

LYMINGTON, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me as a prize, and I like you very much. We have very good hunting here, and at the end of every season there are point-to-point races. It was a very nice morning, but just as we got to the course a dash of hailstones of extraordinary size came down, and also thunder and lightning; but it stopped soon, and the races went on. There were three: the "redcoat race," that is, all the members of the club, in red coats; the "farmers' race," that is, all the horses of farmers about who cared to enter them, ridden by jockeys in all colors; and the "ladies' plate," that is, all the horses who ran either were chosen by ladies or owned by ladies. But the only drawback was there

was nearly an hour between each race. I hope it will interest you to hear we have a fine old castle that was built in the twelfth century, and in early days belonged to Spenser, the great poet. It now is on Lord Portsmouth's property. But he has let it fall to ruin. I believe both the roof and the ceilings are gone, which is a great pity; but there is a gentleman in this neighborhood who intends to renovate it for his son, who has an appointment here. It would be a great advantage to Enniscorthy.

I remain your ardent admirer,
ANNIE FURLONG.

LYMINGTON, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Irish boy. I live near a town named Enniscorthy, and I like your magazine very much. My father is a doctor; he drives about a great deal, and sees many funny things. The other day he told me that he saw a donkey; standing on its back was a goat, which from its comfortable position was eating the leaves from the lower branches of a tree. When he had eaten all within reach he made the donkey go a little farther by tapping him on the back with one of his fore feet! Don't you think that was a clever goat?

I remain your interested reader,
P. CLAUDE FURLONG.

VILLA KAUFEL LIMMEL, MAASTRICHT,
HOLLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only since last November, and I enjoy you immensely. My sisters have had a French magazine bearing your name. The nicest stories were translated from the American ST. NICHOLAS. Since I saw this my ambition was to have your magazine. My mother promised to me I should have it as soon as I could read English, and since that time I studied diligently.

I wish good-by to you and your readers.
Your little friend, DAISY DE HEUSCH.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear about our driving-trip through the Berkshires.

From Lakeville, Connecticut, the place we started from, we went to Great Barrington. The Berkshire Inn there is very artistic, containing many curios. There is a log there from the battle of Chickamauga, and some old Confederate money. Over the door is an inscription: "Welcome the coming, but speed the parting guest." The office is like a little house. I think it is the most interesting hotel we were in. There are some beautiful elm-trees in front of it.

From Barrington we went to Stockbridge. There also is an innful of antiquities. One is an old coat worn by a surgeon in the battle of 1812, also his medicine-bag. It also is very interesting, but I do not think it as interesting as the Berkshire Inn.

From Stockbridge we went to Lenox. The next day we drove around Lenox. From Lenox we drove to Pittsfield. Pittsfield reminds one quite a little of Hartford, Connecticut. Pittsfield is eighteen hundred feet above the sea level.

From Pittsfield we drove to Lebanon Springs.* The drive from Pittsfield to Lebanon Springs is very picturesque. On our way we stopped at Shaker Village. It is a settlement of people who believe that there should be no separate families, but that all should live as if brothers and sisters. Sometimes there are a hundred people in one family. But the belief is dying out.

Lebanon Springs is so called because there is a mineral spring near by. It discharges five hundred gallons a minute. We spent the night there, and the next morning we started for Valatie. We stopped at Chatham and had our dinner. We arrived Wednesday night at Valatie, and spent Thursday with some friends.

We left Friday morning, driving through Hillsdale and Copake, and arrived in Lakeville Friday evening, having learned a great deal about the Berkshires. In all we drove one hundred and forty miles.

Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I remain your devoted admirer,

EMILY W. HARRISON.

THE CONSULATE, WENCHOW, HONG-KONG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two English girls, aged thirteen and fourteen, and we thought that we would write and tell you how much we enjoy reading you. Whenever you arrive there is always a struggle to see who will be the first to get you, and whoever *does* get you never waits a moment, but rushes off with you at once.

Our favorite stories are "Two Biddicut Boys" and "With the Black Prince." We live on an island in the middle of the river, and it is often very dull, as all the other foreigners are in the city of Wenchow, across the water. We have a sister and two brothers, the eldest of whom is at school in England. There are no children of our own ages here besides ourselves, as they are all babies, the eldest being only six years old. This is a very pretty place; at each end of the island is an old pagoda, one a thousand and the other nine hundred years old. The consulate and grounds occupy half the island, which is so small that we can walk round it in a quarter of an hour. But besides there is a very old temple, with some fearful idols in it, that are enough to strike terror to the heart of any one in the dark. We have a steamer only once in ten days, and sometimes it has been known to stay away for five or six weeks at a time. We have two pets; one is a goat named Billy, and the other is a fat little pug named Toby, of whom we are very fond; he is of a very good breed, being half Pekinese and half Chefoo. He is only three years old, and already weighs sixteen pounds, so you can imagine how big he is. Whenever he is ill we give him quinine and milk, of which he is very fond.

Ever your devoted readers,

LILY AND FREDA A—.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a big boy now because I was eight years old day before yesterday. We are staying at Waikiki now, and ever since my birthday the waves have been oh, so high! I have just learned how to swim all alone without a board and without any one looking. A long time ago, before my birthday, I had to hold on to a board, and besides that, too, I had to have Waiwaiole sitting on the sand all ready to jump in, if I should go under and never come up again, to pull me out on to the beach, and to run to call the rest of the family. But now

when I bathe I make him go away off behind the house, but sometimes I catch him looking to see if I'm all right; and then when I call to him to go still farther off and not to look again, he laughs so loud you can hear him all over the place. He laughs most of the time because he can't talk much English; so he laughs.

Sometimes I take my horse in the water, but he is afraid of the waves, and he shivers and snores because he is afraid. His name is Hookena, and he is afraid of water and of shadows. When he goes under the trees he steps carefully to go on the sun part and not on the shadows. When I was little I thought he was wild, and I cried because my brother called him a "Kanaka rat"; but now I am getting big, and don't like him any more, because he does n't mind me. He is frightfully stubborn and will only go in a few places. His mouth is awful hard, I know, because when I pull and pull with all my might on one rein to make him to go to where I want him to go to, he just only turns his head but not his body, and he goes just straight off to where he wants to go to, and when I whip him he kicks up. Waiwaiole gave me a cowhide whip painted a green color, but I can't use it because with this whip he kicks up higher than ever. Waiwaiole calls him "Mr. Pakaki," because in his talk *pakaki* means "stubborn."

By and by I am going to have a new horse, papa says, and he says that it will be a good one that will mind me.

I like to hear of other boys that have horses. I like that letter in the February St. NICHOLAS from a boy who had a horse named "Lightning," on a ranch in Texas.

I like the St. NICHOLAS very much. My brother promised to write everything I said, but I can't read writing, and so I don't know if he has or if he has n't.

Good-by, from

YOUR FRIEND.

ASHFIELD, NEAR SYDNEY, N. S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Australian boy living far away from America, but I hear all about the war, and hope the Americans will win. I am the only Australian boy in the family, and my brothers are Englishmen. My eldest brother lives far away on a sheep station. We are very anxious for fear the war should prevent St. NICHOLAS from coming here. I am nearly eleven years old, but St. NICHOLAS has come to our house before I was born, and we should not like him to stop now. Sincerely hoping you will win in the war, and that St. NICHOLAS won't be taken captive or killed,

I remain your lifelong admirer,

GEOFFREY DALE.

AUSTIN, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: From the heading of my letter, it would seem that I lived in the city of Austin; but it is not so, for I live on a large ranch six miles from that place. My father, who controls the ranch, has built a big colonial house on our place, and has made that his home for a number of years.

I am rich in brothers, having nine, while I am the only girl. I suppose Eastern girls would consider me a dreadful tomboy; for I have a beautiful black horse called "Star," and often ride him bareback, jumping hurdles and ditches while I am on his strong back, in the most reckless manner. My two eldest brothers are at West Point Military Academy, and another is at the Annapolis Naval Academy. I long to visit West Point, for I have heard so much about its beauty. My brothers say the Academy seems hard at first, but now they both like their duties and studies.

I, who am sixth in the family, and fourteen years old, am treated with due respect, being one girl among many boys.

I wonder how many of your readers have ever heard cow-boys sing and dance? One boy will start a song, and the others join in the chorus. It seems very pictur-

esque to hear them all sing, while the firelight brightens their figures, and the rolling prairies form a pretty background.

I once saw a stampede of cattle from a distance. I could hear the thunder of hoofs some time before the cattle were visible. At last I could see them, quite far away—a moving mass enveloped thickly in a cloud of dust.

I shall hate to leave my Southern home, but I am going to school in New York next year, and I know I shall enjoy visiting that large city. Ted, the brother one year older than I am, said that I would be fearfully teased about my ignorance at a fashionable New York school. I do not think so.

Neither father nor mother know I am writing; but they would be so pleased to see this letter published. Long life to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS! May you ever be as welcome a guest as you are now.

Your loving reader, NAN SILVERSPOUR.

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to know how you came to brighten Christmas for an Arizona boy? I have wanted you for a long time, but mama thought I was too young until this year. Maybe some of the boys and girls would be interested to know how my little brother and I spent a jolly Christmas on the Sandy Desert in a railroad camp.

Mama was called away, and we had to stay at home with the cook; so papa said we might go with him to the camp.

We had lots of fun. All of the men were very kind to us and let us ride the horses; and the cook made us lots of good things to eat.

The men brought us toys and candy and fruit for Christmas, and we found that Santa Claus went even on the desert; and mama sent us a nice big box of playthings and books; but the best of all was ST. NICHOLAS, and that for a whole year. The men thought you were very nice; many of them had never seen you before.

Do you know there are many wonderful things in Arizona? The Grand Cañon is the most wonderful scenery in the world. The Petrified Forest is a grove of pine-trees all turned to stone. The cactus grows fifteen and twenty feet high. There are many other things that I will tell you about in my next letter.

Your interested reader,

THOMAS LYNCH COLEMAN.

GALATZ, ROUMANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl, and I live in Roumania. I went to tea at the house of a Russian milk-woman the other day. It was very clean there, and at each mouthful of tea they took a bite of sugar. I had to drink it out of my saucer. They drank five cups of tea each, and they had a big cake and honey. All the drivers here are Russians. I have three sisters, Winny, Sybil, Gladys. We have a little dog called "Trilby." I have never been in America, but my mother has been, and my sister. I play the piano and violin, and in a few years I am going to the Conservatoire in Dresden. My sister is now in Dresden, and she paints very well. Winny is married and lives in New York.

Mr. Landerson, the English consul-general, sends me the ST. NICHOLAS after he has read it. I like about "Master Merrivain." We have a tennis-court, and our little dog is very fond of jumping over the net. We are going perhaps to Sinaia, where the Queen of Roumania has got a castle; and when we go to Sinaia I like to ride. Sybil and Winny ride bicycles, and I should like to ride one.

My brother-in-law owns a very clever dog. Its name is "Chum." He does all sorts of things. He is now in America.

I love to cook little dishes for my doll. I am ten years old. I think I have put all that I know just now.

I am your loving reader, CLARE YOEUELL.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy eleven years old. Five years ago I spent a year in Germany with papa and mama, and this year we shall be in Switzerland. When I am in a foreign land my greatest pleasure is to receive the ST. NICHOLAS.

Here we have a view of the Alps of Savoy, and just behind them lies the great Mont Blanc, which I saw from Geneva. Our city lies on the banks of Lac Lemman, one of the most beautiful lakes in Switzerland. Near Lausanne there was a city of lake-dwellers in the time of the Romans.

I go to school here at the College Gallard, where all the lessons are in French. In our part of the school I am the only English-speaking boy. There are boys from Africa, from Chile and Brazil, besides many French and Swiss boys.

I am very much interested in the Swiss history, which I have in school, and in the geography, which is very hard, because there are so many names to learn.

Your loving reader,

THOMAS HARPER GOODSPEED.

PAPAÏKON, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. I have no brothers or sisters to play with, so I climb trees a good deal. But I don't climb as much now as I used to.

We live on a sugar plantation, of which papa is the manager. The name of the plantation settlement is Papaïkon. It is five miles from the town of Hilo, which is situated on the eastern side of Hawaii, the most southerly of the Hawaiian Islands.

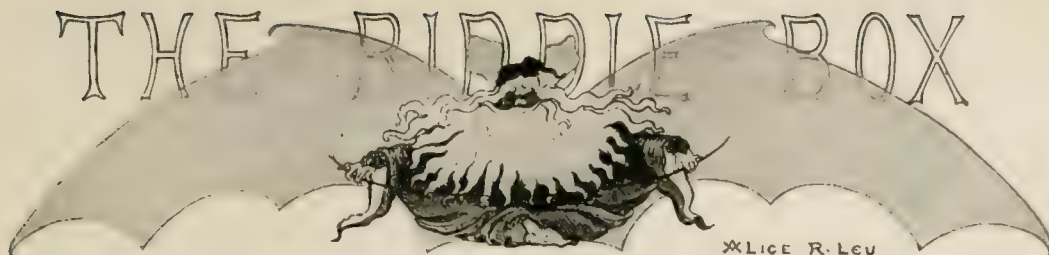
Hilo is on the curve of a very beautiful bay. The western side slopes up to the two mountains Mauna Kea (13,805 feet high) and Mauna Loa (13,615 feet high). The eastern side is a low point of land, and we can see the ocean and another point of land on the other side. The town of Hilo is thirty miles from the well-known volcano of Kilauea. I have been there twice. It is most interesting. It is not active just now.

I have never seen anything said about the way sugar is made. It is a very interesting process. First the land has to be plowed, then planted, and in two years the cane is ready to be made into sugar. It has to be cut, taken to the many flumes, which have very swiftly running water in them to carry the cane to the mill, where it is crushed several times, boiled, and then in the centrifugals it is turned from molasses into sugar by the speed the centrifugal goes at. Then it is put into bags, sewed up, shipped; then when it gets to the United States, it has to be refined or washed till it is white; then it goes all over the world. It sounds very simple, but it is not at all. Of course I have not told everything that is done to it. It is lots of fun to go down to the mill where they are filling the bags, and eat the sugar.

Your adoring reader,

CATHARINE U. G.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Frank Phunny, Robert B. Budd, Gladys Park, Fanny Passmore, Elizabeth Morgan, Stella Weinstein, Helen Eyre Osborn, Sarah H. J. Simpson and Margaret C. Wright, Katharine Brownning, E. J. Dimock, Ada Suermondt, Miriam Campbell, Ira M. Harber, Samuel Claggett Chew, Virginia Russell, Fabian Fall, Florence Hooper, Beneta B. Conlin, Julia Waters, Teasdale Fisher, Jessie B. Ridgway, Dorothy Owen, Andrea Rendenbach, Sybil Janeway, Edith Shoemaker, Willie Dillon, Anna Bernice Courts, Mary Davis, John S. Gittings, Jr., and William Kernan Dart.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Washington Irving and "Tales of a Traveler."
Cross-words: 1. Wait. 2. Baal. 3. Also. 4. Elah. 5. Isis. 6. Anon. 7. Golf. 8. Stag. 9. Atom. 10. Roan. 11. Gain. 12. Arve. 13. Vane. 14. Bill. 15. Bend. 16. Ring.

A CROSS WITHIN A SQUARE. 1. Ochre. 2. Cheer. 3. Helle. 4. Relic. 5. Erect. Cross, Shelley.

RIDDLE. Bed.—**PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** Drowned.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Bed. 3. Burin. 4. Merited. 5. Ditty. 6. Ney. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Her. 3. Haven. 4. Devised. 5. Reset. 6. Net. 7. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Rear-Admiral; finals, George Dewey. Cross-words: 1. Ruling. 2. Escape. 3. Alcedo. 4. Railer. 5. Aiming. 6. Device. 7. Madrid. 8. Innate. 9. Review. 10. Arrive. 11. Lenity.

CHARADE. Catastrophe.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "Allil and Adi"—Nessie and Freddie—Jack and George A.—Paul Reese.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Carrie, Janson, and Audrey Wigram, 8—Eloise Sigourney Fay Nininger, 11—Carroll Cross, 1—Uncle Ned and Aunt Lydie, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Marjorie R. and Uncle Ted, 5—Clara A. Anthony, 7—Mabel M. Johns, 11—Florence and Celia Pearsons, 6—Musgrove Hyde, 4—K. S. and Co., 4—Gladys Durant Rice, 2—Starr H. Lloyd, 10—"Dondy Small," 11—Alfred Lowry, Jr., 2—Edna Shafter Orr, 1—"Plowman," 3—Ray and Yetta Schoerthal, 1—Dorothy W. Hurry, 1—H. A., 1—Jeannette Cholmeley Jones, 1—Fred and Ed, 7—M. E. M., 1—"Black Jack and Fighting Bob," 1—Theresa White, 1—Helen Egler, 8—Mrs. Mary H. Breck, 2.

CHARADE.

My *first* within the sea is found,
And on New England's shores abound.

Without the sight of my *next* this earth
Would be a place without light or mirth.

Unto your home you ne'er return
But with your foot my *last* you spurn.

You 've doubtless heard some people say,
"Where there 's a will there is a way";
My *whole* is not a way, but still
It 's never found without a will.

N. L. TURNER.

A STRING OF FISH.

How many fish are concealed in the following story?
A boy named Percy White baited some strings with corn, and caught ten chickens.

"He has had good luck," said his mother.

The chickens were struggling, when, lo! a chicken got away; but with a skip, Percy grabbed a big army blanket and threw it over him.

His sister Fan, a bashful girl, said: "It is supper-time, so let me cook a chicken."

Percy smelled them cooking, and he took so many whiffs that his face grew ruddy.

After supper he and his friends, Philip, Ike, and Oree lounged on a barrel of tar, pondering as to what they should do. Then Philip says:

"Hark! Oh, there 's Bob, as sure as I live."

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Xebec. 2. Elegy. 3. Bears. 4. Egret. 5. Cysts. II. 1. Water. 2. Alive. 3. Tires. 4. Event. 5. Rests.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "There is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August."

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. B. 2. Ord. 3. Brain. 4. Divan. 5. Named. 6. Nears. 7. Dread. 8. Sarah. 9. Dales. 10. Heath. 11. Steal. 12. Hares. 13. Leans. 14. Snows. 15. Sweet. 16. See. 17. T.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, George Dewey. Cross-words: 1. Sages. 2. Spend. 3. Crown. 4. Large. 5. Buggy. 6. Steam. 7. Ladle. 8. Steep. 9. Cowed. 10. Treat. 11. Bayou.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, August; finals, Dog-day. Cross-words: 1. Arid. 2. Unto. 3. Stag. 4. Undid. 5. Soda. 6. Tiny.

Just then Fan, who always sat at her desk at eve,
called:

"Go to town and get me some pickles, lettuce, pepper,
cheese, and sago. By the way, also get me some paint
or sketching articles. Do hurry, or you 'll miss the car,
Percy."
LEDA AND LAURIE.

DIAMOND.

1. IN statistics. 2. A sailor. 3. An island. 4. To decay. 5. In statistics. "CLASS 19."

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

1. In Jack Robinson. 2. A kind of dessert. 3. Girds. 4. Prepares for publication. 5. To pain acutely. 6. To creep or steal away privately. 7. Sports. 8. A famous poet. 9. Fashion. 10. To slope. 11. To penetrate. 12. A beverage. 13. In Jack Robinson.

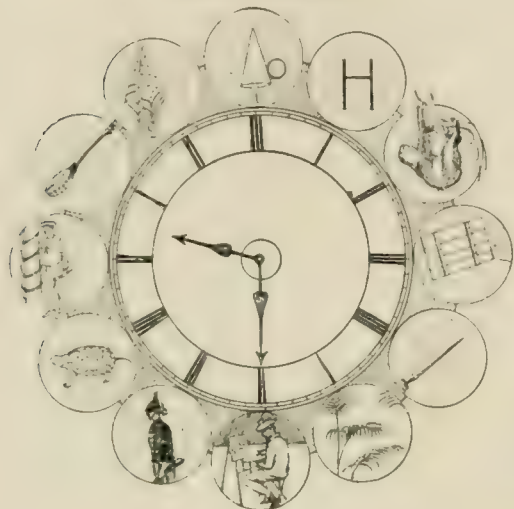
FRED T. KELSEY AND ROGER HOYT.

SHAKSPEAREAN DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each form a quotation from Shakspeare:

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of Shakspeare's characters. 2. A cheer. 3. A kind of fur. 4. Fat. 5. A color. 6. Method. 7. Polish. 8. Truly. 9. A fixed star. 10. One of the metals of the platina group. 11. A South American monkey. 12. A city of France. 13. Accommodate. 14. A mural decoration. 15. Honestly. 16. Hateful. 17. Meaning. 18. The universe. 19. A famous painter.

MABEL M. JOHNS.

CLOCK PUZZLE.

At each hour of the clock place the word designated by the small picture, and containing as many letters as the number of the hour. The initials taken in order will spell what is represented by the central picture.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Leviathan. 2. A tree. 3. A son of Jacob. 4. A son of Abraham. 5. Listened to. 6. A color. 7. In Leviathan.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Leviathan. 2. Every one. 3. A small Turkish coin. 4. A plain near the wilderness of Paran. 5. A masculine name. 6. A line of light. 7. In Leviathan.

LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Leviathan. 2. Ancient. 3. In Old Testament geography, a country noted for its gold. 4. A great warrior in David's time. 5. A town of France. 6. Moved rapidly. 7. In Leviathan.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Leviathan. 2. Conclusion. 3. Excessive. 4. A city formerly so beautiful that it was called "Crown of the East." 5. An idler. 6. A unit. 7. In Leviathan. M. B. C.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

I. 1. A POINT of the compass. 2. Surface. 3. Dry. 4. A weed.

II. 1. Parts of the body. 2. Genuine. 3. A suitable companion. 4. A winter vehicle.

III. 1. A number of animals moving together. 2. Beginning. 3. An intermittent fever. 4. Suitable.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, one row of letters, reading downward, will spell a poetical name given to Venice, and another row will spell a name given to Cairo.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Supports. 2. Overthrows. 3. To bury. 4. A wood-nymph. 5. The praise bestowed on a person or thing. 6. To present in words. 7. Partiality. 8. Brief journeys. 9. To deceive. 10. To go into. 11. A small, elevated seat. 12. A planet. 13. The surname of a French writer.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SEEK in the finals joyously
If you the primals love to see.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. WHEN the spring at last is near,
And robins bring a message dear;
2. When bluebirds drop in ecstasy
Carols from the azure sky;
3. April with a smile appears,
A smile that 's lost in sudden tears.
4. She, the artist, paints with skill,
Springtide pictures on the hill.
5. Where she squanders emerald tints
Every bower a secret hints.
6. There a treasure soon may rest
In a humble little nest.
7. Every shrub a dubbing light
Straight transforms to April's knight,
8. Their jerkins by their gracious queen
Changed to liveries of green.
9. The little brooks glide murmuring sweet,
And blossoms spring beneath her feet.

ANNA M. PRATT.



"AHoy!" shouted Tom, waving a lantern. "SHIP AHoy!"

THE ILLUSTRATION, "THE 'JERONIMO' CHASE AFTER A DEERHEAD" (PAGE 45-46)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 12.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

BY ANNIE C. KUIPER.

How time flies, to be sure! It seems hardly more than yesterday since the Queen of Holland was a child—a merry, sunshiny little girl, usually seen in white, a large, broad-brimmed hat with a white ostrich-feather half hiding the pretty face, and the long, fair hair rippling down her shoulders. Now she has changed into a tall, slender maiden, full of grace and royal majesty. She is now eighteen, and on August 31 of this year the day came for her to be made queen in good earnest—the grand day of the coronation, to which all Holland looked forward.

Then Queen Wilhelmina, who, like her mother, has brought sunshine wherever she went, had to take leave of the sunny childhood which has been such a happy time to her. And not to her only! The new Queen of Holland has been a very popular person ever since she was born; and Dutch children never tire of hearing about the time when Queen Wilhelmina played many a merry game with her thirty dolls, and with the little boys and girls who used to be invited to the palace to amuse her; never tire of hearing of her warm love for animals,—horses especially,—and her admiration for soldiers and all that concerns them, and her great capacity for learning, and her quickness in seeing a joke.

And if the young Queen has by this time perfectly acquired the art of behaving—when necessary—in quite as stately a fashion as the dignity of a queen demands, she is a very lively

and bright girl, nevertheless; and there is at The Hague a boy who would most emphatically convince you of the truth of this statement, if you were to doubt it. When, several years ago, he was about nine or ten years old, he had the good fortune to be invited to a children's party at the palace. His mother was glad, but somewhat uneasy, too. Such a very independent and noisy lad, her boy was! Surely there was some reason for her being afraid that he would not behave so well as she wished him to. She told him to try to mind his manners, and not to "stamp in that dreadful way," and not to talk too loudly. "And mind you don't forget to say *Mevrouw* ['Madame'] to the little Queen when you speak to her."

But this was too much for Willem, who had been listening attentively, if a little impatiently, perhaps.

"*Mevrouw!*" he exclaimed indignantly. "I am not going to be such a silly as to call her that! '*Mevrouw*,' indeed! And she is not married, and only twelve years old!"

For quite half an hour his mother took pains to make him understand that etiquette demanded the little Queen should be addressed as "Madame." He obstinately refused to be brought to reason. "It is so absurd!" he said. "How can I call her '*Mevrouw*,' when she has no husband?"

The attempt to make him understand had to

be given up. He looked a perfect little gentleman, though, when he drove to the palace, accompanied by his little sisters.

Solemn-looking lackeys stood ready to conduct them to one of the beautiful old rooms in the palace, where some other little guests were already assembled, and they were welcomed by ladies of the court. When all the guests had arrived, a lackey, opening a door, announced in a loud voice: "Her Majesty, the Queen!" and all eyes were eagerly turned in one direction.

A hush, a patter of quick little feet, then in walked — nay, ran — Queen Wilhelmina, simply dressed in a frock of soft, cream-colored silk. Willem gave a quick little nod of content. He liked that.

She did not behave or look like a "mevrouw" in the least; and he clapped his hands when she said gaily: "Let us have a good, noisy game: blindman's-buff, or — or anything you boys know!" And "noisy" games they had, several of them — blindman's-buff among the rest; and Willem thoroughly enjoyed himself, and twice caught the Queen when his eyes were bandaged. "I knew at once it was she," he said afterward, "as soon as I touched her sleeve. It felt so soft and nice, quite different from the others. But, of course, I never called her 'Mevrouw.' I just said '*Koningin*' ['Queen'], and I am sure she liked it."

Well, what Queen Wilhelmina certainly did like was to play and to romp and to be merry as well as other children. Perhaps no Dutch girl surpasses her in her love of skating and riding.

To the children's parties there came an end when she grew older, but there came no end, fortunately, to the bright days of her life. The young Queen has — necessarily more than other children — always had a good many lessons to learn, a good many tasks to perform, a good many duties to go through; but she has had her holidays as well as other children, and certainly enjoyed them quite as much. She, of course, particularly liked the Christmas holidays, and the pleasant surprises they brought with them, and one of her special pleasures was to prepare a Christmas tree for an elderly court lady, of whom she was very fond.

The winter of 1895 made no exception to the rule. Queen Wilhelmina's old friend was, under

some pretext or other, induced to go out. Her retreating footsteps were eagerly listened for; then the girl Queen of fifteen years gave strict orders that no one — *no one* — should interrupt her or enter the room while she was busy with the tree. The lackeys bowed low, and promised obedience; the tree and the decorations and the presents were carried into the old lady's room; then the Queen, left alone, began to work.

She had been busy for some time, now and then standing on tiptoe to fasten a bright bit of orange ribbon on a higher branch of the tree, when there was a knock at the door. With indignant eyes the Queen looked up, or rather looked down, from the tree to the door. Who was it that dared trouble her, contrary to her most positive commands? She knitted her brows, and went on with her work, feigning not to have heard the knock. Surely they would not dare to repeat it? Hark! there it was again. It was too bad! She quickly walked up to the door, opened it a very little bit, and asked impatiently: "Why did you knock? Who is it?"

The answer was given without the least hesitation. "It is me, the washerwoman."

The washerwoman! Queen Wilhelmina was perplexed. She did not wish any one to see the tree, and could not send for the court lady or any of her attendants. So opening the door, she said kindly:

"Well, come in and put down the basket, but don't look around."

The woman did as she was told. She had never seen the Queen of Holland, and she felt perfectly at ease in the presence of this young girl, almost a child, who was very simply dressed in some dark woolen winter material.

"Good afternoon, missy," she said. "Where shall I put the things?"

"Put them? Has the basket to be unpacked?"

"Why, of course it has, missy. That is always done."

"Oh, indeed! Then put the things somewhere, and make a little haste, please."

The woman nodded, and obeyed. When the basket was empty, she handed the Queen a bit of paper, and said:

"You will see that the things on this list are all there, won't you, missy?"

"Missy" began to enjoy the joke. She consulted the list, and counted the things to see that all was correct. Then she said kindly:

"It is all right. You can go now."

"Indeed she does. You can ask her, if you like."

The Queen saw that she would have to act her part of "missy" to the end. She found



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGAERTS & CO.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

But the washerwoman was not satisfied. "Go?" she repeated indignantly. "No, indeed, I sha 'n't go. I'll be paid first. The lady always pays me directly."

"Does she, really?" asked the Queen.

the situation amusing, and casting down her laughing eyes, she took out her purse, and counted the money into the laundress's hand.

"That 's all right, and thank you kindly," the woman said, taking up her basket, and go-

ing to the door. Then, with a glance at the half decorated Christmas tree, she added good-naturedly: "And I wish you much pleasure. Good-by, missy."

A gay, musical laugh rang through the room when "missy" was alone again. Her Majesty, the Queen of Holland, was, indeed, not accustomed to be addressed by that unpretending title. How her sympathetic mother



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAMKE

QUEEN WILHELMINA AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

must have smiled with pleasure when the tree was ready, and the Queen of fifteen years ran away to tell her what had happened!

Queen Wilhelmina is now considered to be of age, and so has assumed her place upon the throne. The last time I saw her, during a concert at The Hague, she looked so young and girlish and pretty in her white dress, with no ornaments but little clusters of rosebuds at her throat and waist, one almost felt as if the task awaiting her might prove too heavy for her young shoulders. But in the fine blue eyes there is a look of firm, almost solemn resolve; and surely the Queen of Holland knows that the love of a whole nation is hers, and that knowledge will help her to be strong.

A GIRL QUEEN.

BY JEANNETTE MAY FISHER.

THE girlhood of the young sovereign of Holland has been quietly passed at The Hague, except for occasional visits to relatives in Germany. An accomplished English lady has had charge of the little Queen's education, and has but recently returned home, handsomely pensioned by a grateful government.

Although the Queen Regent has brought up her daughter as simply as possible, yet there is always a certain amount of ceremony and royal etiquette which must needs be considered. The life of a queen is not all that can be desired. A little story is told which pathetically illustrates the loneliness of this little Queen's early childhood. Wilhelmina when a small child was once overheard by her governess while scolding a favorite doll as follows: "Now, be good and quiet; because, if you don't, I will turn you into a queen, and then you 'll not have any one to play with at all!"

Many pretty anecdotes showing her kindness of heart are told of this young sovereign, who is ruler by inheritance over a small but important country, and some of the richest colonies in the world. Her official residence is an unpretentious white palace, built around a small court in a narrow little street of The Hague. But a more favored home is the dream-like "Queen's Palace in the Wood," which calls to mind the fabled abode of the Sleeping Beauty. This dainty villa is picturesquely located on the edge of a magnificent park just out of the Dutch capital. Lost to sight amid the rich foliage of the trees, when finally it comes into view, it dawns on the delighted vision like a veritable fairy palace.

Another of Wilhelmina's residences is the hideous old royal palace at Amsterdam, built on a foundation of 13,650 piles, and frowning gloomily from a central square of that busy city. Here it was that Hortense de Beauharnais, while Queen of Holland, held her brilliant court with true French magnificence. The immense ball-room in which she was wont to tread a stately measure with the gay courtiers is

still shown to visitors; and a splendid room it is! We could but wonder how she kept warm in those gorgeous but draughty apartments! Our jovial guide, in a very doubtful lingo of mixed Dutch, French, and German, proudly drew our attention to an American stove, quite lost to view in a corner of the great hall. The palace is now kept open mainly as a show place, for it is inhabited during only three days of the year. At that time the two queens repair in state to Amsterdam, where they review the Dutch fleet on the Zuyder Zee.

A year or two ago, Wilhelmina and her mother visited England, Queen Emma being a sister of the widowed Duchess of Albany. Their visit was of a private nature, and the little Queen enjoyed going about as other persons do, shopping to her heart's content, without fear of recognition. The two queens were present on the opening day of the Royal Academy. And upon leaving Burlington House, it was noticed that the Queen Regent stood aside for her daughter to enter the carriage first; but the little Queen smiled, and sweetly said:

"After you, mama."

Of course, Wilhelmina was received by Queen Victoria, but with semi-state only. Indeed, this meeting of these two queens is said to be unique in history. The youthful Queen of Holland journeyed down to Windsor Castle, where she was graciously welcomed and embraced as a sister sovereign by her hostess, Queen Victoria.

Almost any day the little Queen and her mother may be seen driving in the pretty streets of The Hague. Their carriage is noticeable only for the royal liveries, which are rather conspicuous. The Dutch people are fond and proud of their two queens, but do not show them that exaggerated deference that a less democratic nation might. They are treated much as we treat the President of the United States.

I remember being in the beautiful Dutch capital one summer when Queen Wilhelmina returned from a visit to Germany. The newspapers commented gladly upon the expected arrival, and a goodly crowd hung about the palace. Finally the royal party came, accompanied by a considerable suite. The little Queen was simply but becomingly dressed. She bowed and smiled with winsome grace

to her devoted subjects, but hurried into the palace, thereby causing some disappointment. Either Queen Emma spoke to her on the subject, or else Wilhelmina herself repented of her shyness, for a few minutes later her pretty face appeared at a window, and she waved a most cordial greeting to the people below. Another time we saw her riding along the beach at Scheveningen, a famous watering-place three miles from The Hague. The young Queen wore a plain habit of bottle-green cloth, surmounted by a coquettish little hat. She was accompanied by her governess, the lord chamberlain, and an equerry. They made an imposing group as they galloped swiftly over the smooth, hard sand of the North Sea shore. It was the height of the Scheveningen season, and hundreds of people were loitering on the perfect beach. A murmur of "The Queen is coming!" arose, and instantly every one was on the alert to catch a glimpse of her. The royal party came tearing along at breakneck speed, the girlish Queen easily in the lead. But as they approached, Wilhelmina good-naturedly drew rein, and graciously returned some of the many salutations offered her; but, being of a retiring nature, she seemed not really to enjoy such public demonstrations.

The queen mother must not be overlooked in our admiration of her newly crowned daughter. She is a German by birth,—the Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont,—and the second wife of bluff old William III., the late King of the Netherlands. Fortunately for the Dutch people, the heir apparent, an unpromising youth, died in Paris some years ago. His little sister, with her native sweetness of disposition and her wise bringing up, gave promise of a beautiful womanhood, and her people are sure she will make a good sovereign.

Since the death of King William, his widow has ably filled the office of regent, and is much beloved. The writer was fortunate enough to be present at the closing of Parliament, and to see Queen Emma drive in state through the capital. The procession was gorgeous in the extreme. There were many grand coaches, each drawn by six or eight handsome horses, richly caparisoned, and a groom at the head of each horse. The route was lined with soldiers.



QUEEN WILHELMINA IN NATIONAL COSTUME

The excitement reached its height when the Queen Regent, gowned in her royal robes, rolled past in her gorgeous coach. The little Queen was not present that day.

A GRAND FINANCIAL BUBBLE.

WHEN Tommy Todd awoke to find the morning coming in,
He rose before the sun, he was so anxious to begin!

For Master Tommy's father, since Tommy begged he would,
Had promised him a nickel, each day, for being good!

The days within a week! —they went a-reeling through his pate!
The days within a month he marked with speed upon his slate!

The days within a year! The days in twenty years! Just there
He stood upon his whirling head, and waved his heels in air.

And oh, from Monday morning till the shades of Monday night
He really tired the family by being *too* polite.

He asked about the price of things, and frowned a moneyed frown;
He took a lordly interest in all the trade in town;

He chose a fancy golf set, the dearest in the store;
A camera and box of tools, and twenty treasures more.

He sauntered by the candy-shop like any duke, that boy!
And slapped his trousers' pockets hard, and glowed with very joy!

Yet when that first week had an end,—however could it be?—
Of days there had been seven, but—of nickels there were *three*!

Our Tommy smiled a lofty smile, to show *he* did n't care;
There was a swagger in his gait, a bluster in his air;

He even tried a reckless tune; but when bed-time drew nigh,
His mother thought she heard him give a sort of smallish sigh!

And when she said, "Good night, my son!" he felt she understood
It's *hard* to earn a nickel, each day, by being good!

Catharine Young Glen.

THE LOST GLASSES.

"OH, Johnny, my laddie, your eyes are young—

Use them for grandma, dear.

My glasses, alas! are lost again;

I've searched for them far and near.

For lack of my glasses, I cannot find

The glasses I lack—'t is true!

Look well, and some one, when *you* are old,

Will do the same for you."

"When I am old, dear grandmama,"

Said Johnny, with roguish eye,

"I s'pose I shall read with glasses, too,

And sometimes lay them by.

But when they're lost, I shall never search

On window-sill, or shelf;

I shall just put my hand on top of my head,

And find 'em there for myself."

Mary A. Gillette.

UNDER THE SEA; THE DRESS AND APPARATUS OF A MODERN DIVER.

BY JAMES CASSIDY.

WHATEVER his will in the matter may be, it is not every man who can become a diver. Neither the full-blooded man nor the man with an unsound heart should for a moment entertain the intention to make diving his regular occupation.

Before dressing our modern diver, and describing his equipment, we will point out how very useful a good diver may really be. Every

screw, become fouled or deranged, from various causes, the diver can always put it in working order. Should the anchor become fouled with the cable-chain of another vessel, the diver can go down and free it, and so avoid the loss of the anchor. In many other cases a diver supplied with the necessary outfit may be instrumental in saving a valuable vessel and cargo by repairing leaks from collisions and

other accidents. Our diver may also be employed in the laying and inspecting of mooring-chains, the clearing of dock-gates and sluice-valves, in inspecting the foundation of bridges, removing obstructions in rivers, entering shafts of mines overflowed with water to clear the outlets, and in the repairing of the pumps. Should a well-pump under water need repairing, a competent diver understanding this branch of engineering can accomplish the repairs with as much ease as though he were on dry land. He can lay tubes and pipes for waterworks under the beds of rivers, enter into and repair gas-holders, descend into dangerous places where foul air and noxious gases have collected, such as the fire-damp in mines or gases in old wells.

Of course, a man undertaking such work must not only be a good diver, but he must also understand his trade — engineering, masonry, carpentry, well-sinking, or bridge-building. In open-sea work he must necessarily be a good seaman. The sponge, pearl, coral, and amber fisheries, as you may imagine, demand the labors of a large staff of expert divers.

We now return from our digression, and, placing our man before us, proceed to dress and equip him. We may first say that the



COMPLETE OUTFIT OF A MODERN DIVER AS HE APPEARS BEFORE HIS HELMET, THE OIL-BELL, STANDING BESIDE THE PUMP THAT WILL FILL HIM WITH AIR. THE HELMET IS BLOWN OFF THE TOP OF THE PUMP.

large vessel is now built of iron, and, in order to keep up the requisite speed, their bottoms require frequent cleaning; also, should the



THE FIRST HELMET MADE FOR DIVING PURPOSES, 1819. THIS FIRST FORM OF HELMET WAS RIVETED TO A DIVING-DRESS THAT COVERED ONLY THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY.



THE LATEST IMPROVED DIVER'S HELMET. IT IS FITTED WITH A TELEPHONE AND WITH AN ELECTRIC LAMP.

dress of a fully equipped diver weighs, in round numbers, one hundred and seventy pounds.

Taking off his every-day garb, the diver pulls on his thick underclothing—a white knitted sweater and trousers, and a pair of ribbed stockings, also white. Should he intend to work in unusually deep water, he puts on two, sometimes three, sets of underclothing, to relieve the pressure of the water.

The woolen clothing donned, the next garment is the diving-dress, measuring, for a man of average height, five feet five inches from the collar to the sole of the foot. This dress is made of solid sheet india-rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill. It has a double collar, the inner one to pull up round the neck, and the outer one, of red india-rubber, to go over the breastplate and form a water-tight joint. The cuffs also are of red india-rubber, and fit tightly round the wrists, making, when secured by the vulcanized india-rubber rings, water-tight joints, at the same time leaving the diver's hands free. In the outer collar twelve holes are bored for securing the breastplate. This is made of tinned copper. The outer edge is of brass, and has twelve screws firmly fitted to it at intervals, and projecting upward. These projections pass through the

corresponding holes in the outer collar of the dress.

The band of the breastplate is in four sections, and the holes in the sections pass over the projecting screws, and are secured in place by wing-nuts or thumb-screws, as the illustration shows. A little careful consideration will make it clear that the dress is held in position by its rubber collar, with the aid of the breastplate-flange and wing-nuts.

The upper edge of the breastplate is fitted with a neck-ring and a segmental screw. The use of this we shall presently explain.

The boots are of stout leather, with leaden soles, and are secured over the instep by buckles and straps. The pair weighs thirty-two pounds—four pounds over the quarter of a hundredweight. The lead soles are firmly attached by copper rivets. The tongues of the boots are very wide. Boots intended for rough work are fitted with metal toe-caps. Thus far—underclothing, dress, breastplate, and boots—is our diver arrayed. He has now to be weighted. Lead weights of forty pounds each, shield- or heart-shaped, are suspended back and front by means of gun-metal clips, and studs or tabs, and lashings. He has now only to put on his helmet and to affix the air-pipe.

The helmet, like the breastplate, is of tinned copper, and is fitted with a segment bayonet-screw at the neck, corresponding to that mentioned as belonging to the breastplate. The eighth of a turn, and the helmet is firmly secured, being both air- and water-tight. It has three strong plate-glasses in brass frames, protected by guards, two oval at the sides, and a round one in front. The front can be unscrewed to enable the diver to give orders without removing any other portion of the dress. An outlet-valve is provided at the side or back of the helmet, which the diver can close should he wish to rise to the surface. This valve allows the breathed air to escape, yet prevents the entrance of the water.

At the side of the front glass is a mechanical arrangement for getting rid of the excess of air, and it also assists, when the back outlet-valve is closed, in regulating the expansion of the dress in rising to the surface. There is also an inlet-valve, and this is constructed so as to allow the air to enter, but not to escape in case of a break in the air-pipe. The air-pipe is made in lengths of from forty-five to sixty feet, fitted together by means of gun-metal joints. Securely connected with the helmet by means of the inlet-valve and an elbow-tube, the other end of the air-pipe is fitted on to the nozzle of the air-delivering diving-pump.

His leather belt is buckled on; his knife, well sharpened, and of good strong steel, covered with a metal case to keep it dry and intact, is slung upon it; and after taking a drink, or a little light refreshment, the word is given, "All right," the face-glass screwed on, and receiving a tap on the helmet as a signal to descend, down he goes by rope or ladder, either of which must be weighted at the bottom.

Each diver, while under water, requires a signalman to hold his life-line (that is, the line fastened round his waist, by which he is hauled up) and the air-pipe, both of which should be kept just taut, so that any movements of the diver may be felt. The signalman is of the utmost importance to the diver; indeed, to use the words of a diver with whom we recently talked, he is *his life*. He must exercise the utmost vigilance all the time that the diver is down. Should the attendant give one pull on the life-line, it signifies, "How are you getting

on?" If all is well, the diver gives an answering pull to reassure those above. Two pulls on the air-pipe, given by the diver, mean "More air" (pump faster); and so on throughout the code of signals.

In addition to the signal-code, modern invention has adapted and utilized the telephone, and a speaking-apparatus for men working at a depth of sixty feet or more is frequently used. It has been adopted in Great Britain by the Admiralty, the War Office, and the School of Military Engineering. The electric light also is now employed by divers working at a depth beyond twenty feet.

But diving appliances do not end here. The diver is sometimes required to fire charges of dynamite under water, in order, perhaps, to blow up a wreck or blast away a rock or other obstruction; and for this work electric-exploders are prepared. The diver engaged upon a wreck also requires salvage-pumps for pumping out the water from the sunken vessels. Some vessels, once wrecks, thanks to good and true work of the plucky divers, are now in use again. The "Austral," of the Orient Line, which capsized in Sydney harbor, Australia, is one of these vessels. After finding the wreck, the diver has to repair her and then pump out the water before he secures her for hauling; and all this work is no easy matter, accomplished, as it must needs be, below the water, and frequently at a fearful depth, and, of course, with a tremendous pressure upon the body.

Among British battle-ships now afloat, raised after foundering, are the "Howe" and the "Sultan."

"The Sultan," said one of the divers who worked upon her, "was a difficult job. She was fearfully damaged, and needed much repairing before she could be raised."

She was saved at last, however, by an Italian firm who have trained men, steamers, and everything necessary to raise huge wrecks. The Howe was recovered by a Swedish company.

"But why should British wrecks be rescued by foreigners? Are there no Britons capable of doing the work?" we asked the English diver.

"No; there is no really organized salvage company in Great Britain; we have no steamers and no appliances fit to cope with such wrecks as



TWO DIVERS IN THEIR SUITS AT WORK NEAR A WRECK.

the Howe or the Sultan, and so we are obliged to call upon foreign companies to do the work."

Some of the experiences of the divers are well worth recording, as we soon discovered by a chat with one of them.

"I don't know that I've anything particular to tell you," he began, "nothing that you'd consider exciting; now if I were Lambert, the famous British diver, I could tell you many stories of adventure under the water."

reach the hold of the wreck, or even her deck. 'It's a sheer impossibility,' they said.

"Well, it may be," said Lambert; "but I mean to have a try, at all events, now that I've come so far"; and so, dressing, he went down. Forty minutes expired, and then came the signal, 'Haul up,' and he was brought to the surface.

"It's all right," he declared; "the gold is there; but there'll be some difficulty in recovering it."

"Meantime the Spaniards were talking to-



RAISING A SUNKEN SHIP. PHOTOGRAPH FROM A DRAWING SHOWING THE OPERATION OF SAVING THE HULK OF THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR "EURYDICE," WHICH SANK IN A SQUALL OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, MARCH, 1878, WHEN 300 LIVES WERE LOST. CHAINS ARE PASSED UNDER THE KEEL, ATTACHED TO TWO VESSELS, AND THEN GRADUALLY HAULED IN.

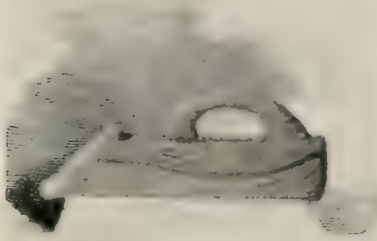
A little coaxing, and we soon prevailed upon the brave fellow to talk about the submarine life.

"I take it," he said, "that pluck and luck help materially in the making of an efficient diver. Some time ago Mr. Lambert and I—Lambert was then Messrs. Siebe & Gorman's chief diver—were sent out to survey a wreck supposed to contain a considerable amount of specie. Spanish divers—brave fellows, and capital men at their art—had been trying before us, but declared that it was quite impossible to

gether rapidly, and one of our engineers heard their discourse. 'Do you know what they are saying?' he asked. 'It is that Lambert never reached the wreck at all—that he is only pretending to have done so.'

"Oho!" exclaimed Lambert, "so that's their idea, is it? Well, we'll soon correct that." And in spite of entreaties to the contrary, and the fact that he had been forty minutes under water at an unusual depth, he put on again his diving-apparatus, and made a second descent, the Spaniards looking on in amazement.

"Forcing his way to the steward's pantry, he took from a rack a tea-cloth marked with the name of the ship, and, pushing it into his belt, gave the signal, 'Haul up!' I was keenly watching, and espied the cloth in his belt. Seizing it,



A CARPENTER'S PLANE RECOVERED AFTER 250 YEARS FROM A SHIP OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, SUNK IN VIGO BAY. THE BLADE WAS AT THE FRONT END.

I waved it round my head; and the Spaniards, understanding in a moment what had been done, cheered and applauded lustily, subsequently thronging around Lambert and begging a thousand pardons of the brave fellow for their former skepticism. And so belief in English pluck was confirmed."

Gruesome sights meet the eyes of many of the wrecking-divers. Some idea of this may,



WHEEL OF A PULLEY-BLOCK RECOVERED, AFTER BEING 295 YEARS UNDER WATER, FROM THE SHIP "MARY ROSE," WRECKED JULY 20, 1545, DURING THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND.

perhaps, be formed when we record the statement of one of the divers engaged, some years ago, in surveying the wreck of the unfortunate

vessel H. M. S. "Dotterel." By some means or other, either fair or foul, an awful disaster occurred to the Dotterel. She was blown up off Sandy Point, Magellan Straits, and totally destroyed, one hundred and forty men and officers being killed. When the wreck was discovered it was lying in twelve fathoms (or seventy-two feet) of water. "The ensign," said one of the engineers who went to examine the wreck, "was half-mast high, looking as if it was mourning for the killed, and I hoisted it up again, not caring to go about my work under a half-mast flag. The system of work was this: We commenced at daylight, which was at 7:30 in the morning,

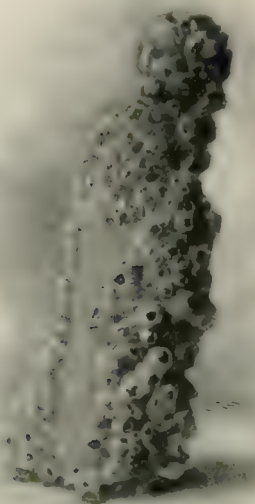


STOCK OF A MARINE'S MUSKET, A CARPENTER'S Mallet, AND THREE COINS, AFTER BEING 129 YEARS UNDER WATER. RECOVERED FROM THE BRITISH SHIP "EDGAR," BLOWN UP OFF SPITHEAD IN 1711.

and worked until dark, between 4:30 and 5. We generally used to stop for an hour in the middle of the day. We worked under water from two to three hours at a spell, and then came up for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and went down again. We worked every day for five weeks. As a rule, four divers were at work all the time, and they recovered the whole of the ship's armament, including six heavy guns and two machine-guns, her anchors, chains, cables, spars, yards, and a variety of other things."

Divers frequently prefer to work without artificial light. "They become actually like blind men, the sense of feeling becoming very acute; and, working from day to day as they do, they are, after some practice, wonderfully quick at the work they have to perform." In the case of the wreck of the steamship "Caledonian," the men actually took the engines to pieces under water, and sent them up; also the boilers; and this was done in total darkness.

The fish in some waters are a hindrance, and are greatly disliked by the diver. Perhaps



AN OLD GLASS BOTTLE ENCRUSTED WITH SMALL SHELLS, FOUND BY A DIVER, IN 80 FEET OF WATER, OFF THE DANISH COAST

the diver's worst foe is the conger-eel. This creature attacks in swarms, and is most daring and exceedingly voracious. The congers bark like dogs, and never hesitate in the least to bite a man.

"At one time my right hand," said a diver to us, "was exposed for a moment while in the water, when one of these fierce creatures made a dash for it, and took a large piece from the back of the hand. It bled freely, and I was obliged to come up to the surface and get it dressed."

"But how about the sharks? Don't you find them troublesome?" I asked.

"Not very. You see, sharks are like rats: leave them alone, and they run away if they catch sight of you. Corner a shark, and he will fight. But if you want a shark story, I can give you one of Lambert's; he once had a thrilling fight with one at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. He had been sent to the island of Diego Garcia to fix copper sheets on a coal-hulk that had been fouled by a steamer, and

was annoyed during his operations by the same shark for nearly a week. The monster was temporarily scared away, however, every time Lambert opened the escape-valve in his helmet and allowed some air to rush out. One day Lambert signaled to his attendants for a big sheath-knife and a looped rope. Having these, Lambert used his bare hand as a bait, and waited until the shark commenced to turn on its back, when he stabbed it repeatedly, passed the noose round its body, and signaled for it to be drawn up. The diver brought home the shark's backbone as a trophy."

In Mr. Gorman's private museum, the visitor may inspect many interesting relics. A large number came from the wreck of the "Royal George," which went down in 1782. Looking through the glass protecting the relics, we saw a portion of the sword recovered from Admiral Kempenfelt's cabin. It was quite in halves,



AN ANCIENT GREEK LAMP, FOUND BY GREEK SPONGE-FISHERS OFF SYRA, IN 140 FEET OF WATER. THIS BRONZE LAMP IS ABOUT 2200 YEARS OLD. A ROUND SPONGE IS GROWING OUT OF THE TOP.

and was gradually crumbling. "For six years the divers worked on that wreck," we were told. "Indeed, that may be considered as the commencement of divers' work. It was at that time (1839) that Mr. Augustus Siebe invented the modern diving-dress. The work on that

wreck was difficult and dangerous. The divers not only worked at a great depth and with a flowing tide, but the actual scene of their labors was covered with thick mud, in which were embedded large timbers and guns, iron and shingle ballast, and a thousand other obstacles."

An ornamental vase, fashioned from the timber and metal of the Royal George, occupies a conspicuous place in the museum. In the cup of the vase and across it are arranged such relics from the wreck as an old clay pipe, Kempenfelt's cup and spoon, an old boot and pistol, and on the top of all a silk handkerchief which had been eighty-four years at the bottom of the sea.

Close by is a carpenter's plane found in the wreck of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, sunk in Vigo Bay. It is made of beech-wood, with the plover in front.

An ancient drinking-cup found in the harbor of Alexandria, during diving operations, we thought particularly interesting.

We examined with some curiosity a portion of the rock on which H. M. S. Howe struck at Ferroll. It was blasted away from inside the ship by means of dynamite.

Specimens of pearls and shells from the Western Australian pearl-fisheries are shown. One very large shell, of a quality worth quite five hundred dollars a ton, particularly claimed our attention. While gathering information upon the subject of these pearl-fisheries, we learned that the Japanese make excellent divers. They are little men, and exceedingly frugal in their habits of life, and both these points tell in the diver's favor.

Certainly the bottom of the sea would seem to be the place to which to send ugly black bottles for artistic embellishment, to judge by the appearance of a bottle found by a diver off the Danish coast in eighty feet of water. Adhering to it are scores of limpets, grouped in most effective style, and completely transforming the bottle.

Another pleasing trophy of the diver's art, and one much coveted by the British Museum,

is in this unique collection. It is a Greek lamp, which was found off the coast of Syra, and is supposed to date from about 300 B. C. It is of elegant form and in excellent condition. The authorities of the British Museum offered a good round sum for the lamp, but it was refused by its owner, who, however, stated that he might eventually leave it by will to the museum, as it would then be well guarded. Growing from the lip of the vase is a beautiful sponge, perfect in form.

An old sword attracted our notice. It was originally a French officer's sword, and was found on the wreck of the French man-of-war "L'Orient," the admiral's flag-ship, which blew up during the fight with Nelson's ships, at the battle of the Nile, on August 1, 1798, and was recovered in 1890 — nearly a hundred years later.

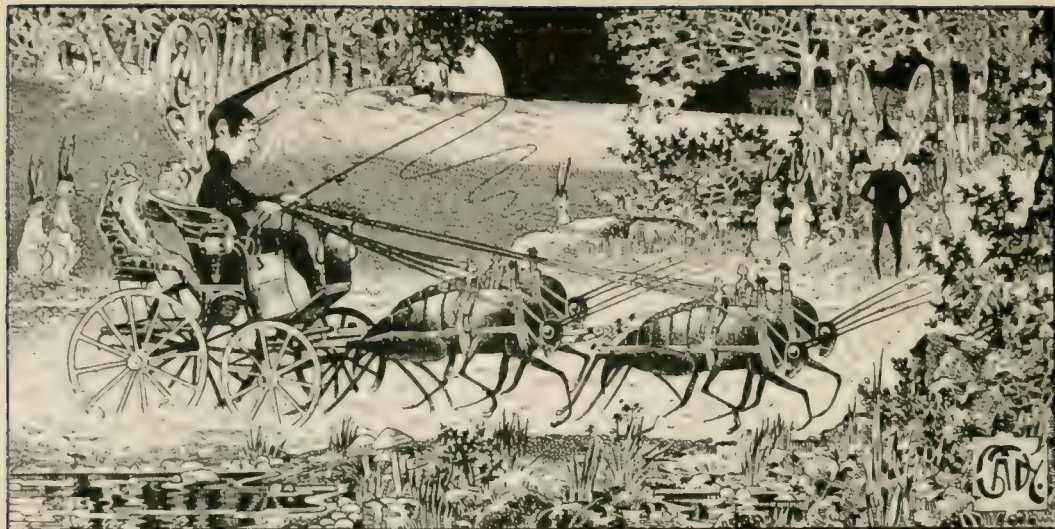
Three walking-sticks, made from portions of the masts of the Royal George, the "Victory," and the "Mary Rose" — the latter vessel sank off Spithead — are, of course, of historic interest.

In one of the glass cases we saw quite a modern-looking ink-bottle, and reading the label appended to the relic, we learned that it had been rescued from the wreck of the steamship "Utopia," which was lost in going into Gibraltar Roads at night. She ran across the ram of one of the men-of-war. She was raised and brought home.

In spite of the hardships of a diver's life, and his numerous perils, but a very small percentage meet with their deaths through their strange occupation. Hardy, one of the oldest of the divers, is still alive. He worked on the Royal George. He is eighty-three years of age, and followed his peculiar business for forty-five years. He is now in receipt of a small pension, and enjoying the evening of his days in peace and quietness.

A good diver who understands a trade can earn with ease eighteen shillings (four dollars) a day, besides a percentage upon all specie and valuables recovered.

The hours are few. Divers seldom work longer than from four to seven hours daily.



A FOUR-IN-HAND IN FAIRY-LAND.

THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

XIII.

"WELL, I made a fozzle at the tenth, and heeled the ball, and landed in a bunker; but I took a good stance and got a strong grip on my mashie and —"

It was History that spoke, and in a stranger language than ever. Quiz had won his name by earning it, and he alone of all the dumb-struck Dozen had strength enough to break in with a question. He grasped the nearest strange word, and queried:

"Say, History, what's a 'mashie'?"

"Why," said History, superiorly, "a mashie is a straight-faced niblick."

Ten of the boys had only breath enough to gasp in chorus:

"Whew!"

But Quiz, winking at them, went on calmly:

"And what under the sun is a 'niblick'?"

And History answered in scornful tones:

"Why, I thought everybody knew that a niblick is a narrow-headed iron to be used when you get in a whin."

And then no one dared ask what a "whin" might be, and all History saw was a little cloud of dust raised by twenty-two heels, and all he heard was a feeble chorus of "Good day!"

The rest of the Dozen had fled for their lives.

History was bad enough when he stuck to the English dictionary, but now he had gone mad—or, to be Scotch, he had gone "daffy"—over golf.

Golf appealed to History particularly for three reasons. In the first place, it had so many new, hard words that came easy to him, and that none of the other boys in Lakerim could understand. In the second, it required no running or jumping.

"And besides, it is a venerable game—a very venerable game," said History. "They had it in Scotland before they had firearms."

"Yes," said Jumbo; "if they had had fire-arms first, the man that invented golf would never have lived to know what struck him."

At first the boys called History a snob, and made all manner of second-rate jokes about his mania; but he reminded them of how they had imported hockey, and used such a fearful and wonderful vocabulary in trying to explain to them the charms of the game that they finally thought it best to leave him to himself.

And so he practised at the game like the serious-minded old gentleman he was. He went about swiping at all the pebbles with a shinny-club he had borrowed of Jumbo, and he bought him a volume or two on the science of the game. He called them "text-books"! He got him a couple of well-made clubs from an old Highlander who had settled in Lakerim, and went at golf with as much seriousness as if there were a diploma to win.

He carried his book with him; and he would read a passage, and then stick the book into his pocket, and try to put into practice what he had read. At first he missed the golf-ball with surprising regularity, and either cut the turf or "raised large welts on the atmosphere," as Tug said. Finally he "found the ball," as they say in base-ball; but now it always went in some direction far from the one he aimed at.

But he would not be discouraged, and at length his natural awkwardness was worn away until he was able to strike the ball squarely and fairly. Yet now, hard as his weak arms smote it, it would roll only a few feet. But in time he learned that the secret of the golf stroke is not so much in the force of the blow as in the length of the swing before and after the club strikes the ball. The knack of "following the stroke through," as good golfers phrase it, is half the game.

So at length History was enabled to conquer the temptation to bat the ball, and he learned rather to sweep it away, carrying the club on after it in line with the flight of the ball.

History had this advantage over more athletic fellows in learning golf: he was willing to begin right, and improve slowly but steadily along the correct way, instead of beginning with quick and only fairly good results, accomplished in bad form and never improved upon.

And now History began to try other clubs; and though he did not place his reliance on having the full set of nineteen, he learned the need of seven, and these he got of the old Scot, who "turned" them for him from pure love of the cause, and who gave the boy the necessary iron clubs for the price of certain old school-books which History sold sorrowfully enough.

He had to be his own "caddie" and carry his own bag of clubs at first, until a certain girl of Lakerim—she thought History the greatest boy living—insisted upon wandering around the fields and carrying the clubs for him. History's reason for admiring the girl, by the way, was the fact that her first name was the high-sounding title Sophronisba (her last name it was Jones), and—oh, yes, he had one other reason for admiring her, and that was that she knew enough to admire him.

That fall, History was invited to spend a few days at the country club made famous forevermore by the great victories at tennis won by Pretty—who, it is high time to tell, was soon up and about, after his sprained ankle had laid aside its bandages.

Now, it happened that the High Moguls of the great and glorious Tri-State Interscholastic League were to have their annual fall meeting at this same country club.

The Lakerim athletes felt that, having defeated every member of the Interscholastic League in some game or other, they were fairly entitled to a membership in the League. While the Dozen had by no means won every game they had played, they had proved to the satisfaction of some of the members of the League that they were too important to be left out any longer. "For," Tug argued, "the champion of the League can't very well call itself champion over three States when one of the States contains a high-school club that has walloped it."

But other members of the League felt that an academy was so much superior to a high school that a high school had no right to associate with an academy. These members were too strong to be voted down, and it looked very much as if the Dozen would have to continue a lonely career indefinitely.

But the boys were so proud of the club-

house, now almost completed, that they determined to make a hard fight to force their way into the League; and they planned to send delegates to the convention to make a powerful appeal for admission to membership.

At this moment History received his invitation to visit the country club; and up spoke Jumbo, saying:

"If we make History our delegate to the convention of the League, we'll save ourselves from spending a lot of money we have n't got; and, besides, if History once gets the floor, he'll talk them so deaf, dumb, and blind that they will vote us into the League before they know what they're doing."

On these rather uncomplimentary grounds History was unanimously appointed a delegate—he called himself "Envoy Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary."

"That's right," sang out Sawed-Off. "Just shake the dictionary through a coal-sieve, as the fellow said; don't let any little words creep into your speech, History, and they'll give you whatever you ask."

And so History went; and he found the convention assembled; and he got permission to make a speech, after some difficulty.

History's argument began at the year One, and followed the history of the world pretty closely down to date, bringing in telling allusions to Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Themistocles (History called him "Themmy-stockles").

History was satisfied that he had made a deep impression, and he went out of the room proud of his oratory, and blissfully ignorant of the fact that even the friends of the Lakerim cause had grown indignant that the Dozen had sent such a long-winded, long-worded delegate to torment the League.

Out of the club-house History wandered, and thinking that such a mental effort deserved some physical relaxation, sent one of the club's caddies after his golf-bag, and went forth upon the links, seeking whom he might persuade to a game.

At the very beginning of the links he found one of the best golfers in the club—a big, brawny athlete named Campbell. He was making a few practice shots, and was watched by a crowd of admirers, many of them good

players whom he had defeated, and who did not now dare to pit their skill against his. To him in his solitary grandeur little History came as Jack the Giant-Killer to the ogre, and him History challenged as a Lilliputian might have dared Gulliver to "put up his dukes."

The giant looked down at History and grinned, and looked at the crowd, and they grinned. But this giant was like almost all the giants I have ever met, a good-natured fellow, and it struck him that History was better than nobody at all to play with, and that perhaps he might teach History a few things that would be of value to him. So he accepted the boy's challenge gracefully, and soon the game was on.

Golf, as not everybody knows even at this day, when it has become one of the best-liked games in America, is played on a course, or "links," of irregular ground, of nine or eighteen holes, each about four inches wide and six inches deep, placed at irregular distances upon it.

The object of the game is to knock the ball successively into each of the holes in the fewest number of shots. It is a sort of magnificent croquet, with holes instead of wickets and posts, and with those holes from one to four hundred yards apart, so that the ball moves a distance of three to four miles when most scientifically played, and many times that distance when "duffers" are playing. Like lawn-tennis, golf is looked upon as a lazy and silly game until it is once played, and thereafter it is likely to become a mania, and to put mind and body to a severe test.

Around each hole should be a smooth space of about twenty yards (called the "putting-green"), for careful strokes. Between some of the holes there are various obstacles, such as deep sand-pits, long grass, and pools of water. These are mean places to get the ball into and out of, and they are well called "hazards," or, loosely, "bunkers."

Before the first shot for each hole, the ball is placed on a little mound of sand or earth, called the "tee," so that it may be driven off with a good long swipe. After this it is struck from wherever it lies, and gradually driven to the putting-green about the next hole. Here the effort is to knock the ball into the hole for which it

is intended. Once in a hole, the number of strokes is noted on a score-card, and the player walks to the next tee-ing ground; a new tee is built, and the ball is placed on it and knocked toward the next hole.

So now History's opponent, Campbell, is patting into shape a little tee, and placing his golf-ball gingerly upon it, and now he is standing alongside of the ball. He is making a few preliminary waggles to prepare for an accurate shot. And now the club goes back with a great swing over his head and almost to his left shoulder, and then it comes swishing through the air, catching the ball squarely, as the head of the club is on the rise, and sending it flashing through the air. But the stroke does not stop, as a base-ball batsman's does, when it meets the ball. It follows on after it until the player is swung almost off his feet, while the club goes round and finishes the circle.

It was a superb drive that Campbell had made, and there was a chorus of "ahs" and "ohs" from the crowd that watched him.

And now History is building the tee for his own golf-ball; and the crowd that was so consumed with admiration for Campbell has little interest in seeing the diminutive History make a "foozle." Some of them turn away, while the rest look on listlessly. But some of these are good enough players to note that History addresses the ball in surprisingly good form, that he also gives a long swing to his club, and follows the stroke through. They note with surprise that, while there is not muscle enough back of the club to send the drive as far as Campbell's, yet the ball has been struck neither with the heel nor with the toe of the "driver," but has been sent through on a bee-line for a goodly distance. So they decide to follow and see what the little shaver is good for, after all.

The distance to the first hole was a good four hundred yards up hill and down, and Campbell brought himself finally a few yards from the putting-green in four shots. He made an "approach" that landed the ball within two feet of the hole, and he was out, or "down," in six.

History, though feebler in the biceps than Campbell, was right at his heels. He made a

brilliant approach shot, that landed him on the putting-green so comfortably close to the little cup that he too "holed" out in six, and halved the hole with Campbell.

Campbell looked the picture of amazement as he stooped down to build the little tee of earth for his next drive. He was so surprised at being tied by the diminutive rival to whom he had intended to teach the game that he built his tee too high, and miscalculated on his drive, so that, catching the ball too low, he sent it high up into the air, and the strong wind that was blowing across the links took it far out of its course and landed it in a sandy spot he had hoped to avoid.

History, however, built his tee carefully, and addressed the ball with great care before he struck it, and then took advantage of the breeze, and drove the ball slightly into the wind, so that it was rather a help than a hindrance.

Campbell found his golf-ball snugly nestling in a little bunker of sand; he made a bad effort to "loft" it out, and succeeded in sending it only a few feet.

On his second shot History also found himself bunkered; but he purposely struck the ground in front of the ball, and though the stroke tore up the sand, it caught the ball nicely on the center and drove it far and true. Campbell, however, was playing in hard luck, and when he finally reached the putting-green he missed the put, overplayed the hole, and had to spend a seventh stroke before he had landed the ball in the cup.

History, on the other hand, had made a businesslike approach and a cautious put, and was down in five.

Having won this hole, History had the "honor," and made the first drive for the next. He played his strokes so that the ball was kept close to the ground and was hardly hampered by the wind. Campbell, however, was still so disconcerted at the unexpected good form of the pygmy from Lakerim that he failed to heed the warning of the wind, and made no accounting for its force in his long, high shots.

On the third hole he was not down until the eighth shot, while History holed out in six.

On one course Campbell had holed out in seven, while History found himself barely on the edge of the putting-green at his sixth

shot. The only thing to save him would be a remarkable put that would land his golf-ball in the hole in one shot. He bethought him of a new style of putting, invented by an American; for you may be sure that no institution, serious or sporty, is so venerable or so highly finished that some American will not make some improvement in it.

Once on the putting-green, every golf-player has a style of his own. Some use one hand, some use two; some stand in a soldierly attitude, some cower down over the ball like frogs; some grasp the shaft of the club at the bottom, some at the top; some use the club like a spoon, some like a whisk-broom; some players do not use a golf-club at all, but a croquet-mallet, or even a billiard-cue: anything and everything is tried that may wheedle the ball the short distance across the putting-green into the little tin cup of a hole.

But the new method that History used was not in the choice of a new weapon, but in the manner of handling the old. He stood facing the hole squarely back of the ball. The left hand rested on his hip, and the right hand held the club lightly. The ball was rapped smartly, not with the face of the club, but with the back of it, after a slight pendulum motion to and fro over it to get the exact line. With this method History could put the ball as accurately as if the turf were a green billiard-cloth and the club a cue.

It was in these two things—the approach and the put—that History excelled. He was not exceptionally good at the drive, because he was too young to have acquired a very full swing, and in the approach shot a three-quarters swing is the best one used. On the approach shot his backward swing was, indeed, shorter than that of many a player, but after the ball was struck he followed it through with an unusually long swing, so that the ball was hit accurately, flew close to the ground, and stopped short. In the putting, History's delicacy and his caution were the causes of his success, and saved him many an extra shot. He not only religiously obeyed the first commandment of golf, "Keep your eye on the ball," but, since he wore spectacles, he "managed to keep four eyes on the ball," as a looker-on said.

To describe a game of golf to readers that are not very familiar with it requires the use of almost as many strange, dark words as it would to deliver a lecture on the Greek language to an audience that did not know *alpha* from *omega*. So now I am afraid that the great game History played before these people cannot be described at length without talking a lot of gibberish that would only grow the more gibberish-ish the farther I got.

Therefore I will not say a word about the way he was trapped by a sand-bunker on his drive from the fifth tee, and got out neatly with the niblick on the second shot; bowled over the second bunker beautifully with his mashie, and with a fine brassie laid the ball dead on the hole in three, and holed out in four; I will not mention the fact that Campbell, who relied on his strong drive and on his cuts, found the wind to be a worse rival than the stranger from Lakerim.

You must live your life out, if you can, in eternal ignorance of this famous game, and you must go about your business, knowing nothing except that whenever History lost a point or two he made it up at once, and that usually when he could not win he did not lose, but halved the hole; so that the game hung in the balance until the very last drive on the very last hole,—the eighteenth,—when History brought down the house, or rather brought down "all outdoors," with a wonderful put in the American method, that left Campbell, with his Scotch-English putting, in the lurch, and gave the delegate from the Dozen a lasting reputation at that country club.

When History had won the game and the applause of the crowd, which had by now grown very large, he remembered that no answer had been given to the invitation which the Lakerim Athletic Club had given itself to join the Tri-State Interscholastic League. So he tore himself away from the crowd without seeing the hands stretched out to shake his, and, thinking only of catching the train for Lakerim, ran to the club-house to learn what action had been taken on the all-important question.

All this time the town of Lakerim was in a great stew of excitement over the opening of the club-house of the Dozen; for the new home

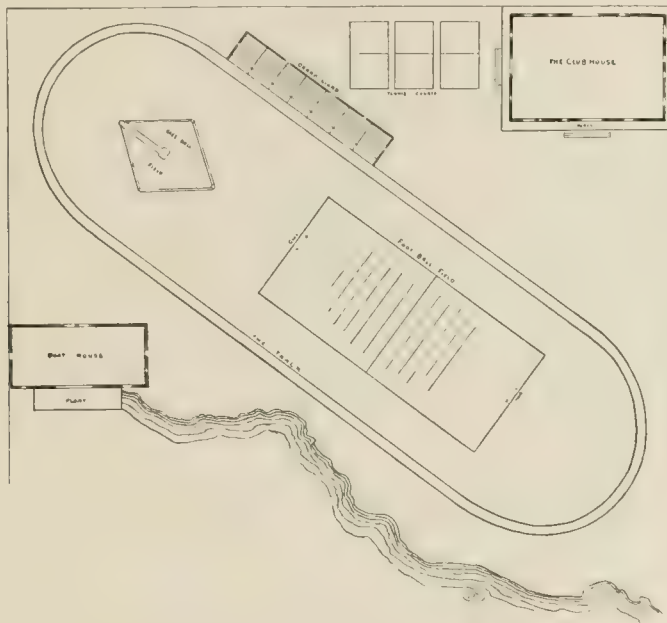
of the Twelve had put on its outside and inside coats and its hat, and was so nearly ready for business that the members of the club unanimously decided to have a house-warming without any further delay.

The club-house stood in all its beauty—and modest as it was, it was a beauty, and it was all that such a house should be—the club-house stood in the corner of a great, square field that had been cleared and leveled and rolled and mapped out to accommodate all of the out-

club-house so that it should contain the greatest possible room and convenience at the least possible cost.

The basement was given over to bowling-alleys and bath-rooms and lockers, with space between them for a bricked and netted court in which the club could practise tennis, or baseball or basket-ball in the winter.

And there was at one end a long, narrow pool of water in which the men could swim, or the boat crew practise as soon as the club



PLAN OF THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB GROUNDS.

door games that the Twelve might want to practise out of doors. The map of the field will show you better than I can tell you how the running-track was made to fill all the available space, leaving inside it room for a base-ball diamond at one end and a foot-ball field at the other, with one cozy grand stand that served for both; how three perfect tennis-courts were tucked into one corner left vacant by the oval-shaped track, and how a picturesque and well-equipped little boat-house fronted on the lake in the other corner, so that the club was indeed a "Lakerim" club.

It would take an architect to tell you how Sawed-Off's father had skilfully designed the

had earned money enough to pay for putting in a stationary boat.

The first floor was devoted to a gymnasium, not very liberally equipped, but yet with chest-weights, and rowing-machines, and ladders, and stationary bicycles, and horizontal bars, and trapezes, Indian clubs of all sizes and dumb-bells of all weights, fencing-foils, single sticks, and boxing-gloves to reach every muscle in every body.

The front of this floor and the next were given over to reading-rooms, rooms for checkers and chess and all that tribe of games, and to rooms where the club or its committees could meet to debate any of the solemn problems that might

come up before it. Up-stairs was a gallery with a running-track, tilted at the turns, and padded.

The club-house was, in fact, an ideal home for an ideal club of boys who were not altogether ideal themselves, perhaps, and yet were very decent fellows, and thorough sportsmen, who had learned in a year of association with one another, and a year of contests with rivals, at least these four virtues, which are, after all, not so common as they well might be:

To do zealously and with all power of mind and body whatever task comes to hand or can be found by search.

To dare much and yet be cautious and thoroughly honest withal.

To take victory modestly and defeat pluckily, determined to improve every success and to repeat no mistake.

And, above all, to be a true sportsman, not a cry-baby or a sneak.

The event of the house-warming found the club-house lighted up inside from basement to roof, and festooned outside with Japanese lanterns and bicycle-lamps. All the Twelve, except History, were there with their best girls, and History was represented by Miss Sophronisba Jones. Besides, there were such new members as the Twelve had found it necessary and desirable to take into the club to share its advantages — and its expenses. There were also the fathers and mothers of such boys as had fathers and mothers, and, in short, all the best people of all ages in the town.

The ceremonies were to open with a grand march, to be led by the president, to the music of the village band, employed at great cost. The band was instructed to strike up Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever!" exactly at eight o'clock; and the village players were just filling their cheeks with wind enough to blow the brass trombones and trumpets inside out when they were ordered to postpone the struggle by the president of the club, who had just left a little crowd where eleven of the Dozen were anxiously discussing History's delay.

Sleepy had suggested that the train was probably late. But B. J. had whispered excitedly: "Perhaps it has been held up by train-robbers."

But Jumbo had grunted: "I'll bet History has n't finished making that speech yet."

But Sawed-Off had said: "I'll bet they won't let him make it, and he has choked to death on some of those big words."

But Reddy and Heady broke out as one: "Maybe they voted not to let us in —"

"And," Tug went on for them, "he's ashamed to come back."

"Or else," suggested Bobbles, "he does n't want to put a damper on our celebration."

The Dozen were worried, and the Dozen were growing blue, and the Dozen began to feel that the club-house and the club and all the things they had been working for so hard for a whole year were n't worth it, after all, if they failed to get into the League.

"I guess I will postpone the march a while longer," said Tug, sadly.

So they waited and waited, and worked at their high collars, and looked ashamed and embarrassed, and kept away from their friends.

When the discomfort had grown almost unendurable, and the talk had died out, and everybody was simply waiting, there was a clatter of hurrying feet on the walk outside, and then on the steps to the club-house, and lo! the long-expected History appeared at the door!

He gave just one wild look at the crowd, and then dropped to the ground and began fumbling about the floor. As usual, he had lost his spectacles.

But the Dozen made a dash for him, and refused to let him stop and hunt for them, and hustled him through the crowd, belaboring him with questions like stuffed clubs. History, however, kept silent and answered never a word until he reached a clear space on the floor. Then he faced about, and began, as all good orators do, at the beginning:

"Gentlemen of the Lakerim Athletic Club, and Kind Friends: When, in the course of human events —"

Here Quiz broke out: "Do we get in?"

This embarrassed History so that he skipped three pages in the oration he had written down on the train, and went on:

"Secondly, a careful study of the world's history —"

"*Do we get in?*" shouted Quiz and Jumbo.

Again History's speech slipped several cogs.

"The famous philosopher, Socrates, said —"

"Hang Socrates! what did the League say?" cried Quiz and Jumbo and the twins.

And now History was compelled to rebuke them with a request that they wait until he got to that point. But the whole Dozen sang out:

"Tell us now, and finish your speech afterward!"

History gave a little groan of annoyance, and remarked carelessly:

"They said they guessed they'd have to let us in."

But now that he had let the cat out of the bag, when he tried to go on with his speech what he said was drowned in the wild uproar of delight of the eleven and their friends, the band struck up the music, and the grand march began.

First came Tug, arm in arm with Mr. Mills, the young lawyer whose services had entitled him to this honor. After him followed Jumbo, with Carrie Shields in tow; and then Pretty, with Enid at his side, both very fine to look upon. Then came Quiz, with Cecily Brown, and asking her if the clubhouse was n't "simply great?" And next was Bobbles, with the girl Betsy, after whom he had named his famous sled. And then came B. J., with a freckle-faced little girl whom he usually thought of as a princess carried away by a band of Indians, and whom he frequently rescued, single-handed and with great slaughter, in his imagination. Then Sleepy appeared, dragged along by the lively and vivacious girl who stood next to baseball in his heart. After them came Reddy and Heady, one on either side of the same girl. They had quarreled over her until, to avoid a scene, she had decided to go along with both.

History was about to be left out of the parade in his solemn determination to finish his speech;

but when Sophronisba Jones realized that she was the only one in all the crowd that was listening to the pearls of thought he was offering, she seized him by the arm and hurried him



"HE ACCEPTED THE BOY'S CHALLENGE GRACEFULLY."

into line just before the rest of the crowd paired off and followed in the wake of the Dozen.

So they went, sons and daughters, mothers and fathers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, new members, and all; and they marched up-stairs and down-stairs, and through all the rooms, and in a long string around the running-track. The hearts of the Dozen were beating like tenor drums with rapturous delight, and the band was playing as it had never played before—why, it kept on the key almost half the time!

When the triumphal procession had thus

marched all about the club-house, the crowd gathered on the main gymnasium floor to hear a lot of speeches and see a lot of wonderful gymnastic feats by the Dozen, and to perform some wonderful feats itself in the stowing away of ice-cream and cakes, not to mention lemonade colored pink for the occasion.

Then the Dozen got together in the center of the floor, and gave three cheers for everything they could think of, until, to celebrate the end

of the old year and the beginning of the new, they gave a great and glorious club cheer, that roared up to a grand climax and broke out like a sky-rocket:

"Lây-krim! Lây-krim! Lây-krim! Hoo-

{rah!
ri!
ro!
ray!
row!
roo!"



THE CLUB-HOUSE

A BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.

BY CHARLES F. W. MIFLATZ.

"CLANG! clang! clang!"

"Fire!"

That is what I heard on Saturday night, October 8, 1871, as, with two other boys, I came out of a theater. When we reached the sidewalk we saw the engines and other fire apparatus tearing along Madison Street toward the west. We set off apace after them. The fire proved to be just west of Madison Street, on Wells Street, now called Fifth Avenue. It was in a large double five-story brick building, the first floor of which was occupied by a grocer's

shop. We boys succeeded in getting a place in the front line of the crowd opposite the burning building, and gave ourselves up to a leisurely enjoyment of the sight.

Many sidewalks in Chicago at that time were built of wood, as they are to some extent even at the present day. As Chicago has been raised bodily out of the mud, the operation of building a street was begun by first making retaining walls on the line of the curb up to the desired grade, and then filling in between. The space left between the retaining walls and the building-

line, twelve or fourteen feet, was generally used as a coal-cellar. Two-inch planks, laid one on the retaining wall and the other on the sill of the house opposite, with a brace or two in the middle, formed the primitive sidewalk.

As I have said already, we three boys had managed to worm our way to the front of the crowd. But the fire soon began to get monotonous. It was one of those unsatisfactory fires that "go up" chiefly in smoke. I was about to say something of the sort to the boys, with a gentle hint that we move on, when there was behind us a sudden commotion, which in a moment broke out into shrieks and groans as the crowd disappeared into the cellar below. The weight of the pushing and struggling mass of people had quite broken down the support

holding on for dear life. I had just succeeded in wriggling myself free from the clutch of the man who held me, when a light in the sky caught my eye.

The French artist Doré, in his most fantas-



THE RAIN OF FIRE

of the inner edge of the sidewalk. Some one seized me as we went down, and I threw my hands out, catching the end of the planks, and

tic moments, could never have depicted a rain of fire like the one I then beheld. The sky was filled with it. It fell on the just and the



"THE HATS FLEW UP INTO THE AIR LIKE SPRAY." (SEE PAGE 995.)

unjust alike, with unrelenting fury. In an instant it flashed across my mind that there was another fire, that it was near and hot, and that it was time to go. Everything about me was in a tumult. Even the firemen forgot for a moment what they were doing, and by mistake turned a stream of water into the tangle of humanity struggling in the coal-cellar.

I shouted to my companions to follow, and darted off in the direction from which the sparks were coming. Whether they heard me or not, I do not know; in fact, I have never seen nor heard of one of them since.

As it may seem strange that a boy should be rushing aimlessly about to fires, without let or hindrance, I am forced to explain, in all humility, that in a moment of thwarted wishes I had taken it upon myself to run away from home, and for the time I was living in lodgings in Chicago, very much my own master. The moral that adorns this tale lies in the fact that I here hold myself up as an awful example of what may happen under such circumstances.

It did not take me long to find that the fire was on the West Side, and that the nearest way to it was across the Adams Street Bridge, toward which I made my way at the top of my speed. I made such good time that when I reached the bridge there was no one in sight but the tenders, who were hard at work sprinkling the bridge with water.

At Adams and Canal streets a sight never to be forgotten burst upon me. The fire had started in the shavings-box of a planing-mill on Canal Street, between Jackson and Van Buren streets. It was burning at a tremendous rate. Awnings, set on fire by falling sparks, were in flames all along Canal Street and for several blocks north of the fire, and men and women were frantically tearing them down. In Canal Street, lumber, piled before the mill, was already on fire, and the street was impassable. As the smoke was getting thicker and thicker, I had to go west to Clinton Street and south to Van Buren Street to get to the windward of the burning buildings.

Gradually I worked my way to the approach of the Van Buren Street Bridge, from which I had a good view of the blaze. The fire next

spread east across Canal Street to a lumber-yard. Through the lumber-yard ran the tracks of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis, and the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railways, with numerous side-tracks where empty cars were standing. These helped to feed the flames.

I realized that I was looking at an extraordinary fire; and I must say that, in my heart, I felt a thrill of gladness that, since the fire had to be, I was there to see it. There were some things, however, that took the edge off my enjoyment. Not far from where I stood there was a pile of lumber, on the top of which stood several firemen directing a hose-pipe. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the lumber began to sway, and, with one resounding crash, toppled over into the river. Fortunately, the firemen were picked up by the crew of a towboat that lay near.

The two blocks bounded on the north by Adams Street, on the west by Clinton Street, and on the east by the south branch of the Chicago River were burned. Jackson Street was cleaned out from Canal to Clinton, and Canal Street, too, from Adams to Van Buren on the south. Curiously enough, a row of wooden buildings two stories high, shops below and tenements above, extending from Canal to Clinton streets, and facing south on Van Buren Street, remained intact. All of the buildings on the east side of Clinton Street and north as

far as the south side of Adams Street were in ruins, as were those on the south side of Adams Street almost to the river.

I was so carried away by excitement that I lost all count of time until I became conscious that the newsboys were calling the familiar "Ex-tr-ry! Full account of the fire!" Then I awoke to the fact that I was both tired and hun-



"A TONGUE OF FLAME SHOT OUT, ROLLED ACROSS THE STREET, AND KINDLED A BARREL, BRINGING WITH IT A SHOWER OF BOOTS AND SHOES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

gry. There were a few pennies in my pocket, and it was not long before I was munching a roll. Then I hurried to my lodgings, dropped into bed, and was sound asleep in a moment.

Taking things as they came, in the careless way of boys, I had not stopped to consider the extent of the destruction I had just seen. I never could have dreamed that, serious as they were, the events of the Saturday night fire furnished a mere prelude to the great fire which broke out on Sunday evening, October 9, the story of whose ruin of life and property sent a shock through the length and breadth of the land.

It was ten o'clock at night when I awoke. The first thing that struck me was an oppression that seemed to foretell some disaster; the next was the sound of a vast moving crowd—the confused noise of many people hurrying by. I rushed over to the window, and peered through the slats of the blinds. The sky was red with that ominous redness which denotes a great fire. The noises in the street became gradually distinguishable. Men were shouting to one another, and by and by an engine, that had already gone far beyond its regular circuit, came to a standstill in front of the house. Its horses had given out.

I hurriedly dressed, and went to look for the people with whom I was lodging. There was no one to be found, and the house was locked up; so I joined the crowd in the street. By the glare in the sky, I could see that the fire was in the same part of the town as the one of the night before.

Every one was very still. An awed sense of a terrible danger was upon us all. I took up my march, the second time in twenty-four hours, and arrived at the northern edge of the Saturday night fire just as the new one reached the southern limit. The way it made short work of the row of wooden buildings saved the night before was terrifying. The flames crossed the gap left by the two blocks burned out on Saturday as though it were a space ten feet wide.

As the fire seemed to be traveling north, I thought it best to keep near the Adams Street Bridge, as that would be a means of escape in case the flames became too warm. It soon *did* become too warm, and every one, spurred on by the same thought, started across the bridge at once, causing a jam that made progress slow and difficult. While we were on the bridge,

the fire crossed the river about one block to the south. Stone and iron buildings went down before it as easily as dust is driven before the wind. At Adams and Market streets there were gas-works with huge gasometers. People were in a frenzy of fear at the danger of an explosion; but holes were hastily cut in the tops of the tanks and the gas was allowed to escape, and so the danger was avoided.

I was carried along with the crowd, which was moving north and toward the Madison Street Bridge. No one seemed to be going north of Madison Street; but the crowd was great, and as it looked as if the fire was going on up the west side of the river, I thought I would try for the north side by way of Wells Street Bridge; so I trudged on in that direction. Going north on Market Street, I overtook a number of men and women carrying their household goods into the Washington Street tunnel.

I found there was no chance of getting through by the way I had chosen, and I went east on Washington Street to Wells Street, only to find that the fire was there almost as soon as I. Then I broke into a run, the fire following at my heels. Once, for a few moments, I thought it was all over with me. The flames sprang from the middle of the block, on the east side of Wells Street between Washington and Randolph, to the middle of the block between Randolph and Lake streets. Here a remarkable thing happened. At the northwest corner of Wells and Lake streets I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and to look back. At the southeast corner there was a boot and shoe shop, which had a glass front on the rear alley, similar to that on the street front, but not so elaborate. The fire struck this alley front with a force that swept the boots and shoes through the shop and into the street in a flash. A tongue of flame shot out, rolled across the street, and kindled a tar-kettle and a barrel, such as pavers use, bringing with it a shower of boots and shoes. Almost at the same instant the fire threw itself against a hat-factory, a few doors east of the boot and shoe shop. It hit the rear of the building with the same impelling force, and the hats flew up into the air like spray.

Evidently it was not safe to tarry here, so I

started for the bridge on a run, only to find a mob there through which it was not possible for a boy to force his way. There was only one other chance of escape, and that was the Lasalle Street Tunnel. There was not a moment to lose; at any instant even that avenue might be cut off.

I made a dash for the tunnel entrance. The panic-stricken crowd did not seem to know which way to turn. To the east the fire was already dangerously near the river; to the west it proved too quick, I think, for a good many who had tried to cross Wells Street Bridge; and it was coming up Lasalle Street at a terrific pace. I rushed for the tunnel, when a man jumped forward and caught me, saying:

"Don't go in there. It is full of furniture, and you will be caught."

I asked him what he was going to do, but he could not say; so I broke away from him, and plunged into the cavern, tumbling head over heels into a heap of furniture. My shins were barked and my hands cut, but I felt that my only hope was to push ahead. A few others followed me.

Lasalle Street Tunnel had ventilating towers at the edge of the river. When I reached the first one, I looked up and saw the red glare overhead. I kept on, fighting my way through the piled-up furniture in the darkness. When I was, as I supposed, about half-way through the tunnel, I looked back. Flames and sparks were

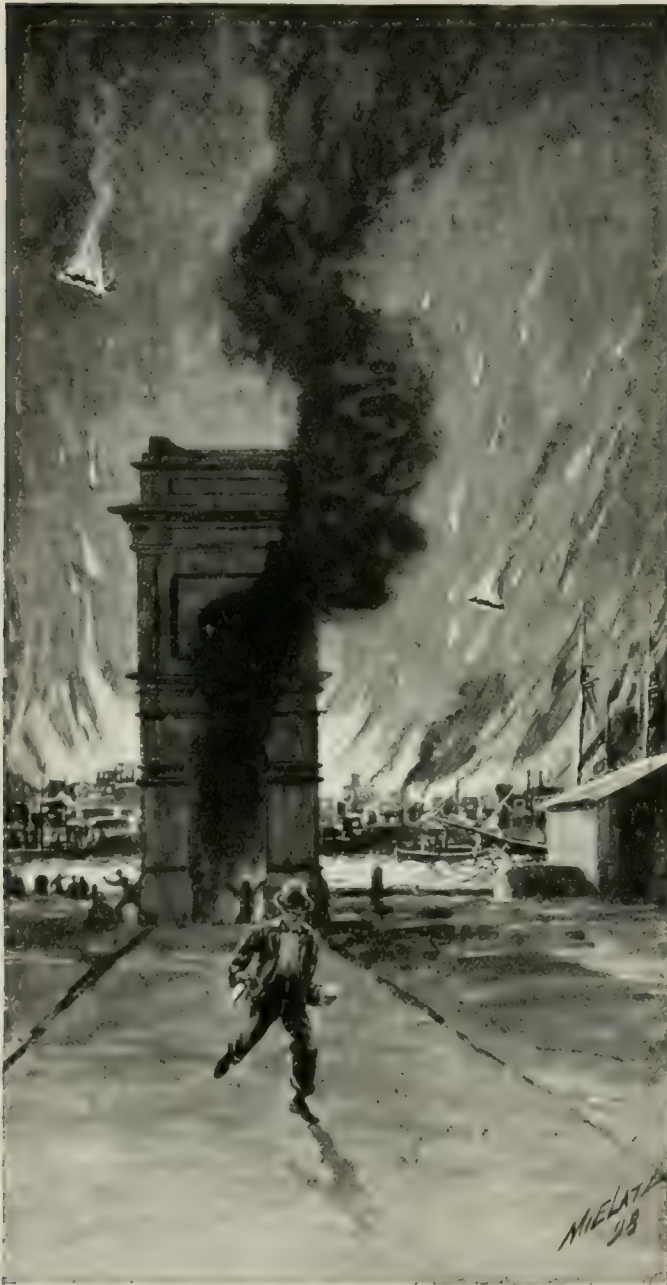
falling through the ventilating towers. Then I knew it was a struggle for life in sober earnest, and, in spite of falls, cuts, and bruises, I panted on and on for what seemed to me hours and hours.



IN THE TUNNEL. "FLAMES AND SPARKS WERE FALLING THROUGH THE VENTILATING TOWERS."

Finally I reached the north end of the tunnel; but I never stopped until I got to the comparative safety of Kinzie Street, and from there I saw that a cloud of smoke was pouring sullenly out of the tunnel's mouth. At the same time I noticed that the day was beginning to dawn, and as my lodgings were on the North Side, I be-

thought me of my own belongings, and turned toward home, thinking to save what I could. the street from the opposite direction. For an instant I was at a loss what to do. I finally



"A LOT OF SMOKE WAS POURING OUT OF THE TUNNEL'S MOUTH."

Once within sight of the house, I could not reach it, for a dense crowd was surging through the few days before the relief department was organized, I have no recollection.

started to the east again, as no one else seemed going that way, thinking to make a detour of the block, and enter the house from the rear. Every house on Indiana Street was deserted. When I was half-way down the block, the fire swept down La-salle Street, burning so furiously that I turned right about face, and fled back to take my chances with the crowd. Just as I swung around, a sheet of flame rolled between two buildings, as if a curtain had been thrown across the street; and again I thought my hour had come. There was no time to wait to see what the flame was going to do; in that direction lay the only chance for safety, so I made a spurt for it, and got through just in time. Somehow, I managed to struggle through the crowd, farther on, and to make my way to the West Side, which the fire had not reached.

Finally, I reached Blue Island Avenue, in the southwestern part of the city. One sleeve was torn out of my coat; shoes or stockings I had none; my trousers were a wreck; my shirt did not deserve the name. In one hand was a boot which I must have picked up at the shop on the corner of Lake and Wells streets, and in the other was a book printed in Hebrew, about which I could remember nothing. I had forty cents in money, any number of cuts and bruises, and a hunger that was overpowering. There was no place where one could buy anything to eat, and of how I got along for

LATIN OR ROMAN?

BY JOEL STACY.

"CHARLEY," asked little Lotty, the other day, when her twelve-year-old brother was studying his Latin lesson, "did anybody ever speak Latin for real?"

"To be sure they did," returned Charley, grandly; "it was the language of ancient Rome."

"Oh!" said Lotty, much impressed.

Soon she looked up from her dolly again.

"Charley, I should think they should 'a' spoken Roman in Rome. Why did n't they?"

"Because they did n't want to," answered Charley, not exactly knowing what else to say.

"Oh. But — Charley!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Where was Lat?"

"Where was *what*, you little chatter-box?"

"Why, *Lat*, where they talked Latin, you know."

"Oh, go down-stairs, and don't bother me!" exclaimed the puzzled young gentleman.

"Don't you see I'm trying to study my lesson? Run down and play with Jenny."

Lotty went, like a dutiful little sister. But that evening Master Charles, who had had a talk with the teacher after school, took the child on his lap, and asked her if she remembered what she had asked him in the morning.

"I asked you for candy," answered Lotty, quickly.

"Yes, I know you did. But what else? Don't you remember, you wanted to know where the Latin language came from?"

"Oh, yes; so I did."

"Well, Lotty, it was originally spoken by the Latins, a people of ancient Latium, in Italy, and afterward introduced into the Roman Empire."

Lotty nodded brightly, and ran off to kiss papa for good night.

Noble Charles!

Well, both of them had learned something that day, so there was no harm done; but the teacher did not know it was Lotty's inquiring young mind he was admiring when he patted Master Charley's head.

SOME P'S AND Q'S.

BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

PRAY, little lads and lasses gay,

One lesson do not lose:

As through the world you wend your way,

Oh, mind your P's and Q's!

For while P stands for pears and plums,

For pleasantness and plays,

For patience and for promptitude,

For peace, politeness, praise:

Yet, lackaday! it leads in pert,

In pinches, pests, and pain,

Perverse, and petulant, and pry,

And also in profane!

Q stands for Quaker quietness,

For quinces, quality,

For quickness, and for queenliness,

For quaint, and quittance free.

But then, it heralds quake, and quail,

And querulous — indeed,

All quibbles, quarrels, quips, and quirks,

And quacks, it serves at need.

Then watch them, little maids and men;

For folks will soon excuse

Full many a fault and foible, when

You mind your P's and Q's.

THE FLOWER CIRCUS.

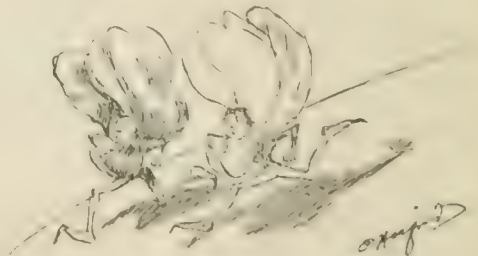
BY OLIVER HERFORD.



THE flowers in the dell
Once gave a circus show;
And as I know them well,
They asked if I would go
As their especial guest.
"Quite charmed!" said I, and so
Put on my very best
Frock-coat and shiny hat,
And my embroidered vest
And wonderful cravat;
In fact, no end of style,
For it is, as you know,
But once in a great while
The flowers give a show.

They gave me a front seat,
The very nicest there—
A bank of violets sweet
And moss and maiden-hair.
'T was going to be a treat—
I felt it in the air.

As martial music crashed
From a trained trumpet-vine,
Into the ring there dashed
A beauteous columbine!
With airy grace she strode
Her wild horse-chestnut steed.
I held my breath, she rode
With such terrific speed.
They brought a cobweb ring,
And lightly she jumped through it.
(A very dangerous thing;
How *did* she learn to do it?)



I cried, "Brava! Encore!"

Until she 'd jumped through nine,
Each higher than before.
(I tell you, it was fine!)

A Spider, in mid-air
(Engaged at great expense),
On tight-thread gossamer
Danced with a skill immense!



Then Jack-in-pulpit — who
From out his lofty place
Announced what each would do —
Cried, "Next there comes a race."
Two Scarlet Runners flew
Three times the ring around,
And with a crown of dew
The winner's head was crowned.

A dashing young Green Blade,
Who quickly followed suit,
An exhibition made
Of how young blades can shoot.

A booby race, for fun,
Came next (the
prize was
cheaper).
Trailing Arbutus won
Over Virginia
Creepers.

Then came the world-famed six,
The Johnny-jump-up Brothers,
Who did amazing tricks,
Each funnier than the others.

There were Harebell ringers, too,
Who played delightful tunes,
And trained Dog-violets, who
Did antics, like buffoons.
All these and more were there —
Too many for narration;
But nothing could compare
With the last "Great Sensation."

I never shall forget,
Though I should live an age
The sight of Mignonette
Within the Lion's cage.
I seem to see them yet:
The Lion, yellow-haired,
And smiling Mignonette,
Not one bit scared — for why on
Earth should she fear her pet,
Her dear, tame Dandelion?



BATTLING WITH WRECKS AND DERELICTS.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

A STRANDED vessel is not a menace to navigation, and is therefore left severely alone; but a wreck sunk in a few fathoms of water, in the track of coastwise shipping, is a dangerous obstruction. The large, heavy masts of a sunken coaster might rip up the bottom of a colliding vessel, and a ledge of rock would not be more fatal than the submerged hull. In one year the United States Hydrographic Office, which is a branch of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, has received nearly two thousand reports of wrecks and dangerous obstructions, and ordered the destruction of as many of these as was practicable. This work is done with torpedoes. After the explosion there is no torpedo left, but there is also no wreck.

It is impossible to say how much damage has been done by collision with wrecks and derelicts, as ships abandoned at sea are called. Sunken wrecks are hidden dangers. The sky may be clear and the sea-way light; they smite the unsuspecting victim from the depths, and add one more to those disasters which are the more tragic for the awful mystery that surrounds them. During the seven years from 1887 to 1894 forty-five such collisions—nine, or nearly one fourth, resulting in total loss, the others in great damage—were reported to the United States hydrographer. Of the nine fatal collisions, five were with wrecks, and four with derelicts.

The "Yantic," the "Despatch," and the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius" are among the vessels of the United States navy which have most actively waged war upon sunken wrecks. The U. S. S. "San Francisco" also has the honor of having destroyed a derelict, in which operation she was, however, obliged to resort to all usual methods of naval attack except boarding—torpedoes, ramming, and shelling. Captain Crowninshield, when commanding the "Kearsarge,"

removed a curious obstruction to navigation, off Cape May. A schooner was reported sunk there in twelve fathoms of water. Captain Crowninshield was surprised, on reaching the spot, to find the *heels* of two masts—not the upper, but the lower ends—protruding fifteen feet above water. In some inconceivable manner, these masts must have become unstepped from a sunken vessel, and the heels had swung up, the ends of the spars being held down by the rigging. One mast was shattered with torpedoes, the other pulled out by the Kearsarge and then destroyed. It was not necessary to break up the hull, as there was enough water above it.

The Vesuvius was very successful as a wreck-destroyer. Some of the obstructions are difficult to locate. The same wreck may be reported in three different positions by as many different vessels; and with so many clues to follow, it is not easy to run down the game. The Vesuvius has found a wreck with only two feet of spar protruding above water—and two feet of spar sticking out of the broad Atlantic is rather like the traditional needle in the haystack.

The torpedoes used in blowing up wrecks are rectangular in shape, and hold thirty-four pounds of guncotton. The electrical apparatus with which they are touched off is heavy; and this, combined with the danger of staving the boats on a submerged spar or other wreckage, makes the work difficult. The torpedo is usually attached to the spar with a bowline, and allowed to slide down the mast as far as it will travel, for the rigging generally obstructs the first one. The boat then pulls off about two hundred feet, an officer presses the button, and—bang! there is a column of water, and a shower of mud, splinters, and stunned and dead fish of all kinds. Sometimes it is necessary to explode a dozen torpedoes before the masts are destroyed, the operation lasting all day. One

wreck was even blown up at night by the aid of a search-light.

Derelicts are "beasts" to destroy. The word I place in quotation-marks was used by a naval officer, and well expresses the dread in which seafarers stand of these floating wrecks, which drift hither and thither with wind and current. Woe to the ship across whose track moves the drifting derelict, in the darkness of the night, or in a fog! It is doubtful if a lookout could sight her in time to avoid collision, except on a clear day. A crash, a cry, the gurgling of inrushing water—the flagless pirate has done its work, and there is another "missing ship."

If a derelict is full of lumber, she is like a rock. If water-logged, these silent freebooters cannot be sunk unless broken in such a manner that the cargo is released. Fire has been found effective in destroying derelicts. It was successful in all but four cases in forty-five. One of the failures was with the "Fannie E. Wolston," an American schooner, one of the most remarkable derelicts of which we have record. She was abandoned October 15, 1891, between the capes of Virginia and Hatteras. She drifted about half-way across the Atlantic (the Hydrographic Office received numerous reports of her), her course veering to the south, until she was about opposite Madeira. There she zigzagged until February, 1893. Then she drifted south until May of that year. From May until early in 1894 she was drifting toward the Bahamas. February 1 she was about north of Nassau. On the pilot chart for June, 1894, she is located on the eastern border of the Gulf Stream and southeast of Cape Hatteras. In June, 1894, she had been a derelict 950 days, and had drifted over 7000 miles, the longest track of the kind on record, to find herself within a few miles, comparatively speaking, of the point at which she was abandoned.

Other remarkably long drifts are those of the schooners "W. L. White," 5910 miles, and the "Wyer G. Sargent," about 5500 miles. The

ship "Frederick B. Taylor" was in June, 1892, cut in two by a steamer not far from the port of New York. For a number of months both bow and stern were reported as derelicts, the bow having been seen by passing vessels forty-seven times, and the stern twenty times. The latter finally went ashore on Wells Beach, and the former appears to have sunk. For a vessel to become a derelict is bad enough; for it to become two derelicts is going a little too far!

The derelict with which the U. S. S. San Francisco had an encounter was the three-master "Drisko," of two hundred and forty-eight tons, lumber-laden and water-logged—one of those "floating rocks" on which almost any colliding vessel would split. Three 34-pound guncotton torpedoes, which could be depended upon to send a staunch new ship to the bottom, were placed under the Drisko's keel and exploded. They did do considerable damage, but they left the derelict still afloat. Five more torpedoes were then exploded under her keel. These broke her back and frames, but she still floated. The San Francisco then resorted to that manœuvre which is as rare as it is decisive in naval battles—she rammed the derelict. The blow broke the Drisko into two parts; her cargo floated out, and she commenced to sink. The battle had now raged all day, and, as night was closing in, the victorious war-ship fired a few shells into the derelict's stern, scattering the fragments, and resumed her course to Key West.

The positions of dangerous wrecks and derelicts, according to the latest advices from ship-masters who have sighted them, are carefully noted on the pilot charts which the Hydrographic Office issues each month, and a surprising number of these dangerous obstructions are charted. Many skippers are thus put on their guard. The destruction of dangerous wrecks and derelicts is as truly a work for the benefit of humanity as is the maintenance of our lighthouse and life-saving services.

THE "TRITON'S" CHASE AFTER A DERELICT.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

ALL visitors to Bermuda know the lively tug "Triton." Many of them go on board of her, sooner or later. And at the time of this story, several years ago, they all liked her sunburned and "most captainly" captain, Thomas McAdam.

Not so many, however, were acquainted with Thomas McAdam, Jr., the sixteen-year-old son of the captain, though he was quite as well worth knowing, in his way, as his father. Captain McAdam was short and thick-set; but his wife was a Douglas—and every boy who has read Scott knows that the Douglasses are a tall race. Therefore it was not strange that Thomas McAdam, Jr., was, even when he was not fully grown, an inch or more taller than his father. He was a strong, level-headed fellow, too, and had won many prizes in those school sports of Bermuda over which the governor and other high dignitaries, with various noble ladies, preside once a year. Indeed, Thomas McAdam, Jr., was one of those favored boys who received a silver cup from the fair hands of the Princess Louise during her memorable stay on the islands—that golden era to all true Bermudians!

The captain had brought up Tom to understand the Triton thoroughly, and to study profoundly the chart of the dangerous Bermudian waters. This chart hung always upon the sitting-room wall of the comfortable McAdam homestead in Paget. Indeed, even the youngest of the eight bright McAdam children knew something, by the time he was three years old, of Stagg's Channel, and Grassy Bay, and Timlins' Narrows, and Harrington Sound; and every one of them swam by instinct the moment he was tossed by his nurse into the gleaming blue waters of Hamilton harbor, on the beautiful shore of which they lived.

One Sunday evening, Captain McAdam came home in much excitement.

"The 'Trinidad' has just got in from New York," he said; "and not twenty miles west of St. George's they sighted the derelict 'Mariana.' It's a lumber wreck, like most of 'em, and it's worth a pretty penny. Captain Fraser said it was a scratch that they did n't run right into her. She's low in the water. That's what all the boats say that have seen her, and there must have been half a dozen of 'em inside of a year, that I know of. It's been two years, now, since she was lost, but she slips off so light and easy that nobody can catch her."

"Are you going to try for her, father?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Somebody ought to," replied his father, evasively. "She'll break up some good ship, if something is n't done."

"You have caught derelicts with the Triton, have n't you?"

"Yes, but not within the last three or four years. Before I bought her, seven years ago, the man who owned her made a regular business of hunting derelicts, and he did well. There was n't so much doing between here and St. George's in those days. If I had n't got to go down to St. David's to-morrow with stores for the lighthouse, I believe I'd start out myself, and look for the Mariana. Whoever goes had better go quickly, or else the old hulk will float away."

"How fast does she go?"

"Oh, faster or slower, according to the winds and currents. She may be a hundred miles away by this time, and, again, she may be close by. It won't cost much to look for her a day or two—and I might start before daybreak Tuesday. Let's see, that's the first of April. Maybe the first of April is n't exactly the best day to start, but I fancy it won't make much difference." The jolly captain laughed.

"You'll take me, won't you?" Tom begged.

"You 'd be more bother than help, I 'm afraid," grumbled his father.

"You 'll need some extra man," pleaded Tom, "and I 'm stronger than most of the men."

The captain gave a great guffaw, and growled out, not unkindly, that he would "think about it," which was the most encouraging thing he could have said, for Tom knew that it meant a virtual consent.

But that afternoon, when the Triton returned from St. George's, the good captain was in no condition to talk of derelicts, much less to start out in chase of one. Just as he was leaving the tug, a piece of iron had fallen on his foot, and had crushed it cruelly. He had to be brought home on a stretcher, and the doctor said that fever and worse things might set in if the captain were allowed the least excitement. He must be quiet for a week, at least. He must n't even talk.

Well, the search for the derelict would have to be given up; but — that seemed a great pity. Tom turned the matter over and over in his mind while he was rowing across the harbor to Hamilton, after supper, to do an errand for his mother. He decided that, as soon as his errand was done, he would go and see Jerry Bince. Jerry had been the engineer of the Triton, lo, these many years, and was one of the most faithful and efficient workmen to be found anywhere, though his face was as black as coal.

Tom drew up close beside the Trinidad, which was not even yet entirely unloaded. Groups of stevedores and sailors were scattered around everywhere, working leisurely and talking industriously, after the true Bermudian fashion. Tom pricked up his ears, and lingered a little about a knot of men who were discussing the derelict.

"She 's a bad lot!" declared one red-faced old sailor. "She and her sort do more harm than all the storms. Blow her up, I say! Why can't the admiral order out a gunboat to run her down, and blow her up?"

"But she 's worth saving, they say," suggested another.

"Saving!" exclaimed the first sailor, with a sneer. "There 's lots of talk about saving these derelicts and makin' money on 'em. But these

folks that talk so glib don't know what it is to save a derelict. I know. It 's hunt and hunt for days and days, and then find her by a mite of a stick above water — rest of it all under, deceitful as mud. Oh, I 've tackled the slimy things, again and again — seaweeds and crawly critters all over 'em!"

Tom moved away, more excited than ever on the subject of the derelict. He did the errand for his mother; then he started for Jerry Bince's. It was n't far, and he was there in three minutes.

Jerry and his wife were seated on their comfortable porch, while a large number of woolly-headed young Binces disported themselves in the dooryard. Jake Bince, the eldest son, was Jerry's stoker and general assistant on board the Triton — a fine young fellow of twenty-one or two. He was down at the pier now, cleaning up the Triton after her day's run.

"Too bad yo' father got hurt, sonny," remarked Jerry, after he had assured himself there was no emergency in the McAdam family which had forced Tom to come to him.

Tom assented gloomily, and waited a moment before making another remark. Then he ventured cautiously: "Somebody ought to pick up that derelict, Jerry."

"Jes' so, honey. Tug 's all a-ready, boat-hooks an' ropes an' everything; but yo' paw ain't fit for no such job now, honey."

"But the Mariana 'll drift away if something is n't done right off. When my father comes to himself, I believe he 'll be mad to think nothing has been done. Why can't we go, Jerry, just the same as he planned, only I 'll be captain instead of him?"

"You, honey? You be Captain McAdam!" chuckled Jerry, mightily tickled with the idea.

"I 'd like to know why not?" demanded Tom, with spirit. "Don't I know every turn in the harbor and every opening in the reefs? And what I don't know, you and Jake do. And who else was going?"

"Well, your paw laid in to take the two Simpson boys an' Samson Sizer."

"Then I say we go!" cried Tom, who knew all these young men well, and had implicit confidence in them. "If you 'll stand by me,

Jerry, I 'll talk it over with my mother, and I 'm just sure she 'll let us go; and my father never would find fault with anything she says. So it 's as good as settled, is n't it?"

"Well, honey," responded the old man, cautiously, "you know it takes a right smart of coal, an' there 's all us wages; an' if you don't grab no lumber—"

"Why, then, we sha'n't lose any more than would have been lost anyway," persisted Tom, logically; "and if we find anything—"

"'T ain't but a chance," Jerry reminded him. "For twenty that goes out hunting derelicts, 't ain't more 'n one as finds anything, honey."

But Tom went home, ten minutes later, with the understanding that, unless he returned to say that his mother opposed the project, Jerry would be ready to steer the Triton out of the harbor, with all the party on board as originally made up by Captain McAdam, at break of day next morning.

Mrs. McAdam was at first rather doubtful of the wisdom of carrying out such an expensive plan without the clear-headed and quick-witted captain in command; but she had great confidence in Jerry Bince, and, to tell the truth, she had a good deal in Tom. After all, it would not cost so very much, and she apprehended no special danger with such men and such an outfit on board. The outcome of the whole was that by breakfast-time the next morning the original plan was carried out, and the Triton, abundantly provisioned, and carrying everything which could possibly be needed for such an expedition, was well out into the open sea, headed for the point near which the derelict was last seen.

It was a glorious spring day. There was a brisk wind, which cleared the horizon of everything that might impede the view. No better weather could have been wished for the Triton's purpose; and the little party were in high spirits. By the middle of the forenoon they had been long out of sight of land, and only an occasional sail loomed across the brilliant horizon. Two good glasses were kept sweeping the view, fore and aft, every moment. All watched for a while with great zeal; but by and by those who were not at the

glasses fell off and enjoyed surreptitious little naps in odd corners till they were called for in their turns. Jerry and Jake, of course, never left their posts at the engine and the helm for a moment, unless some capable substitute relieved them. At noon they all drank some coffee, which Jake had prepared with great skill, and ate a "snack." Then they returned to their watch.

The "long, bright afternoon died slowly over the sea." Only the most commonplace sights greeted their weary eyes, which ached from the glitter of the sun. Tom pretended to be brave, as if he had n't expected anything, all along, only he "thought they ought to go, in order to carry out his father's plans"; but, in fact, every heart on board was pretty heavy.

"I s'pose you know, honey, it 's April Fools' Day," Jerry remarked to Tom, who, having just taken his turn at the glass, was wandering dismally around the engine.

"Well, my father would say it was a fools' day, if there was n't any April about it," rejoined Tom, lugubriously. In truth, he had not thought once all day of the date, though he remembered now that his father had laughed about it when the derelict was first mentioned at home.

By three o'clock Jerry advised turning back. They were to return by a different course, but they all felt as if the search were virtually abandoned. Still, they kept at the glasses faithfully. There was not much talking. Those men of the crew who were not actually at work were silent and gloomy, or dozed behind some convenient coil of rope on the deck.

Supper-time came and went, and still there were no developments in the form of derelicts. Soon there was no light save from the stars and their own lanterns. There was n't much use in looking out.

Suddenly a shiver ran through the tug from stem to stern. Everybody knew that the course had been precipitately changed. Jerry came running out from his little house in dismay. They all rushed breathlessly forward.

Jake's tongue seemed to be paralyzed at first, but he presently recovered enough to stammer out: "Do you see that boat?"—pointing ahead. "I nearly ran into it. There ain't a

sign of a light on her, and she moves as still as death."

They all strained their eyes through the darkness, and discerned readily a shape beckoning out of the gloom. It looked vast and unearthly, but they all knew it must be a four-masted schooner or a large sloop, and that it looked so large only because they were literally almost under its hull.

"Ahoy!" shouted Tom, waving a lantern. "Ship ahoy!"

There was no response. They could all hear the rush of the water as the mysterious craft slid swiftly through the waves before the brisk wind.

"It 's a derelict!" shouted Tom, with a sudden inspiration.

"It can't be the Mariana," reflected Jerry Bince. "They all say that lies low in the water."

He ran back to the engine, and slackened the speed. More lanterns were lighted. A boat was lowered. It was not let loose, but was still attached to the tug by a stout rope. Then, after a dozen ineffectual attempts, they managed to make fast to the lightless black hulk which was drifting past them. There was no doubt, by this time, that she was a derelict; but she did not correspond in any respect with the descriptions of the Mariana, and it was impossible in the dim light to make out much about her. In spite of her high prow, it was evident that her hold was well filled. Her cargo had apparently settled into the stern, for that was mostly under water. She was very heavy, and formed an appreciable drag upon the buoyant little Triton as she joyously headed again for St. George's.

It was past midnight before St. David's light was sighted. By that time the excitement had a little passed off, and most of the crew were glad to get through with their watches, which had been arranged in the most officer-like manner by Tom. Ever since the derelict had been made fast, there had been an intermittent fire of jokes back and forth. Tom had begun it with: "Who 's your April fool now, you Jerry Bince, you!" To which Jerry had responded: "You wait till to-morrow, honey. When you fishes out them heaps o' rats from

that there de'lict, an' finds nothin' else there at all, then who 's goin' to be April fool?"

"You are, daddy," Jake had answered, for Tom. "Anybody that says there 's nothin' but rats in that craft, he 's the biggest kind o' April fool!"

And so they "had it" back and forth, off and on, till after they had passed St. George's and were steaming slowly up the south shore. Every time Tom dozed, he kept waking with a start, under the impression that the derelict was all a dream. Then he would raise himself upon his elbow, and peer about for the gray, shapeless black hulk astern. Yes, there it was, and he would doze off again. To Tom's excited vision it looked big enough to "pan out" at least ten thousand pounds' worth of booty.

They had two or three hours of quiet at anchor in Grassy Bay; but by the time the sun was well above the horizon, Jake and Tom were up, and were lowering a boat over the side of the Triton. Nobody else was awake; so Jake "stayed by the stuff," while Tom, feeling a little mean at taking such an advantage, rowed slowly around his nondescript prize. It was a grand old wreck, majestic even in its ruin; but its timbers were old and water-soaked, and Tom began to feel pretty dubious about the real worth of it.

The noise of lowering the boat had roused the sleepers of the Triton, and Jerry was hanging over the rail when Tom again drew up alongside.

"Find any name on her?" he sang out.

"There are some letters that look like the 'Daniel C. Gill,' of Bath—or Boston—or some other place that begins with B. Did you ever hear of any such ship?"

"Hear of the Daniel C. Gill!" shouted old Jerry, throwing up his arms. "Why, honey, that 's the derelict they 've all been after for a year past. It left the port o' Rio a year and a half ago, and was wrecked up in the Caribbees. It 's been going ever since. It 's loaded with mahogany. Your pa knows all about it. It 's worth a heap more than the Mariana!"

They all shouted and yelled for joy, and threw up their caps. Tom lost his over in the bay, but there was an old one down in the cabin, and he did n't mind.

It was two or three days before the doctor would let Tom tell his father the good news—after which the captain proceeded to get well very fast. Tom did not wish the derelict to be regularly overhauled until his father should be able to superintend the work; and in this wish he was upheld by the authorities, to whom the report of the "find" was promptly made by Jerry Bince, in compliance with the law.

Several friends of Captain McAdam were allowed, however, to go down into the hold of the derelict. They decided unanimously that the mahogany there was in good condition, and could not be worth a cent less than fifteen hundred pounds sterling. This estimate was raised nearly a third by the final appraisement, but half of it had ultimately to go to the Boston owners. Few more valuable derelicts had ever been towed into a Bermudian port than this will-o'-the-wisp,—this April Fools' find,—which had come near demolishing the stanch Triton almost within sight of St. David's light!

Fortunately, Thomas McAdam, Jr., was a sensible boy, or his head might have been turned by the flattery which was heaped upon

him for a month after the finding of the Daniel C. Gill. But Tom could not forget those dreary hours of the afternoon and evening of the first of April, when it had seemed as if the whole scheme were a failure.

"The fact is, Jake," he said, one day, when he and Jake were having a confidential talk, "we not only did n't get what we started out for, but we should n't have found the Gill if she had n't almost bumped into us. Our smartness did n't have anything to do with it."

"It would n't do for anybody to tell always how near they came to failing," rejoined Jake, his philosophy being better than his grammar. "If the truth was known, I expect there 's lots of things folks take credit for that 's just as much luck as us finding the Gill. It 's mostly Providence, that 's what it is."

The derelict Mariana was never seen again after her encounter with the Trinidad. Whether she was caught and held fast in the weedy wastes of the great Sargasso Sea, or went to pieces in some hurricane, or is still wandering on oceans far from civilization, where commerce never penetrates, who can tell?



A GOATLY GUEST

A "TACKLE" IN TIME.

(*A Story of Manila.*)

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD.

EARLY in December, 189—, the good ship "Monhegan" of the Philippine Islands came to anchor in broad Manila Bay, among the great fleet of vessels of all nations that lay in a stately line a mile from the shore.

Captain Hale had gone ashore in the stevedore's launch early in the day, and his return was eagerly awaited by the ship's company, for he would bring with him long-delayed letters and papers from friends at home. The bronzed, barefooted sailors were still hard at work on deck and aloft, unbending and stowing away the huge sails that had brought the great ship through storm, typhoon, and calm, to come rushing down the China Sea at last, before the glorious autumn monsoon, to this far-away tropical bay. The flaxen-haired Swedes and swarthy Portuguese, with here and there a typical Yankee, cast many a glance toward the river-mouth in hope of catching a glimpse of the launch, while the stalwart "down east" mate kept a watchful eye on them, now and then gruffly barking out an order, which the second mate, a brown-haired lad from the "Cape," repeated from his post forward. The Chinese cook quavered an outlandish song as he hung up his polished pots and pans, rejoicing that they would now "stay put" for a month at least, and the scrubby head and almond eyes of the Japanese steward kept peering from the cabin door.

The only idlers aboard were the captain's two sons, Harry and Jack, aged fourteen and eleven respectively, who were leaning on the rail in the shade of the poop awning, watching with curious eyes the strange craft gliding about—great clumsy cargo-boats, roofed with frames of curved matting, with hideous great eyes painted on the bows, and the queer-shaped sails adorned with crucifixes and scriptural mottos; a whole family living on each, and goats, dogs, and chickens contentedly wander-

ing about on board; while innumerable "dug-out" canoes, with bamboo outriggers, were shooting in every direction, paddled by brown, naked "Filipinos."

It was the boys' first voyage with their father. The Monhegan had sailed months before from New York for Hong-Kong. There she had discharged a cargo, and then sailed across the China Sea in ballast to take in hemp and sugar for Boston. The boys had hardly recovered from their bewilderment at Chinese sights and sounds (incidentally, smells) when they found themselves in a port which promised more diversion. The captain, who knew by experience the dangers of the Manila sun during the daytime, had refused to take the boys ashore in the morning, but had promised that they should go late in the afternoon, when the sun had spent its deadly strength, and the inhabitants of the old Spanish city came out for a breath of air.

So they waited patiently, and gazed longingly at the gray, moss-grown walls of the fortifications on shore, with their green, old-fashioned guns frowning out across the bay, as if thinking of the exciting days of old, when they had hurled round-shot at the fleets of Chinese pirate-junks and Malay proas that had stormed the city long years before. Meanwhile the boys discussed the probable news from home, for the ship's mail had missed them in Hong-Kong and had been forwarded to Manila.

"I wonder how the football games came out," said Harry; "it's too soon to hear about the Harvard-Yale game." Both boys were enthusiasts on the subject, and to Harry, who had been one of the best players on his school eleven the year before, the only drawback to the voyage was his inability to play this season; while Jack, who had been a substitute on the team and considered his brother the very king of players, also felt a pang of keen regret as he thought

of the old common and the excitement of "lining up."

"You have n't forgotten how you used to tackle, have you?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course I have n't!" answered Harry. "I'd have taught you that grip if we'd played this fall."

"It never went back on you, did it?" inquired Jack.

"Not once," said Harry, proudly. "You remember that big cap'n of the Andover team, how he laughed when he saw us, and said he could walk through us without trying?"

"I guess I do," exclaimed Jack, admiringly; "and you held him every time. I say, show me how now."

"Well," laughed Harry, "you grab him this way—see?" and he proceeded to illustrate his mode of tackling, to the mingled amazement and horror of the first mate, who feared for his decks, holystoned to snowy whiteness; while "Prince," the Newfoundland dog, panting flat on his side in the shade, utterly disgusted with the part of the world to which they had brought him, wondered if his young friends had lost their wits.

"There 's the launch!" cried Harry, as they scrambled up, very hot, after the third trial; and soon the swift little steamer was within hailing-distance, and both boys shouted in chorus:

"Father, how are mother and the girls?"

"All well," called the captain, waving a letter; "and they send six pages of messages."

"What do the papers say about the Harvard football game?" cried Jack.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Harry, scornfully; "he does n't care about that. Ask him about charters and freight-rates, and he'll tell you something."

"Well, Jacky," said the captain, as the launch shot alongside, "I'm afraid I forgot to look; but here are all the papers"—tossing a huge bundle aboard, which Harry dexterously snatched and tucked under his arm, as if to run for a touch-down, with a grin at Jack, who promptly "tackled" in scientific fashion, and both came down in a hilarious heap on deck, while the papers were scattered far and wide.

"Humph!" growled the captain, "you boys will quit that kind of skylarking before you've been in this climate long. Here are the men's

letters, Mr. Bates," he called to the mate, handing him a fat package.

Mr. Bates summoned the expectant sailors aft, and began reading aloud the addresses: "Jan Jansen, Peter Petersen, Pedro Ortiz, Jabez Crocker," etc., etc., sending the letters spinning among the crowd as he read, while the happy recipient of each seized his grimy, scrawled, but welcome missive, and ran for the forecabin. The boys gathered up the scattered papers, and followed their father into the cozy cabin, and there they reveled in messages of love from wife, mother, and sisters, ten thousand weary miles away.

Home news was talked over and over during "tiffin," and afterward the boys eagerly studied the football paragraphs; so the afternoon flew quickly by, and almost before they knew it five o'clock had arrived, and the launch was again alongside. The Hale family embarked and sped away toward the river-mouth, watched by envious eyes from the ship; for sailors are never allowed shore liberty in Manila, in the interests of peace and quiet, and consequently a mate's work is never done.

Up the Pasig River ran the launch for a short distance, and then they landed at a flight of stone steps, and walked leisurely up the street thronged with brown-faced, white-clothed natives and half-naked Chinese coolies, whose superb physiques filled the boys' appreciative hearts with admiration, past big "godowns," or warehouses, filled with hemp, sugar, and tobacco, the boys plying their father with every kind of question, he answering them patiently, until at last they arrived at the shop quarter, where the streets were wider and cleaner,—or, rather, a trifle less dirty,—and here the captain stopped.

"Now, boys," said he, "we'll take a *caruaje* and ride out through the park."

So they waited for a *caruaje* (public carriage) to appear, and the captain was still answering questions when he suddenly broke off with, "There 's a man I want to see, boys; you wait here a minute"; and soon he was shaking hands with an old Spaniard a short distance up the street on the other side. The boys waited there on the corner, and watched the strange foreign scene, trying in vain to detect

an American or English face among the crowds that streamed by them.

Suddenly, amid the clatter of wheels on the rough pavement and the bewildering babel



"HARRY 'TACKLED' HIM AS HE HAD TACKLED MANY AN OPPONENT ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD AT HOME."

of Spaniards, natives, and Chinamen, the boys noticed a louder sound up the street, which increased as it approached to shouts and yells of excitement or fear; the people stopped and turned their heads; somebody shouted "*Uno loco* [A madman]!" and at that everybody began dodging into doorways and fleeing around corners, as if possessed by a deadly terror.

"What is it?" exclaimed Jack.

"Blessed if I know," said Harry; "some row up the street, I guess. Let 's wait and see what father does."

And then they saw a strange sight: a half-naked, villainous-looking "Filipino" (native) tearing along the sidewalk toward where their father stood, flourishing in one hand a soldier's belt, with a heavy buckle,—a very serviceable weapon in accustomed hands,—while the people made way for him right and left in mad haste, tumbling over one another, with shrieks and screams of fear: evidently he was a soldier

from a native regiment, who had been sentenced to punishment for some misdemeanor, and having managed to escape, was endeavoring to reach the native quarter of the town; he was pursued at some distance by a native corporal and several soldiers and *guardias* (native policemen), whose shouts of "*Cuidado! Para* [Look out! Stop him!]" added to the general uproar.

The boys saw their father turn quickly and glance toward them, while the old Spaniard shot into a doorway with amazing swiftness; then the captain faced the native again, and swung his thick bamboo cane aloft. Down it came with all the strength of his powerful arm, — whack! — and the belt and stick went whirling away in the air, while the runaway, after a stagger, changed his course slightly, and came flying across the street toward the two boys. They heard their father give a warning shout. Harry instinctively sprang in front of Jack, and, not

knowing just what was the matter, but feeling that the man ought to be stopped somehow, he proceeded to do so in his own way. Stooping quickly with bent head and outstretched right arm as the man came rushing up, he "tackled" him around his brawny waist as he had tackled many an opponent on the football field at home, and almost expected to hear the familiar roar of applause from the spectators as he and the "Filipino" came down with a crash and a whirl of arms and legs, rolling over across the hard sidewalk till they brought up with a prodigious thump against the building, the native struggling atop; but in another minute Jack had hurled himself atop of him, involuntarily shouting "Held!" as soon as he could catch his breath.

At this point a "referee" turned up in the shape of the big native corporal, who promptly grabbed the deserter and "yanked" him to his feet; holding him, writhing and hissing, in a grasp of iron.

"*Buen muchachos* [Good boys]!" said the great brown-faced soldier. "*Ingleses* [English]!"

"No, *amigo Americanos*," answered Captain Hale, who had now arrived at the spot, still minus his stick.

"*Por supuesto* [of course]," grunted the corporal. "I might have known it, señor. This is the worst man in the regiment; he would have killed you if he could. *Cobardes* [cowards]!" he growled at the gaping people, who were timidly peering from various retreats. "These two American children are heroes, and you — *carabaos* [tame buffaloes]!" And with that expression of contempt, the worst that can be applied to a Philippine native, he twisted one powerful hand in his prisoner's long hair, and marched him off to cool his excitement in the guard-house.

Harry, though triumphant, was bruised and lame, so the captain secured a carriage, and they drove back to the landing, concluding that they had had about enough excitement for one evening.

"You're a real nice couple," said the cap-

tain, looking solemnly from one to the other, and trying to be stern. "What do you suppose your mother will say? Now, see here: when you find a native running amuck like that, the proper thing to do is to get out of his way mighty quick, and not stand round and play football with him. What 'll you do next? Get overboard, maybe, and ask a school of ground-sharks to have a game of tag? or go up country, perhaps, and try to play puss-in-the-corner with some of the savages?"

But as they followed him aboard, Jack whispered to Harry:

"I guess father is n't so very mad. I don't know what that black soldier said, but father looked prouder 'n everything about it, did n't he?"

"I guess he did," whispered Harry. "Say, old man, they can't give us any points on football out here, can they?"

That night, when supper was over, and the captain was filling his pipe, Jack said gravely:

"Father, when you saw that fellow coming along, why did n't *you* 'get out of the way mighty quick,' instead of trying to pat him over the head with your stick?"

The captain lit a match.

"You go on deck and see which way the wind is," said he, as he lit his pipe.



"MUSIC BATH CHAIRS."

DENISE AND NED TODDLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the March number.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

"MERRY Christmas, Pokey, merry Christmas!" shouted Denise, long before daylight.

"Wake up, quick,
and let's go and
see what we
have in our
stockings";
and after
giving
Pokey

a vigorous shake, she bounced out of bed and across the room to turn up the gas.

Pokey needed no second shake that morning, and soon both were down on the hearth-rug, with two lumpy, queer-shaped stockings before them.

Before the investigation began, Denise poked the logs, which burst into a blaze, as though they were all ready to join in the merrymaking.

"You look at yours first," said Denise; and Pokey began, in her solemn, breathless way, to take out one article after another.

First a dainty box of bonbons; next a pretty pair of silk mittens, "From Grandma" written on a slip of paper and pinned to them; then a big orange, with eyes, nose, and mouth, as well as mustache and whiskers, cut on it—unmistakably Papa's; a lot of nuts; a box marked "From Aunt Helen," and in it a pretty silver bangle; more nuts, and then a big box which stuck fast in the toe and had to be

coaxed out. This was marked "From Mama," and upon opening it, another box was found, and opening that, still another, like the magic nut in the story of the "White Cat."

"I don't believe there is anything in it. It's all fun," said Denise, whose patience was on tenter-hooks.

"Yes, there is, too. I'm coming to it now, and here it is—oh!" And Pokey hugged a dainty little gold necklace, with pretty heart-shaped locket, upon which a little Cupid was painted in blue enamel.



"Is n't it just too sweet for anything?—and I've always wanted a necklace. Quick! take out your things and see what you've got. I know there can't be anything as lovely as this"; and she put her necklace on over her night-dress to try the effect.

"Here's a box of candy just like yours; let's eat one to celebrate Christmas. And look! here are mittens from Grandma, only mine are brown and yours blue. I wonder

niest thing you ever saw? I wonder how he ever did it?" And a bubbling laugh came to keep Christmas. "Such a lot of nuts! I'd like to eat some this minute, only I know Mama would n't like to have me eat such things before breakfast.

"Now, whatever is this?" And Denise undid something carefully wrapped in tin-foil.

"Oh, Pokey, Pokey, do see! A big lump of make-believe *tuff*, and two tin spoons tied on



MAMA WENT OUT, BUT NOT TO TISA. LITTLE SKIPPING OVER THE SMOOTH ICE. (SEE PAGE 1018.)

what this can be? A little box from Aunt Helen. Should n't wonder if I had a bangle, too. No, it is n't, either; it's—ah! an opal ring! That's my lucky stone, because I was born in October. Is n't it lovely? See, it just fits, and shines just like the flames."

Several minutes were passed in admiring the pretty little ring as it flashed back the colors of the fire, and then the rummaging was resumed.

"Oh, what can this be? A big apple with Papa's face cut on that too. Is n't it the fun-

ny! That old John! I just *know* he got this for me. Never mind; there is real candy inside of it, and he can laugh all he has a mind to."

"Wonder why he did n't put in a pan, while he was about it?" said practical Pokey.

"Now, let's hurry and get to the bottom, if I ever can shake out all these nuts. There is a big box in the toe, just like yours. Don't I wish it could be a necklace, too!" And Denise fell to unwrapping box after box, as Pokey had done.

"It is!" And she drew out a beautiful little necklace in rope pattern, with a small locket in the form of a horseshoe, the nails being tiny turquoises. Inside was Ned's own little face on one side, and Papa's smiled at her from the opposite.

She uttered a cry of delight, and fell to kissing them as hard as she could; and it was some time before Pokey could persuade her to leave off to dress for breakfast.

"I don't believe I can have anything that will please me more than this necklace," said Pokey, when they were both dressed in their pretty plaid dresses,—one in deep reds, the other in deep greens,—and both adorned with the new necklaces, with the bangle to jingle and the ring to glitter.

"I'm sure I don't know of anything else I could have, for I've got every wish now," exclaimed Denise.

Two hours later, all the household, from Grandma down to Eliza Cook, were assembled in the pleasant library, while Papa distributed the gifts; for in this home none was forgotten, and all shared the greatest of all holidays, feeling in the fullest sense "good will toward men."

Each received some pretty and appropriate gift, and from Grandma's warm sealskin hood for a sleigh-ride, to Beauty Buttons's new ball and collar, the gift suited the recipient.

Pokey's delight when she opened a box containing a lovely little collar and muff of otter was quite beyond words, and the happy child just hugged them up in her arms and cried over them.

"Now I know why you said I might like to go to see the seals," said she, when her emotions had been brought under control; "for otters and seals are cousins, are n't they?" And she hugged her treasures, too happy to think of trying them on.

At last the final parcel was presented, and hearty thanks given to those who had so wisely and generously remembered each and all. Even Sailor paraded about with a great blue satin bow on his collar, and a huge rubber ball in his mouth, wagging his plummy tail, and getting into everybody's way.

"It's just too bad that dear little Ned can't

come indoors and have some fun, too. We have all had something nice, and he has not had a single thing, and I think it's a great shame!" said Denise, with some feeling; for Ned had shared all her good times for the past year, and she felt only half there without him.

"So it is," said Papa. "John, go fetch him up to the door, and we will feed him cream-drops, anyway. Put on your wraps, children, and then we can stay out a little."

By some mysterious power, all seemed to have suddenly become children again, for each obeyed the order, hurried into a wrap of some sort, and went out upon the piazza.

"I think Ned will get a feast if we all feed him cream-drops," said Denise, as they stood waiting for him.

In a moment she heard a silvery jingle, and the next instant bonny Ned, harnessed to an exquisite little Albany cutter, dashed around the corner of the Bird's Nest, where John had kept him hidden, all ready to produce at an instant's notice.

So when Papa gave the hint under cover of cream-drops, John had hurried away to get his charge. Whisking off Ned's blanket, he stepped into the sleigh, and gathering up the reins, drove the star actor, with all his properties, before the admiring audience.

A string of silver bells encircled him, and bright scarlet plumes waved on his head, as he pranced and curveted up to the door.

Denise was simply speechless. Her eyes went from one point to another of the dainty rig, and then she walked calmly down the steps; went up to Ned, and kissed his white moon; turned to the sleigh, and touched it gingerly, as though afraid it might vanish; walked around it; and, finally getting into it, drew the beautiful bearskin robe around her and tucked it in, without uttering one word.

Then, looking up to the piazza, where all stood watching her, she said: "I don't think it is all a dream, and I do believe I've got my last Christmas wish; but if I should wake up and find it one, I think I would just wish I had never come into the world. Pokey,"—with a sudden change of voice and tone,—
"come here this minute and pinch me!"

Down flew the delighted Pokey, crying all in one breath, as she scrambled into the seat beside Denise: "Is n't it maroon, cardinal, dark green, black, white, silver, gold, and a little pale blue?"

"I don't know what color it is. I only know I'm going straight up there to hug that blessed Papa's head 'most off, and give Mama a million kisses"; and out she tumbled to give vent to her pent-up feelings.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STAR ACTOR'S FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

AFTER Denise had fulfilled her mission, and Papa and Mama had received the reward which was, to them, the most precious that could be given, she took time to examine the lovely little sleigh, which, from its dainty gold monogram on the dash-board, to the snug foot-warmer, with another monogram embroidered by Mama's kind hands in gold floss upon pretty brown cloth, was as perfect as the united efforts of those who loved her so dearly could make it.

"Shall I fetch out the little schled and the dinner-bell, Miss Denise?" asked John.

"No, thank you; I'd rather have taffy and two spoons—it won't melt this weather," answered Denise, with a mischievous laugh.

"Faith, ye have me there, and no mishake, and so I'll only be wishin' ye good luck with yer dandy little rig"; and John's good-natured laugh emphasized his wish.

When she had finished admiring the prettiest of all her Christmas gifts, she drove back to the Bird's Nest to let Ned wait in its shelter till she and Pokey were ready to start for their ride on the river.

There she found another surprise awaiting her, for the body of the depot-wagon had been placed on a cunning set of bob-sleds, and was ready for use when the little cutter should prove too dainty for a grand frolic, or too small for an extra large load.

"I don't believe any girl ever had so many nice things all at once," said Denise, when she and Pokey had hopped in and out of the bob-sleigh about a dozen times, and examined every bolt and bar very critically. "I believe

I've the dearest, bestest, nicest Papa and Mama and Grandma that ever lived; for Grandma made the warm mittens, and so helped the surprise."

"I just guess you have," was the positive reply; "and they are just as nice to me as they are to you. I think my fur collar and muff the dearest anybody ever had."

Presently they both ran into the house to prepare for the morning sleigh-ride; for Papa, Mama, and Aunt Helen were to go in the big sleigh, with John to drive them, and the children would follow in the "toy sled," as John insisted upon calling the cutter, to Denise's intense disgust.

Ned seemed to enjoy the cutter immensely as it slipped so easily behind him, and the cold weather made him frisk and prance.

A short drive brought them to the frozen river, which by this time presented a very lively appearance; for the holiday set everybody free to enjoy the sleighing and skating, and a perfect day brought the whole town and the town's friends to the ice.

Driving down a steep hill, they reached the edge of the ice, and here a very funny thing happened. Ned positively refused to go upon it. He planted his tiny feet close to the edge, and then he stopped, shaking his head, snorting, and evincing every sign of fear; for he could not understand how it was possible for him to walk on a river, and he had no idea of committing suicide.

Denise coaxed and scolded, but it was of no use till she got out of the cutter and went upon the ice herself; then the little fellow looked at her very questioningly for a moment, and, as she called to him, began to step forward very gingerly, as though he doubted the evidence of his own eyesight. Feeling his way carefully, he got well out upon the ice, and close up to Denise, where he stood trembling and looking about him.

But she soon calmed his fears by stroking him and petting him; and as Sunshine and Flash dashed by a moment later, the last remnant of his fears vanished, and with a loud neigh he was ready to dash after them.

Giving a final pat, she jumped into the sleigh, and away went Ned, full tilt, the tiny

cutter skimming over the smooth ice as though it had wings on the runners.

Such a glorious morning as that was, driving up and down the river, and once away across to Tarrytown; for a steady stream of sleighs was going to and fro, and the ice was thick enough to hold a regiment, if necessary.

Dinner-hour came all too soon, and our party had to start homeward, much to Ned's disgust; for he liked the smooth surface to skip over, and was as reluctant to leave it as he had been disinclined to go upon it, and required nearly as much coaxing to induce him to go back to terra firma, where home and an extra Christmas feed awaited him.

And now we will leave him and Denise as they are climbing the hill toward that dear home and a merry Christmas dinner; for I am sure we have told enough about them to please all the lads and lasses who love ponies and their performances, although we know that not all ponies are as wise as the one we have been telling about, or their little mistresses as much indulged. Do you wonder if she grew up to be wise and unselfish, or disagreeable? Who can tell? But one thing I know quite positively. To this day she loves horses and ponies,

and they love and trust her just the same, and never fail to come to her call; and as she passes along the streets she often stops to speak to some horse, and pat him, or give him a lump of sugar from a little pocket which she keeps filled with lumps for that very purpose.

Several horses have come to know her quite well, and always whinny softly when they hear her voice. Perhaps she is the only one from whom they ever receive a kind word or gentle touch, and they are always very grateful.

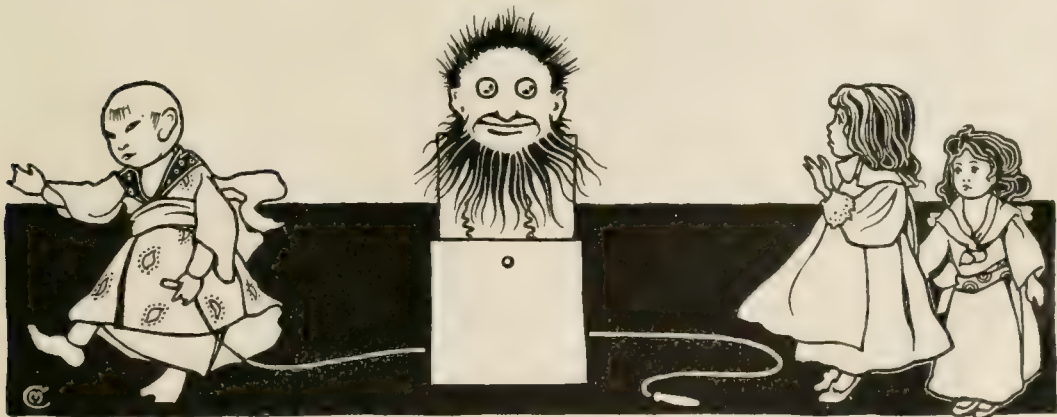
But she loves them all, whether they be handsome or ugly, happy or wretched, just for the sake of dear little Ned Toodles.

But many years passed before she had to bid little Ned farewell, and all were happy, and filled with delightful times, although none was quite equal to the first one, which brought all the surprises.

Ned, Tan, and "the children" lived long and prospered finely, and were quite as much members of the family as real folk.

Many of their pictures are still kept by Denise, who often looks at them, and thinks of the happy hours she spent with the originals, and then tells her own little Denise of the wild pranks in which they figured.

THE END.



SOME little dolls played by a box
And touched a little hook.
The lid flew back, a man popped up
With a horridiferous look!



THE WHITE QUEEN CLUB

BY
IDA KENNISTON

ONE evening I went over to Uncle Rob's, and found the whole family sitting around the fireplace, with no apparent occupation but that of eating peanuts.

"You are just in time, Winnie," exclaimed Molly, jumping up to take my hat and wrap. "We were just about to have a meeting of the White Queen Club."

"The White Queen Club!" I said. "What in the world is that?"

"The Impossible Club," suggested Aunt Emma, with a smile.

"The Paradox Club," said Uncle Rob.

"The True Liars' Club," added Tom; but Aunt Emma shook her head at him in gentle reproach.

"You have quite aroused my curiosity," I said, sitting down in the easy-chair that Tom brought forward for me, and accepting a share of the peanuts. "What is the object of this club with the many names, and what must one do to belong?"

"Every one who joins must tell a story," explained Molly; "a story that is really true, or at least possible, but told in such a way as to make it seem impossible. Then, when every one has told a story, we begin again, and each gives the explanation of his story, if the others have not already guessed it."

"I don't see how one can tell a true story so as to make it seem untrue," I said; "but I am all ready to be a listener, at least."

"Well, who would like to begin?" asked Uncle Rob.

"Oh, let me!" exclaimed little Bob, eagerly. "I know a lovely story—truly I do, Papa."

"All right," said his father, good-naturedly; "we are all ready to hear it."

"Well, once upon a time," began Bobby, soberly, sitting up straight, with a very solemn face, "one day last winter, I was in Boston, and I saw—I saw—I saw a 'lectric car run right over a man!"

There was a half-suppressed "Oh!" from some of his hearers, that seemed to gratify Bobby immensely. He went on with a still more solemn air: "The car, the great heavy 'lectric car, ran right over both his legs, just about *here*"; and Bobby indicated a place on his own chubby person about three inches above the knee. "Well, when the car had rolled off, the man just got up and walked away as if it had n't hurt him at all!"

"Why, Bobby Everett!" exclaimed his mother.

"Well, I'll tell you how 't was," said Bobby, in an ingenuous tone, as if he were about to make all clear. "You see, the man was reading a newspaper, and he was so int'rested in what he was reading that he never knew the car went over him."

"Why, Bobby Everett!" it was now my turn to exclaim. "I thought the stories were to be true."

"That 's really true, Winnie," said my uncle, with a grave face, but with a little twinkle in his eye; "that 's really true, because I was the man."

"Oh, were you, Papa?" exclaimed Bob, with a delighted giggle at this unexpected confirmation of his astonishing tale. "I did n't know that."

"Well, next!" said Uncle Rob.

"My story is very short, and I 'm afraid you 'll all guess it at once," said Molly.

"Once upon a time there was a man who lived in the country, and one Fourth of July he decided to fire off an old cannon that he owned. It was a very small cannon, but he knew it could be depended on to make a big noise. He loaded it with a generous charge of powder, and scattered some powder about the little hole on top.

"Just as he had it all ready to light, he discovered that he had no match in his pocket. He did n't want to go into the house to get one, so, as he was quite near-sighted, he took off his spectacles, and fired the cannon with them."

"Why, how could he?" asked Bobby.

"That's the point," answered Molly; "but he really did. Only—he could n't have done it if it had been a cloudy day."

"Oh, I see!" I exclaimed. "I've guessed one 'impossible' story, at least."

"That reminds me of another cannon story," said Tom,— "one that I read last week. I'll tell that for my yarn.

"Once upon a time — we all like the old-fashioned beginning, Cousin Winnie — once upon a time there was a wonderful cannon. It was one that had been used in the Civil War, and many a huge cannon-ball had rushed forth from its mouth on a mission of destruction. But the war was ended, and the old cannon was no longer used, save, perhaps, on some national holiday, when it thundered forth to celebrate the glories of the nation it had helped to save. Ahem! Well, one day people were surprised to see that, instead of balls being fired from its mouth, if they were brought near the old gun, they leaped to meet it, they hung upon it, and it took a strong man to pull them away. One day a soldier walked in front of the old cannon, and stood motionless about a foot from its mouth. The ground around him was strewn with cannon-balls and iron spikes. Presently the spikes began to leap up and attach themselves to the soldier. Then the heavy iron balls lifted themselves from the ground, and hung upon him. So many were the spikes that the soldier bristled with them like a huge porcupine with iron quills. The weight of the spikes and balls was much greater than the man could have carried, yet he seemed to feel no inconvenience. Presently he began to walk

away, and the balls fell from him, and the spikes dropped to the ground."

Tom began to eat peanuts once more, as if his story were finished.

"The cannon might have been magnetized," suggested Molly; "but I don't see how they could magnetize such an immense thing as a cannon, and I don't understand why the balls should have hung on to the man."

"We'll keep explanations until our stories are all told," said Uncle Rob. "I'll tell mine now.

"Once upon a time," began uncle, "some men were building a railway in the western part of our country. Oh, by the way, Winnie, you know our stories are not always *literally* true. For instance, if I wanted to tell of some of the wonders of electricity, I might speak of that strange force as a giant or as a magician; or, if I wished to tell the story of a colony of bees, I might call them brownies, and then you would have to guess the real name of the giant or the brownies.

"Well, as I said, these men were building a great railroad. For a part of the way they were working as large a force as might be, anxious to get a certain number of miles done by a certain time. The surveyors were going before the working party, marking out the lines; only two or three miles behind them was a force of laborers preparing the road-bed, laying the cross-ties and the heavy iron rails, and spiking them securely together.

"As fast as the railroad was completed, an engine and special train came over the newly laid track, bringing rails and other supplies to the workers.

"One day, Sir What-you-call-him, of the surveyors' party, came to Prince Thing-um-bob, who was superintending the work, and said: 'Your Highness, the work cannot go on.'

"'Why not?' demanded Prince Thing-um-bob, in a terrible tone.

"'Our magic box is bewitched,' answered Sir What-you-call-him, 'and will no longer serve us. Without the aid of our magic box we cannot make our lines straight and true.'

"'Have you been to the Wise Man?' asked Prince Thing-um-bob.

"'We have, your Royal Highness.'

"What does he say?" demanded the Prince.

"He says, your Royal Highness, that we must search until we find a little brown witch, so small that she might be hidden in a walnut-shell. The little brown witch knows how to spin a thread that is finer than silk and stronger than steel. If she will spin us some of her magic thread for the magic box, then all will be well, and the building of the road may be resumed."

"Tell all hands, from the highest to the lowest, to quit work, and search for the little brown witch," commanded Prince Thing-um-bob.

"So all the men left their work, and began to hunt for a little witch who was so small she could hide in a walnut-shell, and who knew how to spin a thread that was finer than silk and stronger than steel.

"They hunted and hunted, but at first without success. In about an hour, however, one of the men gave a shout of triumph as he spied the little brown witch. He carried her straight to Prince Thing-um-bob.

"Command her to spin," was the Prince's next order.

"But the witch would not spin. They coaxed her; they offered her dainties; they threatened her. But the little witch was obstinate; she would not spin, and she did not spin.

"Not all the score of men that stood around anxiously could force the witch to spin her magic thread.

"The men stood, helpless. Unless the tiny witch would help them, work on the great iron road could not go on."

"Uncle Rob," I interrupted, "how much is true, and how much is fairy tale?"

"It is all true," said Uncle Rob, seriously. "The incident, barring names, really happened when one of our great Pacific railroads was being built.

"Well, after some hours the little witch consented to spin for them. The men watched her eagerly, and when she had spun enough of the wonderful magic thread, they gathered it up, and carefully placed it in their magic box. Then all went well. The magic box aided them as before. The men went zealously to work, and, thanks to the little brown witch, the

work of building the great railroad went on once more.

"Next!"

"My story must be short," said Aunt Emma. "One day last summer I was at the summit of Mount Washington. I heard some men talking of the view to be seen from there. They tried to count the number of mountain peaks that were visible, and, failing in that, began to estimate the greatest distance one could see from the summit. Some placed the greatest distance that could be seen with the naked eye at thirty miles, some at fifty, and some said sixty miles. At last a gray-haired gentleman, who up to this time had taken no part in the discussion, asked one of the party how far away he supposed the Rocky Mountains to be. 'Oh, two or three thousand miles,' replied the gentleman addressed, carelessly. 'You don't suppose you can see *them*, do you?'"

"Perhaps not," answered the old gentleman, reflectively; "but I *have* been here when the air was so clear that I saw mountains even farther away than the Rockies."

"Oh, what a story!" exclaimed Bobby—somewhat impolitely, it must be confessed.

"It was really true, Bobby," said his mother, with a smile.

"Well, all our stories are told now," said Uncle Rob, "so I move we begin again, and each explain his yarn—that is, unless Winnie has a story for us."

"Oh, no," I said. "Please excuse me for tonight; and I shall be very glad to hear any reasonable explanation of the extraordinary yarns I have heard. I assure you, my credulity has been taxed to the utmost."

"All right," said my uncle, in high good humor. "Now, Master Bobby, tell us about the poor man who was run over by a car, and did not know it."

"Well," said Bobby, promptly, "you see he was in a steam-car, and the steam-car went under a bridge, and a 'lectric car went *over* the bridge at the same time, and of course it rolled right *over* the man, only he did not notice it."

"Oh, of course!" I said. "Why did not I think of that?"

"Well done, Bobbins," said his big brother Tom. "I confess, your story puzzled me."

"Now, Molly," said uncle, when we had all metaphorically patted our youngest story-teller on the back, "now, Molly, tell us about the man who fired off the cannon with his spectacles."

"Well," said Molly, "he just held them in the sun, like a burning-glass, and focused one of the lenses on the powder until it exploded and discharged the cannon."

"Why, *how*?" asked Bobby.

"Don't you remember, Bobby," explained his sister, "when we were at grandpa's last summer, we used to take his reading-glass and hold it in the sunshine, and see what a little round bright spot it would make?—and when we held it so the little bright spot would come on your hand, it would *burn*?"

"Oh, yes," said Bobby. "But what makes it burn? Why is the sun any hotter when it shines through spectacles than when it shines through window-glass?"

"I'll tell you about that to-morrow, Bobby-boy," said his father, kindly. "I don't believe we'll have time to-night."

"Now, Tom, I confess that *your* cannon story puzzled me. Was it only a possible story, or was it really a fact?"

"It was really a fact, sir," replied Tom. "Molly partly guessed it when she said the cannon might have been a magnet. Captain King of the United States army took the old gun (it was sixteen feet long) and wound ten miles of copper wire around it. Then he connected the ends of the wire with an electric battery. He found this made the cannon the most powerful magnet any one had ever seen."

"But what made the balls and spikes cling to the man?" asked Molly.

"Because he was between them and the cannon," answered Tom. "The electric current was not turned on until he was in position, and then the force made itself felt through him. You know, when we were playing with Bobby's small magnet, we tried holding it above a sheet of writing-paper, and we found that pens and needles would jump up from the table and cling to the under side of the paper. The magnetic force was able to act through the paper, just as in the other case it exerted its power through the body of a man."

"How simple it is," I exclaimed, "when we once understand it!"

"Ah, but do we understand it?" asked my uncle, quickly. "You say it is magnetism that explains it; but how much do we know of what magnetism *is*? You ask what is the power that attracts iron to iron, and we say magnetism; but all we have done is to give a name to an unknown force. Why can't we magnetize gold so that it will attract gold—or silver to attract silver?"

We were silent a moment, thinking over these remarks; and then Aunt Emma, with a glance at the clock, said:

"We have n't time for outside discussions to-night; it is past Bobby's bedtime now; so let us finish the stories as soon as we can."

"Has any one guessed my story?" asked uncle.

"The little brown witch may have been a spider," said Molly, "but I don't see how a cobweb can help build a railroad."

"It really does," said Uncle Rob. "In the telescopes of astronomers, and in the instruments that surveyors use, the spider's thread plays an important part. It is necessary to have two cross-hairs, as they are called, to mark the horizontal and perpendicular lines in the field of vision, and to give a means of getting the right angle. It is necessary that these lines be very fine and smooth. The instrument magnifies so much that a piece of cotton thread would look like a cable. Even a hair or a shred of silk would make a broad, black line, too wide and with too jagged edges to permit of delicate measuring. It was found that the only thing that would give satisfaction was a spider's thread, which is really much finer than the thread of the silkworm."

"But you said it was stronger than steel," said Tom.

"So it is, in proportion to its size," said his father. "It takes from four thousand to seven thousand spider threads, put side by side, to measure an inch. Threads sufficient to equal in size a bar of steel an inch in diameter would sustain a much greater weight than would the bar of steel."

"A good motto for your club would be 'Live and learn,'" I said. "I am sure these

facts are as new to me as they are to Tom and Molly."

"Now, Mama," said Molly, "tell us about the mountains you can see from the summit of Mount Washington."

"You have seen them often," said Aunt Emma, "and so has Bobby."

"Why, Mama, where?" said Bobby.

"If I tell the others how far away the mountains are," said his mother, "it may help them to guess. They are just about two hundred and forty thousand miles away."

"Two hundred and forty thousand!" said Tom, slowly. "Oh, I know. The mountains in the moon!"

There was a hearty laugh at this simple explanation of an "impossible" story.

"I shall probably see those mountains on my way home to-night," I said; "and that reminds me that it is time for me to be going."

"I have enjoyed your club meeting ever so much, Molly, and I hope you will let me come again."

"It is a favorite game with us," said Uncle Rob. "We should be glad to have you join us any time; but you must come to our next meeting prepared with an 'impossible' story of your own."

"One more question," I said, as I was putting on my hat. "Why did Molly call it the 'White Queen Club'?"

"You have read 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through a Looking-Glass,' have n't you?" asked Molly.

"Of course!" I said. "Why don't you ask me if I ever heard of Mother Goose?"

"Well," replied Molly, with a smile, "you remember the White Queen practised until she was able to believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast!"

A Scientific Grandpapa •

By Margaret Johnson.



See, Grandpapa, my flower!"
 she cried;
 "I found it in the grasses!"
 And with a kindly smile, the Sage
 Surveyed it through his glasses.
 "Ah, yes," he said, "involucrate,
 And all the florets ligulate.
 Corolla gamopetalous, -
 Compositae, - exogenous -
 A pretty specimen it is,
 Taraxacum dens-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again,
 His face her wistful eye on.

"I thought," she said, with quivering lip,
 "It was a dandelion!"



A Warning to Mothers

Elsie Hill



COULD not find, the other day, my little sister Claire.

I peeped into the nursery to see if she was there,

And found instead her eldest doll—
Matilda Maud by name;

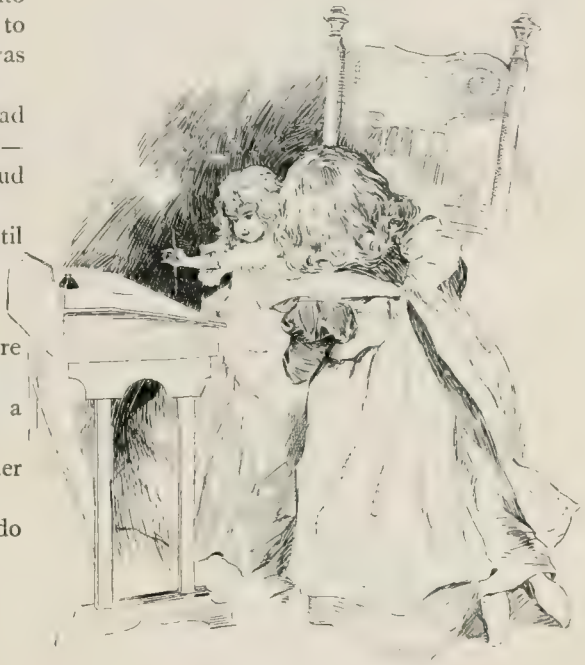
So down we sat together then, to wait until she came.

Matilda Maud is beautiful; her cheeks are smooth and fair.

You'd never think, to look at her, she had a hidden care.

I wonder if I only dreamed I heard her murmur: "Oh,

Just what my mother means by it I really do not know!



No matter if it hurts you, since 't is for your good, my dear!

So she pulls it out in handfuls, while I never shed a tear.

"But early in the morning, if you're passing by the door,

And you hear a greater scrimmage than you ever heard before,—

'Oh, you *jerk* so! Oh, you *hurt* so! Oh, it's more than I can bear!'

Why, that's the way my mother does when people curl *her* hair!





She sets the copy carefully, and tries her best
to teach,

*'Consistency a jewel is,' and, 'Practise what
you preach !*

"So is n't it the *oddest* thing that I should hear
her sigh

(Her forehead all snarled up with frowns, a
tear in either eye):

*'If I had just to read and spell, I 'd like to
study then;*

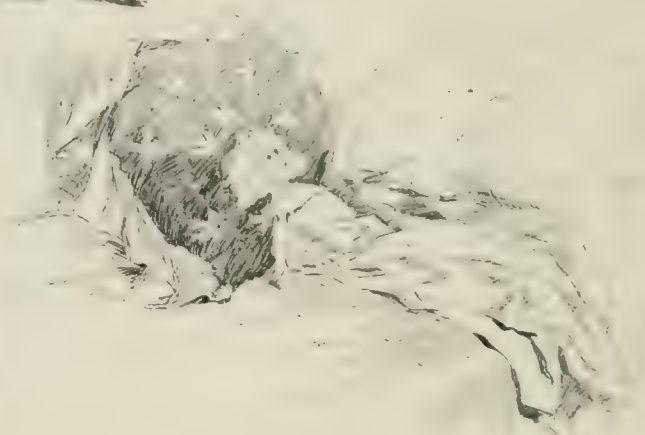
Arithmetic is far too hard for little girls of
ten!'

"For Sundays I 've a velvet gown that 's warm
as warm can be;

For other days the muslin one my mother
made for me.

"*'Wise children work as well as
play,'* my mother oft will
state.

She puts the pencil in my
hand, and holds it firm and
straight;



No matter what the weather is, she 'll shake
her head and say,

*'T is vain, my dear, to wish to wear your best
frock every day.'*

"And yet this very afternoon I was n't
dressed at all,

But lying on the window-seat just wrapped
up in a shawl

I heard my little mother's voice, in tones of
deep distress:

*'I cannot go to Betty Brown's and wear my
old blue dress !'*



So when it 's late and striking eight, and Nurse
is at the door,
It is n't *I* who always cry, 'Just fifteen min-
utes more!'

I started up; a gay voice called; a step
was on the stair.
Matilda Maud — that injured child — sat
speechless in her chair.
I wonder if I only *dreamed* I heard her whis-
per: "Well,
Just what my mother means by it I really
cannot tell!"

"Then, when we 're at our supper I am sure
I never make
Complaints about my bread and milk, that 's
'nicer far than cake.'
If you hear a dreadful teasing, — oh, you
need n't look at *me*, —
It 's just my *mother* begging for a cup of
'truly tea'!

"And sometimes I 'm in bed at six, and some-
times half-past two!
'Matilda Maud,' my mother says, 'I know
what 's best for you!'



THEIR FLOWERS.

ROSES for maidens, and Tulips for dames,
Carnations bold for their squires.
Laurel for soldiers, and Lilies for nuns,
And Bachelor's Buttons for friars.
But Daisies and Buttercups smile from the grass,
To gladden the dear little children that pass!

Agnes Lewis Mitchell.



WHEN we crane our necks trying to look to the top of the "sky scraper" twenty-story office building that disfigures our modern cities, we fancy we know something about big buildings. If, however, we compare our greatest structures with some of those built in the Orient four thousand years ago, they will cease to appear so imposing.

Imagine a stone about three times the size of a railroad freight-car — a stone from which three or four obelisks like that in Central Park, New York, could be made. Imagine it to be carried two miles from the quarries, and hoisted many feet from the ground in the position in the ancient wall in which you see it in the illustration. Surely we must conclude that "there were giants in those days," or that some superhuman means was used in the construction of this gigantic foundation. If you ask any of the Arabs dwelling for miles around Baalbec as to

how the walls were built, and by whom they were built, all will tell the same story: "T is the work of Solomon, assisted by the genii." These he must have kept bottled up, to help him in the great enterprises that are attributed to him! Such is the convenient "Arabian Nights" way of explaining the gigantic work. Whether there is any connection between the Arabian legend and the old Bible story describing "the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus," supposed to have been built by Solomon for the Queen of Sheba, I cannot say. It is, however, a curious fact that from one end of Syria to the other, whenever you meet with a great piece of engineering or architectural work seeming too difficult for the modern man, the native always tells you it was the work of Solomon and his genii.

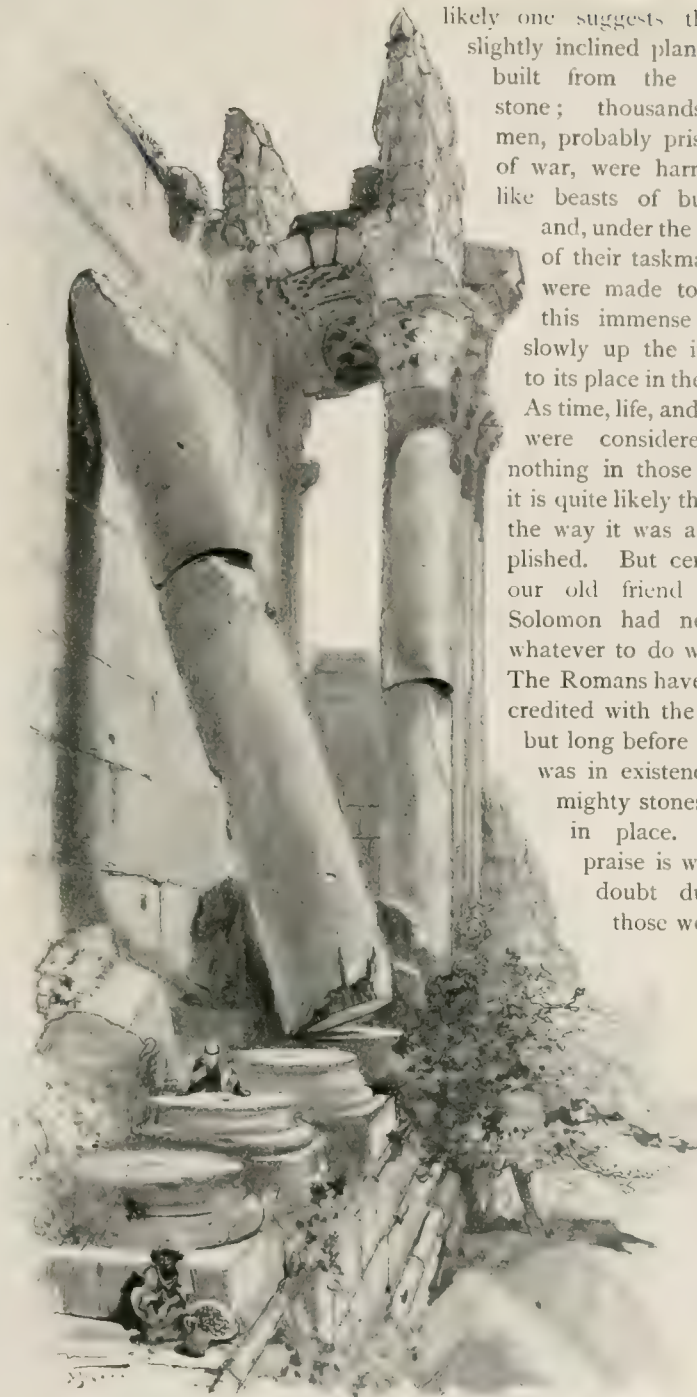
Our obelisk in the Central Park (one of a group of monoliths — "Cleopatra's Needles," as they are called in Europe) has a close connection with this subject. It is a complete mistake to connect them in any way with the Egyptian queen, for they belong to a period many hundreds of years before her reign. They were ancient religious symbols connected with

the sun (Baal) as an object of worship. The Egyptian priests called these monoliths "fingers of the sun."

They originally stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis; but they were carried away by Pontius, the engineer of Augustus Caesar, in A. D. 21, to adorn his palace at Alexandria. This last piece of information was engraved in Latin and Greek on the claw of one of the four bronze crabs at the base of the obelisk.

Try to realize the dimensions of the "big stone" that still rests in the quarry, attached to the living rock, as you see it in the heading illustration, and note, packed on the camel's back, the size of the stones that are quarried to-day. There are three other huge blocks in the foundation of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, but the great corner-stone far exceeds them all. It is sixty-seven feet long, eighteen feet wide, and thirteen feet high. Its weight is estimated at eleven hundred and thirty tons. These stones at Baalbec are, indeed, the largest that have ever been moved by human power.

There have been many theories as to how such huge masses were carried from the distant quarry



PART OF THE RUINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEC.

likely one suggests that a slightly inclined plane was built from the great stone; thousands of men, probably prisoners of war, were harnessed like beasts of burden, and, under the lashes of their taskmasters, were made to drag this immense mass slowly up the incline to its place in the wall. As time, life, and labor were considered as nothing in those days, it is quite likely this was the way it was accomplished. But certainly our old friend King Solomon had nothing whatever to do with it. The Romans have been credited with the work, but long before Rome was in existence the mighty stones were in place. The praise is without doubt due to those wonder-

ful old people, the Phenicians — the enterprising race that lived here during the palmy days

of Syria; the brave people who, without chart or mariners' compass, ventured in their funny little ships out into the open and stormy northern sea as far as the coast of Cornwall, in England, to work the tin-mines, and sometimes went even farther north.

They are the people, you will remember, who discovered the art of glass-making, and other things by which you and I profit to-day.

One night, I was sitting by a camp-fire built on the sands of the coast of Syria, where a little river ran in from the hills to the east, not far from the walls of Acre. To enliven the long evening, my dragoman told me, among other tales, how, once upon a time, some thousands of years ago, a party of Phenicians were sitting chatting over their camp-fire, near this very spot, when they noticed some queer, greenish, transparent, worm-like things creeping slowly out of the fire over the sand. When cool enough, they held them up to the declining sun, and they sparkled like gems—and glass was discovered! A fusion of the sand and seaweed silica, and lime, and other things necessary to the construction of glass, had by accident been melted in the fire, and for this accident we are still debtors.

This story has long been believed; but students of the long ago tell us that glass was

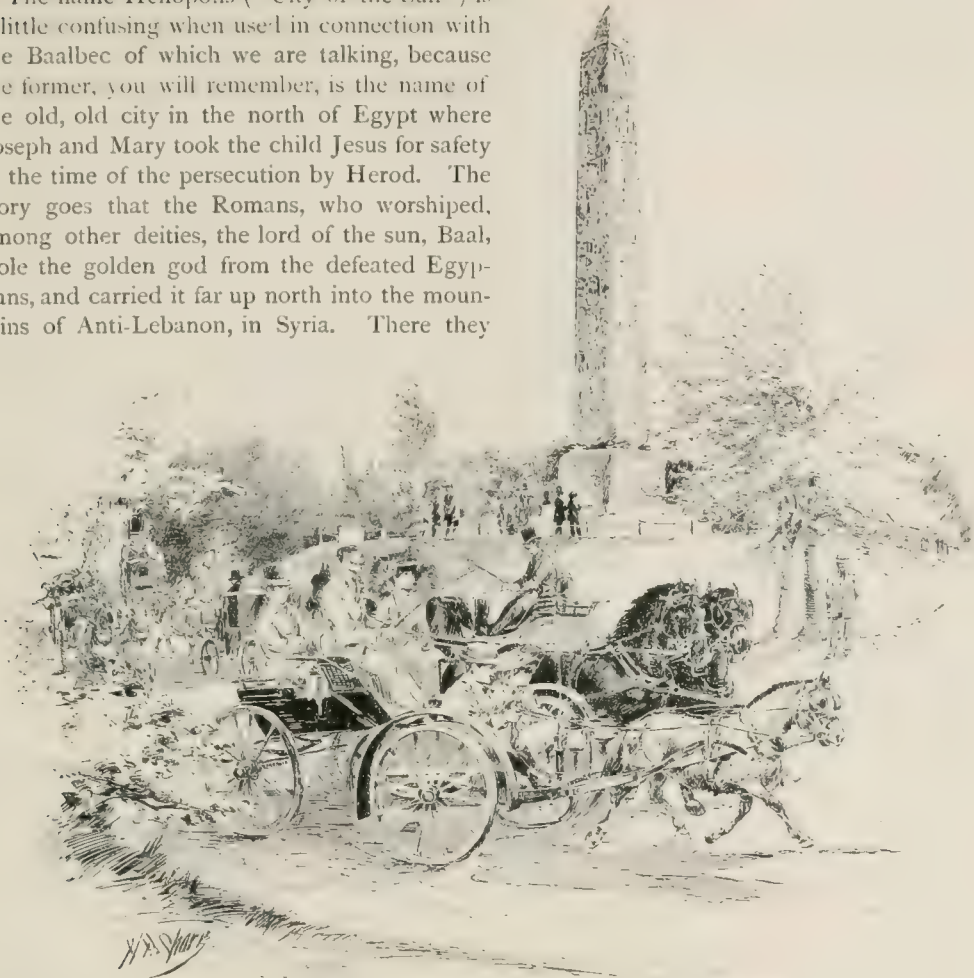
known to the Egyptians before the Phenicians sailed the seas.

I wish I might give you some idea of the majesty of those grand old masses of stone of Baalbec!

We arrived in the dusk of the evening, and found our camp pitched in the courtyard of the inner temple; but we were too tired, after ten hours in the saddle, to admire much as we stumbled over the broken ruins in the thickening darkness. Rest and dinner, I am afraid, seemed then far more important than all the temples in the world. But later in the evening, on lifting up the tent-flap to see what were the prospects of weather for the morrow, I was almost overcome by the transformation that had taken place in two hours. The darkness had fled, and the full moon was flooding the snowy peaks of Lebanon, and still against the mountains of whiteness stood the six huge columns, their glorious capitals just coming into the mysterious light. It seemed as if they reached up to the very stars. The people who built them disappeared thousands of years ago, and their history has been forgotten; but the grandeur of their idea remains, and men of to-day travel weary miles, as we did, to come in touch with the handiwork of men who never dreamed that America existed.



The name Heliopolis ("City of the Sun") is a little confusing when used in connection with the Baalbec of which we are talking, because the former, you will remember, is the name of the old, old city in the north of Egypt where Joseph and Mary took the child Jesus for safety at the time of the persecution by Herod. The story goes that the Romans, who worshiped, among other deities, the lord of the sun, Baal, stole the golden god from the defeated Egyptians, and carried it far up north into the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, in Syria. There they



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.

built a great acropolis on the foundations of much older structures of the Phenicians, with temples, courts, and columns by the thousand, and called it Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. The tenacious natives continued, nevertheless, to use their own name for the place, Baalbec. Baal was a sort of double divinity, both Jupiter and the sun — a beardless, life-sized figure of solid gold, holding in his right hand a whip (to symbolize his driving the horses of the chariot of the sun), in his left hand a thunderbolt and ears of wheat.

He was consulted by all sorts and conditions of people who were about to engage in doubtful

enterprises. We read of Trajan, the Roman emperor, coming to consult the oracle of Baalbec upon the success of his intended Parthian expedition.

Now, the Phenician Baal was Melkart, whom the Greeks, according to their usual custom of identifying the gods of other nations with their own, confounded with Hercules, and designated "Hercules of Tyre." In reality he was a very different idol from their own deified hero, and would appear to have been an incarnation of the sun. It was allowed, even by the Greeks, that of all the gods and demi-gods who bore this name, he of the Phenicians was

the most ancient of all. In the initial letter of this article you will see pictures of two coins, both in the British Museum—the first, Melkart, a copper coin of Cossyra, showing the Phenician Baal, and the second, a much later silver coin of Tyre, showing the Tyrian Hercules.

Syria, as well as northern Egypt, was given up at one time to the worship of Baal, and Baalbec was the center of that worship. I could not but sympathize, in part, with the symbol of their worship. Our camp was pitched in the courtyard of one of the great temples. For two weeks, without a cloud, each morning at sunrise the snow-peaks of the Lebanon glowed like molten metal against the green-blue sky, the first herald of the god of day.

The worship must have been an imposing one. The rising sun was waited for by the priests of Baal, who watched the summit of Dhahr el Khodib, upon whose western slope are situated the cedars of Lebanon. An account of these great cedars was published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1897. The moment the first rose-colored rays struck the snow-peaks, the great daily ceremony of the grandest temple of ancient or modern times began.

Imagine the long line of priests, trumpeters, and choristers waiting and watching, their faces turned to catch the first flush upon the snow-peaks, which was announced by a mighty blast upon a hundred trumpets.

The moment the glowing edge appeared above the eastern hills, five hundred voices of the choristers broke into a grand hymn to the sun—the god of day, the lord of life.

Speaking of the structures, an eminent writer upon such matters calls it the "boldest plan ever attempted in architecture." Nothing that I can say or draw—alas!—will give you an idea of the overpowering immensity of the buildings, particularly the great Temple of the Sun, with its enormous fluted golden columns, that helped to reflect the glory of the coming day. Many people describe Baalbec as being built of white marble, but it is really indurated (hardened) limestone, that has retained the wonderfully delicate detail of column and peristyle as sharply as though it had been finished yesterday. And it is a thrilling thought that our obelisk in Central Park may have looked—nay *did*, in its far-off Egyptian infancy, look into the very Temple of the Sun, and saw our golden god at Heliopolis thousands of years ago.



AN ULTIMATUM. "RELEASE THE PRINCESS, OR OFF COMES YOUR HEAD!"

The Judgment of the Cadi



BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

SHAKSPERE.

THE Gate of the Caravans opens upon a grove of palm-trees. Beyond is the desert, stretching away past eye-shot, and gleaming like burnished brass in the fierce light of the tropic sun.

Yusuf, the Arab boy who peddled dates, crouched in the shadow of the gateway, watching the approach of a caravan. The shrill cries of the camel-drivers came nearer and nearer, and presently a long line of laden dromedaries began to file through the open gate, slouching along with noiseless tread, and bobbing their long necks up and down to an accompaniment of complaining grunts. Some of the drivers tossed "luck-money" to the Arab boy, whom they noticed, as they passed, remembering the words of the prophet: "The good that ye shall give in alms shall redound unto yourselves."

Perhaps, too, some of them felt genuine pity for the orphan lad, whose father had owned many camels, and had led many a richly laden caravan safely across the sandy wilderness, before he and his fortune were swept away in one of those terrible simooms, that, in a moment, rushing from no one knows whence, blinds, burns, and buries its victims, and sweeps on, no one knows whither.

It was Yusuf's ambition to own a camel and travel with the caravans. The sailor's son loves the sea, though his father's bones lie bleaching at the bottom of it; and Yusuf yearned for the desert as only an Arab can, although he knew that somewhere in its treacherous sands *his* father's body lay. Every day, at noon, when the merchants closed their bazaars and retired for their midday nap, the little date-seller

would wander off to the Gate of the Caravans, and gaze wistfully on that great sea of sand of which so many wonderful tales were told.

He wondered now, as he watched the camels file past, whether he would ever be able to earn enough to buy one of those great, grunting, silent-footed beasts. A driver had told him once that even the cheapest camel costs more than a hundred pieces of gold, and a really good one twice as much. The boy raised his hand to his turban, and felt the one gold coin that was tucked securely away in the lining. Just one! And he needed so many more! He picked up the coppers the men had flung him,—wishing in his heart they were gold coins, too,—and followed dejectedly in the wake of the camels, that could still be seen at the far end of the narrow street.

All at once, as he shuffled along, his bare foot struck against something in the dust of the roadway that gave forth a jingling sound. He stooped quickly, and picked up—a netted purse of green silk! Not a little slender purse, but a big, fat, bulging purse; and through its meshes the boy caught the glint of gold! Yusuf slipped the purse quickly into the bosom of his tunic. He glanced furtively around. The street was deserted. No one had seen him pick up the purse. No one need know he had found it unless he chose to tell. Need he tell? He slipped back to the shade of the gateway, and sat down to think.

He sat there, turning the matter over in his mind, a long, long while, his hand pressed over the spot where the purse lay. How heavy it was! He dared not take it out to count his treasure, but he knew by the weight of it that here was the price of his camel, and more. Need he tell?

Whenever perplexed by doubt as to what he should do, the orphan had always before had recourse to one magic question: "What would father have done?" Yusuf asked himself that question now, and answered it: "Seek for the owner!"

Yes; find the owner. That is what *he* must do. He rose (a little slowly, it is true, because it was hard to give the camel up), and started up the street. Who had lost the purse? He did n't know, but it seemed likely that it had

been dropped by some one of the caravan. He would seek there first.

Before Yusuf could come up with the caravan, however, another actor appeared on the scene. This was the Crier, a tall, venerable Turk with a flaming turban and a flowing gown of figured India stuff. He carried a long staff, with which he struck the ground at every step, the better to emphasize his words.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All honest people," he cried. "The merchant Ebn-Aziz hath lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold. He offers half as a reward to whomsoever shall return it to him. Better the half with honesty than the whole with deceit! Hath any found a purse—a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold?"

Yusuf interrupted the Crier.

"I have found the purse," he said. He drew it forth from his bosom. "Here it is."

"Follow me," said the Crier, "and Ebn-Aziz will pay thee thy reward."

A little crowd had gathered. Pushing his way through these people, the Crier started up the street, followed by Yusuf, the idlers trailing along behind. Some, however, ran ahead, eager to carry the news to Ebn-Aziz. As he passed up the street Yusuf heard his name uttered on all sides.

"Yusuf, the date-seller, hath found the merchant Ebn-Aziz's purse," cried one.

"He will receive a hundred pieces of gold," said another.

"He is *promised* a hundred pieces," rejoined a third; "but if I know aught of the miser Ebn-Aziz, he will die before he will part with a single gold piece."

Yusuf's heart sank at these words; but hope revived as one who had known his father called after him: "Well done, Yusuf! thou art an honest lad. I will go with thee and see that justice is done thee."

A walk of a few minutes brought them to the bazaar of Ebn-Aziz, who was indeed, as one of the speakers had said, a miserly fellow. He had learned a few minutes before that his purse had been found, and now he was cudgeling his evil brain for some excuse by which he might escape paying the promised reward. The sympathies of the crowd, however, were with the

boy. Angry voices cried to the merchant: "Come, old money-grubber, here is thy purse; now give the lad his due."

"Softly, softly," croaked the miser. "All in good time, my friends. Let us first see that what was lost is found." He extended his hand for the purse. Yusuf handed it to him.

"Good!" said the merchant, as his fingers closed upon the gold. He glanced sharply at Yusuf from under his heavy brows. "He is only a lad," thought Ebn, "and poor. I shall have no difficulty in disposing of him." He opened the purse.

"Count out the money," cried the crowd. "Half for thyself, and half for the boy."

The merchant thrust one bony hand into the purse and rummaged around among the coins.

"Ah, miserable wretch!" he exclaimed, with feigned emotion, "it is not here! Where is the emerald, boy? The emerald!"

"The emerald?" faltered Yusuf.

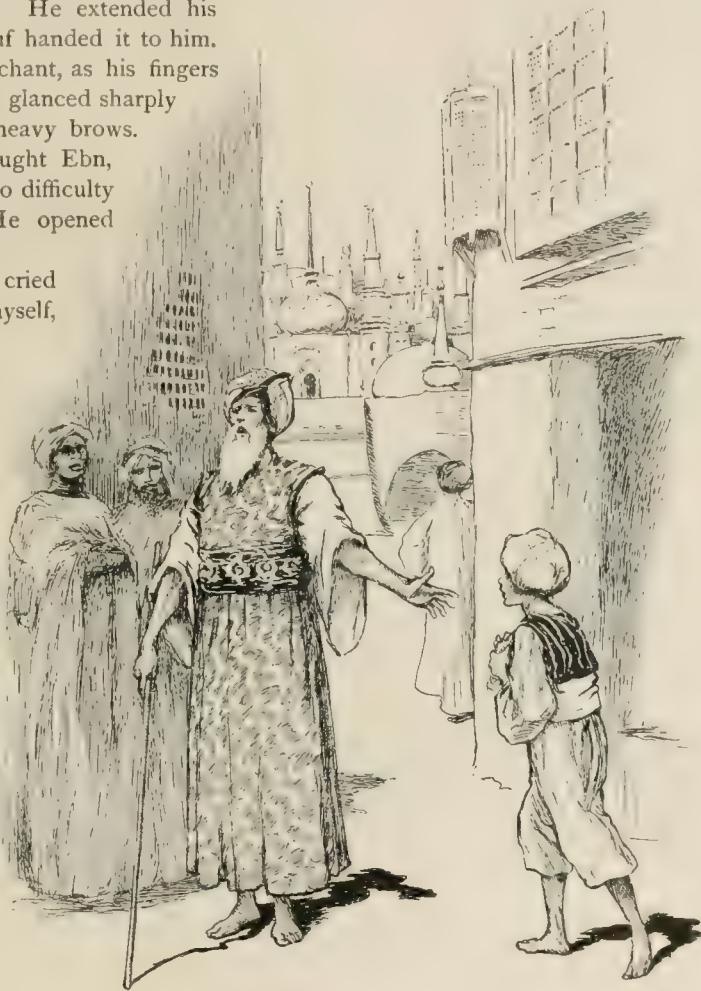
"Aye, the emerald!" shrieked Ebn, seizing him roughly by the shoulder and shaking him. "Think not to deceive me by such clumsy pretense. Thou returnest the gold, eh? Oh, paragon of honesty! But thou thinkest to keep the emerald, then — my precious emerald, that is worth ten times this paltry purse. Oh, unfortunate that I am! My emerald! My emerald! What hast thou done with it, thief — beggar?"

Yusuf shook himself free, and faced the old man, his eyes flashing.

"I am no thief," he cried, "and no beggar! I gave back thy purse to thee as I found it; I

did not even open it. If it is thy mind to deny me the reward, keep thy gold; I will have none of it!" He turned on his heel.

"Go!" said Ebn, well satisfied with the suc-



"YUSUF INTERRUPTED THE CRIER. 'I HAVE FOUND THE PURSE,' HE SAID."

cess of his scheme, "and be grateful to Allah that thou escapest so easily. I pardon thee for the sake of thy dead father, whose name I would not see disgraced."

But the Crier laid a detaining hand on the boy's shoulder. "Stop!" he cried. Then, turning to the merchant, he said: "What thou wilt

pardon and what thou wilt not pardon is not for thee to say. This matter hath gone beyond thee. If the boy is honest he is entitled to the reward; if he be, as you say, a thief, as a thief he must be punished. Come both of ye with me before the Cadi."

"To the Cadi!" echoed the crowd. "To the Cadi!"

Once arrived at the divan of the Cadi, the case was soon stated. Yusuf told how he had found the purse, and how

"Ebn-Aziz," said the Cadi, "if thy purse contained an emerald, as thou sayest, why didst thou not bid the Crier cry that also?"

The crowd murmured approval at this question, but the merchant was ready with an answer.

"Effendi," he said, "the emerald was of great size, and uncut. I hoped the finder of the purse might prove ignorant of its value.

Many would return the purse for half the gold it contained.

Had I proclaimed the value of the emerald, the chances of seeing it again would have been less; and, besides, I should have been obliged to offer a greater reward."

"There speaks the miser," cried some one in the crowd. Ebn-Aziz smiled. He cared nothing for the opinion of others, so long as his explanation was believed — and it was.

"Boy," said the Cadi, turning to Yusuf, "hast thou this emerald?"

"No, Effendi. I know naught of the stone."

"Let him be searched," said the Cadi.

Two men laid hold of Yusuf, and quickly ransacked his clothing. Then one seized his turban, and with a quick motion unrolled it. The gold piece that was tucked away in the lining fell to the floor with a ringing sound, to the amazement of the beholders.

"Aha!" cried Ebn-Aziz. "He hath taken



"MY EMERALD! MY EMERALD! WHAT HAST THOU DONE WITH IT, THIEF — BEGGAR?"

he had returned it unopened to Ebn-Aziz. The merchant insisted that, besides the gold, the purse had contained an emerald of great value.

"What wast thou bidden to cry?" said the Cadi, addressing the Crier.

"A purse containing two hundred pieces of gold."

"Was no mention made of an emerald?"

"None. The purse alone was named."

toll of the purse, then, and but a moment before he swore he had not opened it."

The case, for a moment, looked brighter for the merchant.

"It is mine!" exclaimed Yusuf, passionately.

"Thine?" rejoined Ebn. "What hath a beggar to do with gold? Doubtless thou wilt say the emerald is thine also, directly."

This taunt had the effect the merchant intended. The crowd began to think that perhaps, after all, Ebn-Aziz was right. The Cadi, too, was frowning on the boy. But the friend of Yusuf's father had not forsaken him.

"Effendi," he said, "the boy speaks truly. I myself gave him this gold piece but yester-week, in exchange for coppers, that he might with more ease and safety preserve his little hoard."

"Ebn-Aziz," said the Cadi, "how many gold pieces hast thou in thy purse?"

"I—I have not counted," faltered the merchant.

"Count them. Stay! Count so that I may see thee."

The merchant poured out the gold pieces before the Cadi, and began with trembling fingers to drop them back, one by one, into the purse. There were two hundred—not one missing!

The Cadi turned to one of the scribes who sat near, and dictated an order which the

scribe engrossed on the roll. Then, at a sign from the Cadi, the clerk rose, and, raising his hands to command silence, cried in a loud voice:

"In the name of Allah! In the name of Allah! In the name of Allah! Hear ye the judgment of the most just Cadi in the matter concerning the merchant Ebn-Aziz and the boy Yusuf."

The crowd pressed nearer to the divan. Ebn-Aziz glanced furtively at the Cadi, but his crafty eyes could find no trace of favor or displeasure in the judge's impassive face.

"Ebn-Aziz," said the Cadi, "listen attentively to me; for my decision in this case resteth on thy answer. Remember, too, that the reputation of this fatherless lad is at stake, and Allah, who watcheth over the orphan, hath said: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.'"

Therefore, bethink thee before thou answereth.

Art thou *certain* the purse thou lost contained an emerald?"



"PERHAPS THY EMERALD MAY YIT LE FOUND." (SEE PAGE 1038.)

"As Allah is my judge," answered Ebn, "I am certain."

"Then," said the Cadi, "the matter is sim-

ple to decide—for I cannot doubt so solemn an assurance."

The merchant bowed low at these words, the better to hide the exulting smile that distorted his crafty countenance.

"But neither," continued the Cadi, in an even voice, "can I doubt the word of the boy Yusuf, whose reputation for truth and honesty hath been established by many witnesses."

Ebn-Aziz straightened suddenly. The smile had disappeared.

"This, then, is my verdict," said the Cadi: "Since thy purse, Ebn-Aziz, contained an emerald, and since the purse that the boy Yu-

suf found contained no emerald, it is clear that it was not thy purse that the boy found. Therefore, I command that the purse be returned to the finder, Yusuf; and thee, Ebn-Aziz, I would advise to have thy loss again cried through the streets; perhaps thy emerald may yet be found."

A week later a string of laden camels filed out of the Gate of the Caravans and glided away into the desert. And with them went Yusuf, glad in the fulfilment of his dreams, as he strode proudly beside the handsomest camel (so Yusuf thought) in the world.



"I OUGHT TO MUST N'T."

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE chair was so near, and the shelf was so low,

And I opened the door just in time to see
The last of the coveted caramels go,
While a look imploring was cast on me,

"I ought to must n't, I know!"

The chair was so near, and the shelf was so low,—

To punish, alas! no courage I had;
And I did as, perhaps, you yourself might do,—
I kissed her, right there, so sweet and so bad,

But "I ought to must n't," I knew!

THE OTHER HALF.

By W. M. BROWNE.

II.

FOR five days the boys had been at work on the cellar, and had dug down to a depth of four feet below the south side of the rectangle.

They were beginning to be proficient in the use of pick and shovel, but on the last day of the five they had, in their enthusiasm, worked with sleeves rolled up, and, as a result, came home with arms badly blistered.

That evening Mrs. Lane bound up the throbbing arms in soft cloths saturated with some soothing lotion, and in other ways did what she could to relieve the sufferers.

They had pluckily worked through and out of the stage that comes to all new laborers,—the stage of blistered hands and stiff and aching backs,—but this last affliction seemed to dampen their enthusiasm materially, so much so, in fact, that Mr. Lane was afraid they might, after all, give up in despair before the work was finished.

His fears proved to be groundless, however, for the boys started in again the next morning with determination if with less alacrity. But Mr. Lane was not at Poemasset to know this. He had gone to Boston on the early train to pass the day.

The treasure-seekers were destined to meet with a check this morning. At the first stroke Billy's pick rebounded with a dull ring from a large stone a few inches beneath the surface.

Hoping that matters would mend upon closer examination, they hastily shoveled away the earth about the stone; but their worst fears were realized. There it lay, weighing probably two hundred pounds—a rounded, unwieldy fellow about two feet in diameter.

They could not even lift it, to say nothing of getting it out of the pit. Reluctantly they acknowledged the need of assistance.

Ezra and Caleb, easy-going natives of the "Cape," had manifested no little curiosity about

the boys' work, and, from remarks they had let fall in the boys' hearing, Billy and Dick suspected the pair of having in some way got an inkling of their hopes. Therefore, the prospect of having them concerned in the affair was not a pleasant one.

However, at tea the boys told Mr. Lane (who had returned on the afternoon train) about the big stone, and he sent the men to the island to remove it.

The following morning Billy critically examined the bottom of the cellar to see if Caleb and Ezra had been, as he expressed it to Dick, "doing any digging on their own account."

The stone had been removed, and Billy thought he could detect evidence that the earth where it had rested had been slightly displaced. He brought down his pick upon the spot.

As the gravel shifted at the prying of the pick, he gave a shout of joy and dropped on his knees. Dick was beside him in an instant.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it! He had uncovered an old rusty dirk. There were traces of carving on the horn handle, but they were indistinct, and clogged with earth and sand.

Spurred on by this discovery, both boys impatiently dug away the gravel with their hands about the spot where the dirk had been unearthed.

Soon Dick cried out, then Billy, then Dick again. This time they had found several copper coins, but so corroded that but little of the markings remained.

"We're on the right track, old man," cried Billy, hilariously, and he gave Dick a slap on the back that had about it a vigor and was received with a sturdiness of which neither boy would have been capable a week ago—before they began their work.

Now they shoveled with a will. If Mr. Lane could have seen them, all his doubts about their completing the cellar would have van-

ished. The gravel fairly rained down on the heaps on either side of the pit.

By tea-time they were down to a level of six feet below on the south side. One foot more, and the level described in the paper would be reached.

The prospect was now assuming such importance that Billy was nervous about carrying the paper on his person; and after consultation it was decided to hide the precious scrap. So they put it back in the copper box, and returned that to its place of concealment — a hole near the foot of the oak-tree — and laid a sod over the spot.

That night Dick, though physically tired out, could not get to sleep. He tossed about, wide awake, while pictures of what they might find the next day kept forming themselves in his mind.

He had lain thus for perhaps an hour when the sound of oars came in at the open window. It was a still, clear night, and he could distinctly hear the short, jerky strokes.

"It sounds like Caleb's stroke! Can it be possible that—!" Dick was out of bed with a bound, and peering out into the darkness.

In the daylight the island was visible from the window, but now it appeared to be an indistinct, shapeless mass of shadow. The surface of the water, too, was dark.

Dick could distinguish nothing, but just then the noise of a boat grating on the shingle reached his ears, and men's voices came over the quiet water.

Then appeared a flickering speck of light. The speck grew brighter, and became steady. Now it was moving.

Dick realized in a moment that it was the light of a lantern, and that the lantern was being carried up the outer slope of the knoll on the island.

It flashed through his mind that Billy was right in his suspicions — that Caleb and Ezra were about to do some digging on their own account.

After a good deal of hard shaking and repeated urgings and pleadings, Billy waked sufficiently to understand what was going on, and then hastened with Dick to the window.

There was the light now, as nearly as they could tell, on top of the knoll, right by the cellar. Then it seemed to suddenly sink into the ground.

"They've gone down into the cellar!" exclaimed Billy. "And I'll bet anything it's Caleb and Ezra. Get your clothes on, quick!"

"What are you going to do, Billy?" asked Dick, nervously.

"There's one thing I'm *not* going to do," said Billy, between jerks as he hastily pulled on his trousers, — "I'm not going to let those chaps have the benefit of all our digging."

They cautiously made their way out of the window to the edge of the piazza roof, and clambered down the cedar posts to the ground.

"Careful, now," said Billy, as Dick stepped into the boat at the float. "You row bow and I'll row stroke. Easy!" — each now had an oar. "Row as softly as you can, or they'll hear us."

But carefully as they used the oars, they must have been heard by whoever was on the island; for before they had rowed half-way across, they saw the light coming hurriedly down the knoll to the beach.

When they were within a hundred yards of the island, they heard the boat being shoved off, and could soon dimly make out the figures of two men rowing hard toward the outer end of the island.

"Don't stop, Dick!" cried Billy, hoarsely, as the bow oar ceased rowing. "Pull hard, and we'll get near enough to see who they are."

But the leaders gained at every stroke, and before long were completely out of sight, though the sound of their oars could still be heard — the sound of the short, sharp, fisherman's stroke. Soon that ceased.

"They've gone round the end of the island," said Dick.

"No matter," said Billy, doggedly, "we'll follow 'em just the same."

When the boys turned the point they were again disappointed — no boat was visible. But they kept on rowing, now back toward the mainland, but on the other side of the island from that along which they had come.

Presently Dick spoke. "Stop, Billy; listen!"

Some distance astern they could hear again the faint sound of that same short stroke, and presently the "haw, haw, haw!" of a suppressed laugh floated to them over the water.

"That 's Caleb's laugh,—surely," said Dick.

"Yes, sir,—sure as shooting," Billy replied, "and they kept still, in the shadow close to the land, and let us pass them."

"Shall we row round to the knoll and see what they have done?" Dick asked.

"What 's the use? We have n't got a lantern, and I 'm used up."

"So am I."

"Let 's go home and go to bed. We 'll see what they 've done in the morning."

Slowly and in silence they rowed back to the float. The feeling that you have been outwitted is not a pleasant one, and it weighed on the boys' minds.

When they went to the cellar next morning—not so early in the morning as they had planned, because they slept late—there was abundant evidence that somebody had been digging in their absence.

They had left the bottom of the pit level, or nearly so, whereas now it was noticeably higher in the middle than at the sides.

Moreover, they had ended the previous day's work by throwing out all the earth they had loosened with their pickaxes; but now there was a considerable amount of loose gravel lying about.

"Yes, sir," said Billy to Dick, after a careful examination of the ground, "they 've been dig-

ging here. Look at all that loose dirt they left. And it would n't surprise me one bit," he continued, as they walked toward the oak, "if they had been hunting round that tree, too."

As he ceased speaking, he raised the sod



"THEY CAREFULLY RAISED THE WOODEN BOX AND SET IT ON ONE SIDE."
(SEE PAGE 1042.)

from the hole near the foot of the oak-tree, and looked in only to start back with an exclamation of surprise.

The copper box with the paper in it was gone!

Again and again they felt around in the hole,

and searched high and low near the tree; but all to no purpose. The box had been taken.

The copper coins and the old dirk (they had hidden them in the hole, too) still remained where they had put them. The visitors of the night before must have overlooked them.

The boys' looks were distressed, indeed, as they sat and stared hopelessly at each other. It was certainly a bitter disappointment. They had worked like beavers; they had every reason to expect to reach the goal that very day; and now — some one else might reap the reward of their hard labors.

"I suppose we might as well go on digging," said Billy, at last.

"We'll get the floor of the ice-house cellar level, anyhow," said Dick, bravely trying to conceal his disappointment.

"That's so," said Billy, as he picked up a shovel. "I had forgotten it was going to be an ice-house." And they fell to work again; but their hopes had been dashed, and there was little spirit in their efforts.

Whoever had been at work there the night before, by lantern-light, had loosened the soil in the center sufficiently to make it unnecessary for the boys to use their picks; so they worked away with their shovels, throwing the earth out of the pit as they progressed.

They had been working for some time, saying little, but still not entirely destitute of hope, when Dick gave an unusually hard thrust with his shovel, and tried to lift up the earth that covered the blade; but he could not lift it. The blade had evidently passed under something heavier and less yielding than gravel.

"What's the matter?" said Billy.

"I don't know," Dick answered, still straining to lift the shovel; "another stone, I guess. The shovel's caught under something heavy, and I can't lift it."

"I'll soon tell you whether it's a stone or not," said Billy, and, catching up a pickax, he brought the point down hard on top of the gravel over Dick's shovel.

The pick bounded up again, and the blow gave out a dull, hollow sound, as if wood had been struck.

This unexpected result of the blow started new hopes in the boys. Anything strange at

this stage of the proceedings was enough to arouse again their discouraged energies.

Working so eagerly that they impeded each other, it took them not a little time to shovel away the earth; but the thing — neither in his excitement could have accurately described it — which they discovered amply repaid them, as far as promise goes, for their efforts by its appearance alone. It was suggestive of the realization of their highest hopes.

The object that now lay before them was a canvas-covered parcel, or box, about three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and six or eight inches deep.

The canvas was discolored, and stiff from disuse, securely sewed at all the seams with coarse tarred thread.

"Does n't look so very old, come to examine it," said Billy.

"This soil's dry, you know. Cut it open, and we'll see."

Billy took out his knife, and cut the stitches. With trembling hands they pulled the canvas apart, and disclosed a wooden box of rough pine boards.

"Nothing old at all about that," said Billy; and Dick could not contradict him. If there ever was a new-looking box this was one.

The boards were a light yellow, and in places sawdust still clung to them.

"Let's lift it out," said Billy; and they carefully raised the wooden box and set it on one side.

But what was that object that had been under it, and that now remained, resting on the canvas which still lay on the ground.

Was it? Yes — it was! It was the copper box.

"How in thunder —!" Billy exclaimed, and then both boys made a dive for the little metal thing. Billy was the first to seize it. It was open in an instant.

"Here's a paper — it's our paper!" he said in wondering tones.

"And here's another," said Dick, who now had the box in his hands — "and" — after one short, searching glance — "it's the other half!"

It was the other half, sure enough.

With eager hands they placed the torn edges of the paper side by side.

The two pieces fitted together exactly, and agreed line for line.

This was the other half of the torn letter:

Guide to Health

First select a point
This to be corner of recta
Side 10 ft due West-S.
Then back to point for fo
When this is marked
about 10 feet below
My dear boys, I assure you
to the wise in this world
that work of this kind
to produce something better than
more comforting than far
these without regard for
will, in the end have to
I refer to Bodily Health

Uncle Edw

Billy fitted the two pieces together and read aloud, while Dick stood silently looking over his shoulder:

GUIDE TO HEALTH

First select a point 20 ft. due W of oak-tree. This to be corner of rectangle. Side 15 ft. toward King. Side 10 ft. due West. Side 15 ft. toward George's. Then back to point for fourth side, or 10 ft. due E. When this is marked out, dig down to a level about 10 ft. below North side, or 7 ft. below South. My dear boys, I assure you it is a secret known only to the wise in this world—a secret of inestimable value—that work of this kind will most surely be found to produce something better than gold, silver, and jewels, more comforting than Fame. And he who strives to get these without regard for that of which I speak will, in the end, have had a life of misery and torture. I refer to Bodily Health.

UNCLE EDWARD.

As Billy read the last words of the letter, there came to their ears a strange combination of laughter and giggles from above.

alth

20 ft. due W of oak-tree
ngle. Side 15 ft. toward King
side 15 ft. toward George's
with side, or 10 ft. due E.
dig down to a level
th side, or 7 ft. below South
it is a secret known only
a secret of inestimable value
will most surely be found
gold, silver and jewels,
ne. And he who strives to get
that of which I speak
ad a life of misery & torture
th

ard

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Caleb, as he stamped his feet and slapped his thighs.

"He, he, he!" giggled Ezra, as he stood looking down at them with his hand over his mouth. Ezra's supply of teeth was scanty, and he always laughed with this defect in mind.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Lane, heartily, holding on to his comfortable sides as he leaned far back. The tears were standing in his eyes, and his face was crimson from the effort he had made to restrain his mirth until the signature should be reached.

The three men had come up so quietly that the boys did not hear them; and they had been silent witnesses to the reading of "the other half."

The boys did not join in the uproar. They

simply looked at each other, occasionally stealing a furtive glance above, all the while smiling faintly.

The laughing continued, and finally Dick and Billy caught the spirit of the fun, and swelled the chorus.

At last Mr. Lane, with a long-drawn "Ph-e-w! I have n't laughed so for years!" wiped his eyes, and pointing at the wooden box, called down:

"Well, boys, you've found it. Why don't you open it?"

At this, Caleb and Ezra scrambled down into the cellar, and soon, by means of picks and shovel-blades, the top of the wooden box was pried off.

When the wrappings of heavy oiled paper that inclosed the contents of the box were removed, there lay before the boys' wondering gaze two leather gun-cases.

In these were two brand-new, beautifully finished shot-guns. They were double-barreled, breech-loading, central-fire, hammerless—in fact, I can't tell you how many qualities they possessed dear to the sportsman's heart. It is enough to say that they were perfect products of the gunmaker's highest art.

Caleb was the first to speak:

"Wal, there! Ain't them slick uns?" he said in an ecstasy of approval.

"Wal, I *guess* they be," was Ezra's cautious, but, for him, hearty acquiescence.

Dick's "Oh, Uncle Ned!" and Billy's prolonged whistle of admiration were satisfactory evidence to Mr. Lane that the guns were appreciated.

"Well, my young navvies," he said, "have you got any questions you want answered? If there's anything about this business you don't understand, I guess I can explain it to you; and if I can't, Ezra or Caleb can."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Caleb, and "He, he!" laughed Ezra.

"I'd like to know where those coins and that dirk came from," said Billy.

"I bought them in Boston," replied Mr. Lane, "the day after you blistered your arms. I was afraid you were getting discouraged."

"'N' me 'n' Ezry, we buried of 'em in the holler where that big stun rested we took aout," said Caleb. "Buried 'em slick, tew. Eh, Ezry?"

"Naow you're a-talkin', Caleb," was Ezra's unqualified assent.

"Did you buy the shot-guns the same day, Uncle Ned?" asked Dick.

"Yes, the same day; but the cellar was n't quite deep enough at that time to suit my purposes, so—"

"Me 'n' Ezry, we buried of 'em last night. Pretty nigh got ketched at it, tew. Eh, Ezry?"

"Wal, I *do* guess," Ezra replied, "an' yeou boys reowed after us real earnest, tew. I'd no idee you'd strengthened up so; had yeou, Caleb?"

"Nao," said Caleb; and added, looking at the boys, with a broad grin: "They was a-reowin' *real* earnest when they passed by us on t' other side th' island—when we was a-hugin' the shore."

The boys joined heartily in the laugh that followed, and then Billy asked:

"Did you make up that paper yourself, Uncle Ned?" Uncle Ned modestly confessed his authorship. "How did you make it look so old and stained?"

"Some of your Aunt Lou's English breakfast tea did that. Now hand me up that copper box, Dick. I've used that on the boat for a good many years to keep my fish-hooks in, and I don't want to lose it."

"But, Uncle Ned," said Dick, with mischief in his eye, "this box belongs to us. You said we might have whatever we found, you know, and—"

"No, no; not quite so fast. I said you might have all the gold or jewels you found. I might have added shot-guns—for you two can have those; but I did n't say anything about copper boxes. Hand up that box, you rascal!"

The ice-house was built, and the shooting-stand was built, and Dick and Billy became crack shots in addition to becoming strong, hearty, sun-burned young fellows.

Late in the fall Mr. Lane wrote a letter to his brother Horace in Boston, in which, among other things, he said:

"You had better send a tutor and some books down here, and de-salubriate those boys of yours. They are eating us out of house and home. It would take a Maxim gun to kill geese and ducks enough to satisfy them."

My Barometer

By Carolyn Wells

My little maid with golden hair
Comes each morning for a kiss;
And I know the day will be fine and fair
When Polly looks like this.



Or I know the clouds will frown
and lower,
The skies will be dull and gray,
And perhaps there 'll be a passing
shower,
When Polly looks this way.



But a violent storm of rain or snow
I can prognosticate,
For the sign will never fail, I know,
When this is Polly's pate.



THE 4:04 TRAIN.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

"THERE 's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny;
"Four tickets I 'll take. Have you any?"
Said the man at the door:
"Not four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many."

DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY ALBERT BIGFLOW PAINE.

THE Little Lady can hardly finish her supper, she is so sleepy; but she seems to wake up a good deal while she is being undressed, and there are a number of things that she wishes to talk about.

"Now I'll say my prayers," she begins, as her little gown is settled into place and buttoned. "Is it cold, Mama? Is it too cold to say 'm outside? Is it, Mama?"

"I guess not, dear."

The Little Lady kneels with folded hands and says her prayers for a brief moment. Then she scrambles into bed in a way that would never make you think she was sleepy. Mama lies down by her.

"Knock on my door, Mama; knock on my door, and see 'f I 'm in!"

Then Mama knocks on the headboard, and finds that the Little Lady is "in," and that she is "quite well."

"Do it again, Mama. Knock on my door again, and see 'f I 'm in!"

"No, no. Go to sleep now!"

"She is n't sleepy! Little girl is n't sleepy. Sing, Mama! Sing about Daffy! Daffydowndilly has come to town! What kind of a petticoat was it she had, Mama? Oh, yes, a white petticoat, and—what else did she have, Mama? What else did she have on?"

So Mama tells whatever she knows about Daffy's wardrobe, and the Little Lady thinks it over for a moment in silence.

"Oh, Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"What's Papa doing?"

"Reading."

"What is he reading about? What do you s'pose? Papa, what you reading about?"

The Big Man outside mutters something, and turns a page of his paper.

"Mama, do lions bite?"

"No, no, dear," Mama replies hastily, in an absent-minded way.

"Don't they?—don't they?"—and the Little Lady stares at her in astonishment.

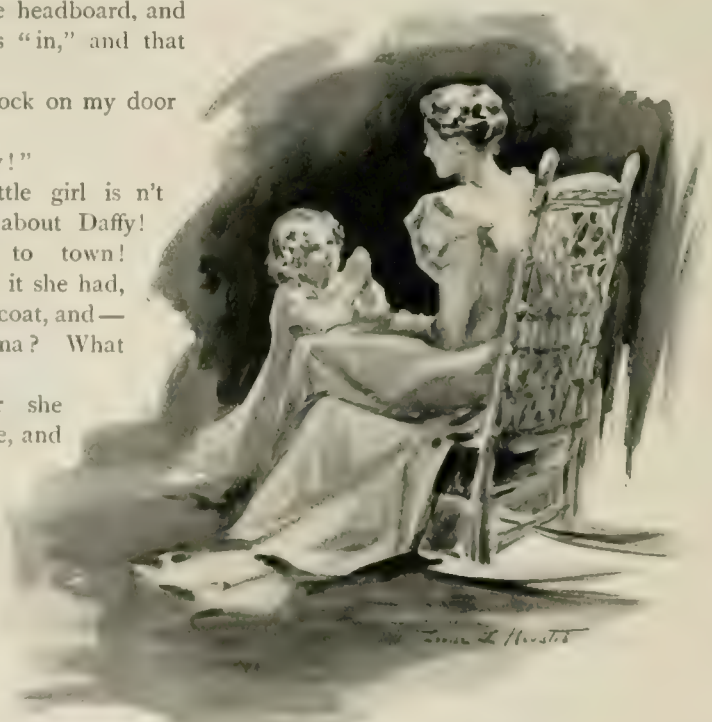
"Oh, yes, darling!—but not little girls." Mama pats the little shoulder soothingly—
"Not little girls."

"Not little girls *ever*, Mama?—nor little boys?"

"No, no; not to-night. Nor little boys. Now lie down, dear. You were so sleepy, you know."

"Did I say my prayers, Mama? Did I say 'm?"

"Yes, dear."



"NOW I'LL SAY MY PRAYERS!"

"D' you want me to say 'm again? Shall I say 'm again, Mama?"

"Not to-night, sweetheart. Go to sleep now."

"I can count six, Mama. D' you want me to count? One, two, three, five, four, six!

down-daffy — has — come — to — town! Dilly-down-daffy! Daffydowndilly! Dill-y-down-daffy! Daffydowndilly! Mama, I want a drink, mama! I 'm firsty."

The Big Man brings the water, and says something about a little girl not being very sleepy,



"WHAT IS HE READING ABOUT?"

Mama, when was it the frog went a-woooing? Daffydowndilly! Daffydowndilly has come to town! Daffydowndilly! Daffydowndilly! Daffydown —"

There is silence for at least a minute, and the tired Mama turns down the light. She begins to have hopes that Daffy has "run down" and stopped for the night. But the hope is a vain one and the silence is soon broken. Daffy has only made a little discovery, and is thinking it over.

"Dilly-down-daffy!" she says gaily. "Dill-y-

he thinks. The Little Lady drinks with a good deal of noise, and drops back on the pillow.

"I love you, Papa."

The Big Man can't leave just then. He reaches out and finds a little hand in the dark.

"Papa, do you know 'bout Daffydowndilly? Daffydowndilly! Dill-y-down-daffy! Daff-y-down-dilly! Dill-y-down-daff-y-dill-down —"

Daffy has run down at last. The Little Lady is sound asleep. God bless her!



DES. AUMED.

TWO WAYS OF DOING.

(A Kindergarten Motion Song.)

BY GRACE F. PENNYPACKER.



HERE was a little bird so gay, (1) gay, (1) gay, (1)
Said a boy, (2) "Little bird, will you stay, stay, stay?" (3)
Said the bird, "I really fear (4)
That I cannot linger here, (5)
As I do not care for *that* kind of play, play, play." (6)

There was a little bird so gay, (1) gay, (1) gay, (1)
Said a girl, (2) "Little bird, will you stay, stay, stay?" (7)
Said the bird, "I do not mind, (8)
Since you are so very kind, (9)
And I'll sing a little song for your pay, pay, pay." (10)

MOTIONS.

1. Clap hands.
2. Drop on one knee.
3. Aim with bow and arrow.
4. Shake head for no.
5. Step back.
6. Flying motion with arms.
7. Scatter crumbs.
8. Nod head for yes.
9. Hop forward.
10. Duck, salute, and run off.



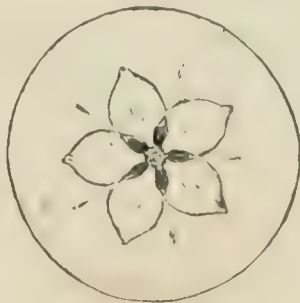


IN THE ORCHARD.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

WE wandered in the orchard old,
A little maid and I.
The whispering leaves bent down to show
A glimpse of autumn sky.
The little maid half smiled, half sighed,
And said: "It seems to me
I 'd miss my lovely springtime dress,
Were I an apple-tree."

WE plucked from off the drooping boughs
A rosy apple bright,
And cut a thin and juicy slice,
And held it to the light;
And lo! an apple-blossom there—
A fairy, ghostlike thing—
Still kept within the old tree's heart
The memory of its spring!



MY SAILOR OF SEVEN.

BY GERALD BRENAN.

My sailor of seven, your ship be a clipper,
And sturdy the heart of its dear little
skipper!

Remember,—lest later you learn it with
wailing,—

The oceans of life are not always plain
sailing.

If just be your cause, and the foe 's in the
offing,

Ne'er haul down your flag for his threats
or his scoffing.

But stand to your wheel; do not show the
white feather,

Through seas rough or smooth, be it war
or bad weather.

From haven of Home unto harbor of
Heaven,

Your voyage be happy, my sailor of seven!



I. JACK:
"I think
I 'll
take
a
ride."

II. BILLY:
"I hardly
think
you
will."



THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A NUMBER of correct answers to the Shaksperian Puzzle, entitled: "On Deck," printed in the June number, have been received from young and older friends. Among the best of the answers sent in are those from Jeannette Cholmeley-Jones, Mrs. Mary H. Breck, Elizabeth C., Sigourney Fay Nininger, Agnes Conway, Clara A. Anthony, and Alfred Lowry, Jr.

MOSCOW, IDA.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR MADAM: Some time ago one of my classes in the Moscow High School voted to send a letter to ST. NICHOLAS. A writer was chosen, the letter was read before the class, corrected, and approved, and now it is in your hands.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM P. MATTHEWS.

MOSCOW, IDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Moscow is a beautiful city of five thousand inhabitants, located in the heart of the mountains.

Besides being a very pretty place, our little city enjoys the distinction of having the next to the best schools in the State—being excelled only by Boise, our State capital.

We have two school buildings, and fifteen teachers are employed. There are about eight hundred and fifty pupils. We are a class of about twenty, in the first year of the High School. Our motto is, "Onward! the goal is yet before us." Our class colors are lavender and gold. We have a class song, beginning:

We are the Class of Nineteen Hundred,
Heirs of a glorious century.

The State University is located here. It is a grand building, with a large number of pupils in attendance. It has a military department, and when the President called for volunteers to go to war, nearly all of the cadets enlisted. The evening before they left they were honored by a farewell reception at the opera-house, and the next day a great crowd met them at the depot. A gentleman then made a speech, and presented them with a flag. One of the cadets responded.

The northwestern part of the United States is noted for its fine grain; and Moscow is surrounded on all sides by beautiful fruit-farms and fields of waving grain.

Each one of us is proud of the West, and we wish that all who read this letter might visit it, for we are sure that you would learn to love it as we do.

Last Christmas our teacher made us a present of a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, and we all appreciate it.

Your ardent readers,

"THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED,"

By MARGARET LAUDER.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you for three years, and we like you very much.

Yesterday we went to see the Kioto Palace, where the Mikado used to live before he went to Tokio, and

we visited the old castle, too. Some of the castle is five hundred years old, and some of it three hundred years old. A great deal of the inside of the castle is gilded, and it is much more beautiful than the palace. There are rooms over the gates of the castle. At two of the corners there are towers reaching up. Some of the knights used to go up in these, and fight, shooting down with their bows and arrows. It is about a quarter of a mile from here to the palace. The grounds are beautiful. We cannot visit these places without getting a passport from Tokio.

Kioto is surrounded by mountains. In summer it is too hot to stay down here, so we go to Hiei Zan, a mountain five miles away. There used to be hundreds of temples up there, and there are a great, great many there still. There are no end of places for picnics, and there are a good many streams there.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIS LEVERETT DAVIS.

DELHI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about my pets. I have two cats and a dog. One of the former came to me two nights ago. He is pure black, and is as active as a monkey; and I wish you could see him run when my dog "Tuck" gets after him. He makes for the nearest tree, and goes up it like lightning. We own a naphtha launch and three ferry-boats. I am fond of fishing. One day my friend and I went up a small stream. The first pool we came to I caught a small green bass. We went about three miles farther up, but did not catch anything, so we came home disgusted.

My uncle is a major in the 10th United States Regular Army, that was with General Shafter's army in Cuba.

I remain your interested reader,

BROOKS J. GOODIN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and have been taking you for over two years.

One year, when I was up in New Jersey spending the summer, I went to see Washington's Headquarters at Morristown. I saw a piece of Washington's christening dress, the brown homespun suit that he was inaugurated in, and a dresser of Martha Washington's. In back of the house was an old hollow tree which had been standing over a hundred years.

I remain your loving reader,

CLARA BROWN.

WEIMAR, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl of fourteen years. We have been living in Weimar for little over a year, but expect to return to America in the fall.

I often am very angry with the Germans, as some of them sometimes make fun of our flag (we have one in our garden), or they'll make some mean remark about America. When I say this I do not mean it of all the Weimarians, because some of them are very nice indeed.

I have a little canary bird, which I call "Dewey."

My younger brother goes to school here, and one day a boy said to him: "*Amerika hat keinen Feind!*" The last word he did not know; but, as the boys sometimes make fun of America, he thought the boy meant our soldiers had no courage, and therefore gave the boy a

beating—not a very bad one, as he (my brother) was much the smaller. After he came home he told us about it, and we had a good laugh, as the boy meant, "America had no loss"—referring to the battle of Manila.

They have here, three times a year, a *Jahrmarkt*, or yearly market. At those times they sell almost everything—all sorts of clothing, fruits, vegetables, candy, meat, fowl, porcelain, earthenware, toys, etc. They are quite interesting, though the only things we care to buy are curious pieces of porcelain and earthenware.

We all enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS immensely. The stories are fine, also the illustrations. I think Birch's are beautiful. My sister and myself often copy them. We have subscribed for the ST. NICHOLAS for many, many years.

With much love, I am ever your little friend,
ELIZABETH HAVILAND BROWN.

YANGA, NEW SOUTH WALES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You do not get many letters from Australia, so I am writing you one.

There is a drought on all stations in this district, and the sheep have no grass to eat; but there are some rushes down at the edge of the lake.

Yanga Lake is very pretty. There are black swans, wild ducks, and pelicans swimming on it all day long.

Rain is pouring down to-day. We all hope there will be enough to make the grass grow again.

One very hot night, two years ago, a gentleman told us a story he had read in ST. NICHOLAS; so we have taken the magazine ever since.

"Joker" is the name of our little pug-dog, and he is very funny. When we come out of the school-room he is so glad to see us that he wags his whole body instead of his tail only. From
BELL LINDSAY.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in North Tarrytown, only a few blocks from where Major André was captured, and where, according to the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Brom Bones surprised Ichabod Crane, when he was returning from Caterina van Tassel's house after dark. Farther down the road was the bridge where Brom Bones threw the pumpkin at Ichabod. The house where Caterina van Tassel was said to live was about a quarter of a mile south of the place where André was captured; but it is now torn down, and a large school is built where it stood. A monument to commemorate André's capture is placed near where it happened, with a statue, the gift of a citizen of Tarrytown. There are two odd things about the statue: one is that the name of the giver of the statue is John Anderson, which was André's assumed name; the other is that the statue, meant to represent a minute-man, resembles one of André's captors. Your interested reader,

GRAHAM HAWLEY.

TSUN-HUA, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I feel sure you never received a letter from Tsun-hua before.

We live about one hundred miles from Peking, and also from Tientsin. We are a day and a half's journey from any railroad. We live near the Great Wall—so near that we can go and climb the wall, and have dinner, and come back before supper. There is only one other family, besides Chinese, that live here, and they have gone off for the summer to the seaside.

My two brothers and one sister and I have a garden, and raise corn, pease, radishes, lettuce, potatoes, melons, and flowers. Our father has a garden where nearly all the vegetables that we eat are raised. We have a croquet set and a tennis set, and we often play with them.

One day a Chinese boy came in the yard with a baby woodpecker. We bought him for sixteen cash, worth about one cent, and named him "Jack." He was very pretty. His feathers were brown, black, and white, and he had a little comb on the top of his head. We kept him in a tin cage when he was outdoors, and let him fly about in the house. We fed him rice and raw meat, and he soon got very tame. One day we thought we would let him go. He flew up in the tree, and we left him. In the afternoon he came back, and tapped on the window. We let him in, and gave him some food. When we first got him, we had to open his mouth to feed him; but he soon got to know us, so he opened his mouth himself. When we were playing in the house, he would come and cheep for food. One day we did not have any raw meat to give him, and had to give him cooked meat. I do not know whether it was that, or because a Chinese man caught him, or something else, but he died the next day. I lined a cardboard box, and we buried him in our garden. We remain your loving readers,

LOUIE, BOB, MARCUS, AND BESSIE HOBART.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Alameda, and have to stay in bed most of the time. We live just one block from the beach, and in summer, when it is hot, the boys go in swimming. We have been living here for five years, and like it very much. I was at the hospital eleven weeks for hip disease.

I got you for my birthday, and enjoy you very much. I can hardly wait from month to month for you to come.

I am ten years old, and have been sick since nine. Good-bye. Your little friend,
WILLIE SCHENCK.

CHÂTEAU DE LUGDAREZ, LOIRE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are French girls, who received your magazine for the last two years. We like very much the ST. NICHOLAS—in fact, it is the only thing we love in America, because all our sympathies are for the poor Spaniards. We have friends in the Spanish army.

We are nine children. You see it is a large family—five boys and four girls. Our names are Roger, Albert, Odette, Vivianne, Hervé, Marie Antoinette, Vêrand, Maurice, Aliette. Vivianne and Hervé are twins. Roger is eighteen.

In summer we live in an old castle built by the Saracens. The people in the old village near there tell a story of a strange and fierce beast called *la bête du Gévaudan*; and as it is only seventy years ago that it was killed, many men in the village believe they remember seeing it.

Around our castle there are woods, in which we do long rides on horseback. Our horses are named "Don César de Bazan," "Ménélik," and "Diavolo."

We hope that our letter will be printed. Nobody has corrected it. Perhaps you will find it not so well written as those of English and American girls.

The story we prefer in ST. NICHOLAS is "Master Skylark." Your faithful readers,

ODETTE, VIVIANNE, et
MARIE ANTOINETTE M. DE B——.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a very wet day, and as we have nothing to do, we think you may like to hear from us. We are living near Paris, in France; but the house and garden are quite like a country one. Our father is in England, and so we are often very lonely, and that is why we are writing to you. Our names are

Di and Hubert, and we are thirteen and fourteen years old; and we have read you ever since Di's tenth birthday.

Our garden here is large and wild, and there are seven swans on the lake at the end, with which we are very fond of playing, although they are shy. There is also a pretty little summer-house with two rooms, one on the top of the other, connected by a narrow staircase; and we each have a room. Di has the top one, and Hubert has the bottom one, as he cannot go upstairs much, as he is lame; but he is going to have an artificial leg soon.

So many of your stories are about sports and athletics that we suspect all your boy readers are great athletes. Have you any lame readers? We both send you our best love and thanks, and we hope you will go on flourishing till we are grown up.

We are your loving friends,

DI AND HUBERT SAMSON.

ELMHURST, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are spending the summer on the Cherry Farm, where they raise pigs, chickens, cows, and horses.

The farmer has an incubator, and as I think that it is interesting, I will tell about it. The incubator is a box standing on four legs, with a glass cover. A hundred or more eggs are placed in it, and as it is heated the chickens will hatch in a short time. Some chickens are more backward than others, and do not hatch as quickly as the rest, so more heat is turned on. It is a curious sight to see the chickens peck out of the shell, and then lie exhausted and panting.

In our library we have a book that belonged to John Rogers, one of the Pilgrims, and it has his name written in it. I remain your interested reader,

GENEVIEVE GRAHAM.

EL NITHO, MILL VALLEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. I have a little pony named "Nelly" that I found running wild in the mountains of northern California. We caught and tamed her, and brought her to Mill Valley. Nelly is not a large pony, but she can climb steep mountain roads very well. North of us is Mount Tamalpais, which is 2600 feet high. You would not think that a train could run up there, but it does. This railroad is eight miles long, and winds about the mountain like a spiral. The engines that draw the cars are not like ordinary ones, but have a mechanism of their own.

"El Nitho," the name of our place, means, in Spanish, "The Nest." Your loving reader,

DOROTHY MAY BOERICKE.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me for the first time last Christmas for a Christmas gift; but I have known you a long time, because my papa took you when he was a boy, and has many volumes bound.

We live in Newbern, but since the war began papa was ordered here to Wilmington; so we are visiting grandpa.

They were placing some big guns at Fort Caswell, near the mouth of Cape Fear River. I went down the river near the fort where the soldiers are garrisoned.

Last Saturday was my ninth birthday, and mama let me have a picnic at the beach, instead of a party in town.

Some of my cousins went, and we built sand forts, and caught mussels.

I have a little pug-dog grandpa gave me, named "Hon. Peter Stirling." This winter he had a journey he did n't expect to take. We all went down to the boat in Newbern to see our cousins off for Norfolk. We waited too long saying good-by, and the officers just had time to get us ashore as the boat was moving. Poor little Peter had to go to Norfolk. The men tried to get him, to throw him ashore; but he was frightened, and ran away from every one. Our cousins told the captain to take good care of him; and the next day but one I went down when the steamer came in, and I got my little dog. He was glad enough to get back.

The boys up North might like to know how different our Christmas is from theirs. It is not very cold here, and the flowers are in bloom and leaves on the trees at Christmas, and it is just like the Fourth of July. We fire crackers and have fireworks in the evening; and the colored people parade, dressed up in funny old clothes, something like the "Horribles," at the North. We have no fir-trees for the Christmas-tree, but use the pretty holly-tree with the red berries and glossy leaves.

School has closed, and we shall soon go to Boston to visit my other grandpa and grandma. I am glad I was born in Boston, because I like it so much. I like the Natural History Rooms the best of anything, and have a cabinet of specimens myself.

Your new and loving friend,

PHILIP H. CHADBOURN.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending my vacation up here in the northwestern part of New York State. There is a beautiful lake within half a mile of our house, which the Indians called Owahgena, but which is now known as plain Cazenovia Lake. I have learned how to sail a boat on it, and have great fun rowing and swimming in it. About twenty miles from us is a smaller but deeper piece of water, known as Green Lake. It is three hundred feet deep in one place. A few years ago my father rowed to the middle of it, and let a corked bottle down by a rope ninety feet before the bubbles coming up showed that the pressure of the water had pushed the cork in. There is a great deal of sulphur in the lake, trees that have fallen into the water being covered with a coating of it. Bass and pumpkin-eyed fish abound in it, and one can see them thirty feet below the surface of the water. A small forest almost entirely surrounds this queer specimen of nature.

The scenery all about us is beautiful, and not more than five miles from Cazenovia are the Chittenango Falls. I believe they are higher than Niagara, though they do not fall in a volume, but are broken by big ledges that look like steps. There is a big ice-house on the west side of the Owahgena, and if you can get a certain position in front of it the echo is perfect. It is usually about twice as cool here as it is in New York City, and altogether a delightful place for a summer vacation.

Your interested reader,

ARMOUR P.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Catherine H. Harkins, Dorothy Niedringhaus, Primrose, Ernest W. Travers, "Dot," Cora T. and Cora C., Julian Stuart Gravely, Alice May Brown, Nora Stanley, Harold Hawk, Susan B. Bullock, Edith Bly, Catherine W. E., Amy Poppe, Elizabeth Swift, "Magnolia," Marion P. Vestal, Marjorie Hamilton Clinton, and George P. MacAggy.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE Codicil. A STRING OF FISH. 1. Whitebait. 2. Tench. 3. Shad. 4. Ling. 5. Loach. 6. Skipper. 7. Dab. 8. Gar. 9. Anabas. 10. Sole. 11. Smelt. 12. Whiff. 13. Rudd. 14. Pike. 15. Dace. 16. Eel. 17. Tarpon. 18. Shark. 19. Bass. 20. Skate. 21. Perch. 22. Goby. 23. Torsk. 24. Carp.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. B. 2. Pie. 3. Binds. 4. Edits. 5. Sting. 6. Sneak. 7. Games. 8. Keats. 9. Style. 10. Slant. 11. Enter. 12. Tea. 13. R.

SHAKSPEARIAN DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, "The time is out of joint"; finals, "The world's mine oyster." Cross-words: 1. Tybalt. 2. Hurrah. 3. Ermine. 4. Tallow. 5. Indigo. 6. Manner. 7. Enamel. 8. Indeed. 9. Sirius. 10. Osmium. 11. Ukari. 12. Toulon. 13. Oblige. 14. Fresco. 15. Justly. 16. Outious. 17. Import. 18. Nature. 19. Turner.

CLOCK PUZZLE. Half-past nine. 1. H. 2. Ai. 3. Lid. 4. File. 5. Palms. 6. Artist. 7. Soldier. 8. Tortoise. 9. Navigator. 10. Instrument. 11. Neckerchief. 12. Extinguisher.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Helen C. McCleary—M. McG.—Mabel Lefferts Jones—Nessie and Freddie—Mabel M. Johns—E. E. W.—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Josephine Sherwood—Two Little Brothers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Samuel W. Fernberger, 1—T. R. Reed, 1—Paul Reese, 7—Margaret Ladley, 1—Carolyn S. Rogers, 4—Lester A. Whitmarsh, 1—Albert L. Baum, 5—"Maple Leaf Trio," 8—K. S. and Co., 4—Marion Allison, 2—Thomas Ellis Robins, 4—Margaret Edwards and Josie Handy, 5—Heloise, 10—"May and 70," 9—Benjamin Robinson, 8—Frank Pfeiffer, 1—Florence and Celia Pearson, 7—Etta and Betty, 11—"The B and two J's," 9—Marguerite Popert, 3—Mugrove Hyde, 8—No name, Reading, Pa., 3—S. H. Lloyd, 9—Robert A. McLeon, 2—Alld and Adi, 11—Edmond Linton, 3—Marguerite Sturdy, 9—P. M. and M. P., 2—D. Wonal, 11—Abbot Augustine Thayer, 7—Prescott Fay, 2—C. Janson and Audrey Wigram, 6—Helen Dwight, 3.

A NAVAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in

which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished man. J. K.

CHARADE.

CROOKED and bent is *one*;
Long and pendent is *two*;
Always borrowed is *three*;
Whole is a bean or a pea.

M. F. FLOYD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY finals name a book written by the primals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To glitter. 2. A gum used in making varnishes. 3. A mountain nymph. 4. Destroyed. 5. A broad, open dish. 6. To rub out. 7. A Biblical name. 8. An animal peculiar to South America. 9. A lazy person. 10. Pertaining to vision. 11. To impart knowledge.

HELEN MURPHY.

AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

FILL each blank with the name of an author which will complete the meter and sense.

A long, fair curve of (1) — beach
Where summer (2) — are scattered;
An arm of (3) —, beyond whose reach
A (4) — wreck lies battered.

The clouds are (5) — this windy day,
And (6) — the (7) — of stubble,
Where, flapping round a scarecrow (8) —,
The crows rehearse their trouble.

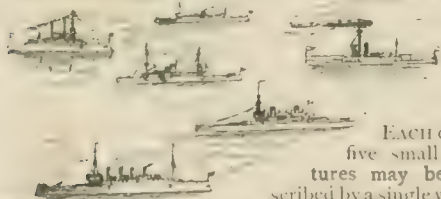
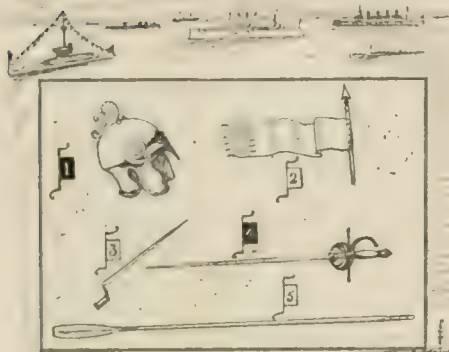
But come within my (9) — bright,
Whose fire of (10) — (11) — rosy;
We'll (12) — a (13) —, and then to-night
May (14) — content and cozy. J. M. G.

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. To late. 2. Always. 3. A famous emperor.
 4. An ancient city.
 II. 1. A tree. 2. A thought. 3. Close at hand. 4. To gain by labor.
 III. 1. An illuminator. 2. A Biblical character. 3. A bill of fare. 4. A fruit.

I. C. N.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



Each of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. The sixth word is suggested by the ships. When these six words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a man who has distinguished himself.

RIDDLE.

JOIN a tree and a man of wisdom,
 Or yourself and a plant unite;
 'T is nothing but common practice,
 And you 'll easily do it right.

A. M. P.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and form a couplet by Longfellow.

My 23-51-26-42-56 is a confused mass of matter. My 83-53-17-68-4 is a spine. My 85-10-14-35-34-49-98-27-50 is a kind of wild duck. My 57-37-79-25-65-95-11-3 is out of date. My 12-61-16-38-19-41 is to push with force. My 1-24-8-33-31-87-36 is a crease. My 80-55-86-18 is a little branch. My 69-46-75-43-20-89-30-62 is to alienate. My 94-54 is an exclamation. My 66-28-44-88-74-92-22 is permission. My 15-99-40-7-39-48-60 is raving. My 5-78-21-72-63 is bulky. My

47-71-96-60-13 is dirt. My 29-58-70-73-9-52-6 is a bunch of flowers. My 93-2-32-59-91 is a pronoun. My 64-45 is an exclamation. My 77-82-76 is a rude dwelling. My 84-67-97-81 is a filament.

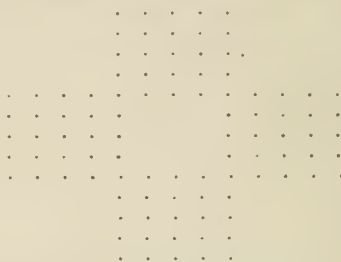
EMILY E. SCHELL.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in the ambient air,
 But not in the somber sky;
 My *second* is in the shadow shy,
 But not in the golden glare;
 My *third* is in the twilight tryst,
 But not in the shivering sheaves;
 My *fourth* is in the early eves,
 But not in the morning mist.
 My *fifth* is in the roadside rough,
 But not in the well-walked way;
 And of my whole, any autumn day,
 You can easily find enough.

L. E. JOHNSON.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To wind. 2. To squander.
 3. To send out. 4. To dwarf. 5. Tines or prongs.
 II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Saccharine. 2. To form by texture. 3. Devoured. 4. An incident. 5. A tithe.
 III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A useful organ. 2. A kind of duck. 3. Farewell. 4. Staggers. 5. Confidence.
 IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To lift. 2. A quadruped. 3. A country of Europe. 4. Vends. 5. A place for meeting.

ARTHUR HILLMAN.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals in the finals glow,
 As the leaves in Nature's book will show.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. A MASTIFF and Angora cat
 Discussed, one day, this thing and that :
 2. "Should every watch throughout the State
 Stop ticking just at half-past eight,
 3. "How could the pale asthmatic dean
 Take medicine at nine fifteen?"
 4. "Was Ida honest when she cried,
 'T is raining cats and dogs outside'?"
 5. "And would blue glasses give them power
 To read verbatim by the hour?"
 6. Then they rehearsed, nor found it hard,
 Large Latin essays by the yard,
 7. And held at eve a German chat,
 This mastiff and Angora cat.

ANNA M. PRATT.

